THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXVII. — FEBRUARY, 1891. — No. CCCC.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

The correspondence of Charles Lamb stands on a unique basis, when we consider its extent, its importance, and the long series of years over which it spreads. Strictly speaking, it is not a correspondence at all; for we have, with three or four casual exceptions, merely the letters addressed by the writer to his friends and others, while those received by him have perished by the hand, not of undiscerning or too fastidious representatives, but of the recipient himself at or near the time. The accepted notion is that, in a frenzy, he destroyed all the letters which he had had from Coleridge, and formed a resolution thenceforth to preserve nothing else of the sort. But, whether such be or be not the case, the fact is clear enough, and we are compelled to infer from the tenor of the replies what were the topic and nature of the communications made to the Lambs.

The loss of the invaluable assemblage of epistolary documents once in the hands of Lamb and his sister is ascribable to an impulse which was as disastrous and deplorable as it was obviously unhealthy or morbid. Yet it is possible to comprehend how, in the depth of the mental distress and despondency which attended and followed the death of his mother and the pronounced insanity of his sister, Lamb may have wildly imagined that it was better to cast away all clues and renounce all ties tending to recall or bring into distincter prominence the dismal tragedy and its sequel. There must have been moments when he repented of what he had done, and, as we have suggested, he consigned to the flames everything which came to his hands as soon as it was read and answered, that the fruits of a mad fit might be invested with an aspect of consistency and design.

Apart from the consideration of letters irretrievably lost, the reader must bear in mind that those actually published have suffered more or less at the hands of editors. It is obvious that, in dealing with the question of letters imperfectly rendered from one motive or another, it would be as impracticable as it would be inexpedient to do more than exemplify the damage which has befallen the Lamb correspondence through the incorrect or incomplete presentment of his epistolary compositions. The process of corruption has exhausted almost every conceivable phase, and is infinitely varied in nature and degree. Sometimes entire paragraphs, occasionally all but a portion of a letter, are withheld. In other cases, words or expressions are altered to suit conventional, or supposed conventional, exigencies. Under these two categories fall the liberties which have been taken with the text of the letters, and for which the remedy is of course far slower and more difficult than was the commission of the mischief. We do not advocate the retention of phrases, which may occur here and there, and may tend to inspire an unfavorable prejudice, perfectly consonant as they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were with the feeling of the writer's time; but the sophistication of Lamb's language has been dictated in far too many instances by the most inconsiderate prudery, when it has not proceeded from sheer negligence in transcription or in oversight of the proofs.

It is easier to explain than to justify the slips of the pen and the press in superintending such a book as an assemblage of modern letters. We are all, perhaps, too prone to imagine that a transcript will do as well as the original, and that the comparison of the former with the autograph is a piece of supererogation. The editor of an ancient manuscript or an early play laboriously and minutely examines every word, almost every stop, and cheerfully and as a matter of course enters on the irksome task of collecting all extant copies; but when he finds himself in the position of preparing for the printer and the public a body of matter left behind him by an author who seems almost his contemporary, and around whom no atmosphere has yet had time to collect, the sense of editorial obligation is unconsciously and instinctively slacker or duller; and to this agency we ascribe the otherwise inexplicable phenomenon that during fifty-three years a succession of gentlemen, all more or less competent to discharge the duty which has been imposed upon them, has signally failed to place the world in possession and enjoyment of an exhaustive edition of the Lamb correspondence. The fault and the blame have been all along on the side of Lamb's editors; for the cases in which assistance has been refused by owners of letters are quite the exception, and those communications which no longer survive are beside the question.

It almost appears, extravagant as the idea and proposition may strike some, as if nothing but the formation of a syndicate would be successful in attaining the object in view thoroughly and definitively. For legal technicalities, prejudice, and jealousy, not to mention indifference, are insurmountable obstacles in the path of any and every individual laborer. The extent of the field is so great and the means of verification so scattered that, when one has done one's utmost to secure completeness and fidelity, unknown or inaccessible material is bound to exist in some obscure corner, and perhaps to come to light too late for use. Time does much here; and each successive publication of the letters is a step, at all events, in the right direction. Nay, it is not impossible that within a measurable interval it may become a good deal more.

On the very threshold we arrive at some notion and estimate of the loss which has been sustained by Lamb through the carelessness, indiscretion, or fastidiousness of his several recensors. In those fine monuments of his youthful impressions and sorrows, the eighteenth-century letters to Coleridge, we detect on examination the most serious tampering with the text, and generally in the absence of any adequate motive or excuse. Passages illustrating the biography of Lamb and his relationships with the friends of the first epoch have been silently excised or passed over, forms of expression have been modified to suit some fantastic effeminacies, and even dates have been wrongly interpreted from postmarks or internal evidence. Some of these blemishes the present writer and Canon Ainger have succeeded in removing, — some, but by no means all. The momentous Coleridge letters from 1796 to 1802 still demand the most positive scrutiny and revision. Let us hasten to exemplify our meaning and to support our indictment by furnishing the letter of December 9, 1796, as it left Lamb's hands.

Canon Ainger has, unfortunately, preserved the error of Talfourd in placing this letter among the correspondence of 1797; that is to say, in postdating it by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a twelvemonth. We have used the autograph. It should be noticed as a remarkable and entertaining trait of the intellectual and moral character of Coleridge that, while this correspondence was proceeding between Lamb and himself on the merits of their respective composition, Coleridge concocted those clever parodies on his own as well as his friends' styles, which he tells us that he sent to the Monthly Magazine in 1797 under the signature "Nathaniel Higginbotham." We fancy that this circumstance escaped the observation of Lamb; at least, in his letters to Coleridge as they are printed there is no allusion to it.

I. TO S. T. COLERIDGE.[1]

[LITTLE QUEEN STREET, Night of *December* 9, 1796. Postmarked *December* 10, 1796.]

I am sorry I cannot now relish your poetical present [2] as thoroughly as I feel it deserves; but I do not the less thank Lloyd and you for it. In truth, Coleridge, I am perplexed, and at times almost cast down. I am beset with perplexities. The old hag of a wealthy relation, who took my aunt off our hands in the beginning of trouble, has found out that she is "indolent and mulish," — I quote her own words, — and that her attachment to us is so strong that she can never be happy apart. The Lady, with delicate Irony, remarks that, if I am not an Hypocrite, I shall rejoyce to receive her again, and that it will be a means of making me more fond of home to have so dear a friend to come home to! The fact is she is jealous of my aunt's bestowing any kind recollections on us, while she enjoys the patronage of her roof. She says she finds it inconsistent "ease and tranquility" to keep her any longer, and in fine summons me to fetch her home. Now, much as I should rejoyce to transplant the poor old creature from the chilling air of such patronage, yet I know how straitened we are already, how unable already to answer any demand, which sickness or any extraordinary expence may make. I know this, and all unused as I am to struggle with perplexities, I am somewhat nonplusd, to say no worse. This prevents me from a thorough relish of what Lloyd's kindness and yours have furnished me with. I thank you tho from my heart, and feel myself not quite alone in the earth.

Before I offer, what alone I have to offer, a few obvious remarks on the poems you sent me, I can but notice the odd coincidence of two young men, in one age, carolling their grandmothers. Love, — what L[loyd] calls "the feverish and romantic tye," hath too long domineerd over all the charities of home: the dear domestic tyes of father, brother, husband. The amiable and benevolent Cowper has a beautiful passage in his "Task," — some natural and painful reflections on his deceased parents: and Hayley's sweet lines to his mother are notoriously the best things he ever wrote. Cowper's lines [3] some of them are —

> "How gladly would the man recall to life
> The boy's neglected sire; a mother, too,
> That softer name, perhaps more gladly still,
> Might he demand them at the gates of death."

I cannot but wish to see my Granny so gayly deck'd forth, tho', I think, whoever altered "thy" praises to "her" praises — "thy" honoured memory to "her" honoured memory — did wrong, they best exprest my feelings. There is a pensive state of recollection, in which the mind is disposed to apostrophise the departed objects of its attachment; and breaking loose from grammatical precision, changes from the 1st to the 3rd, and from the 3rd to the 1st person, just as the random fancy or feeling directs.

[1] Now first exactly reproduced from the original autograph.

[2] Poems. By S. T. Coleridge. Second Edition. To which are now added Poems by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, 1797.

[3] Winter Walk at Noon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among Lloyd's sonnets, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 11th are eminently beautiful. I think him too lavish of his expletives; the *dos* and *dids*, when they occur too often, bring a quaintness with them along with their simplicity, or rather air of antiquity, which the patrons of them seem desirous of conveying.

The lines on Friday are very pleasing — "Yet calls itself in pride of Infancy woman or man," &c. "affection's tottering troop" — are prominent beauties. Another time, when my mind were more at ease, I could be more particular in my remarks, and I would postpone them now, only I want some diversion of mind. The "Melancholy Man" is a charming piece of poetry, only the "whys" with submission are too many. Yet the questions are too good to be any of 'em omitted. For those lines of yours, page 18, omitted in magazine, I think the 3 first better retain'd — the 3 last, which are somewhat simple in the most affronting sense of the word, better omitted — to this my taste directs me — I have no claim to prescribe to you. "Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies" is an exquisite line, but you knew *that* when you wrote 'em, and I trifle in pointing such out. Tis altogether the sweetest thing to me you ever wrote — tis all honey — "No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart, Blest hour, it was a Luxury to be." I recognise feelings, which I may taste again, if tranquility has not taken his flight for ever, and I will not believe but I shall be happy, very happy again. The next poem to your friend is very beautiful — need I instance the pretty fancy of "the rock's collected tears" — or that original line "pour'd all its healthful greenness on the soul" — let it be, since you ask me, "as neighbouring fountains each reflect the whole" — tho' that is somewhat harsh — indeed the ending is not so finish'd as the rest, which if you omit in your forthcoming edition, you will do the volume wrong, and the very binding will cry out. Neither shall you omit the 2 following poems. "The hour when we shall meet again," is fine fancy tis true, but fancy catering in the Service of the feeling — fetching from her stores most splendid banquets to satisfy her. Do not, do not omit it. Your sonnet to the River Otter excludes those equally beautiful lines, which deserve not to be lost, "as the tired savage," &c. and I prefer that copy in your Watchman. I plead for its preference.

Another time I may notice more particularly Lloyd's, Southey's, Dermody's Sonnets. I shrink from them now: my teazing lot makes me too confused for a clear judgment of things, too selfish for sympathy; and these ill-digested, meaningless remarks I have imposed on myself as a task, to lull reflection, as well as to show you I did not neglect reading your valuable present. Return my acknowledgments to Lloyd; you two appear to be about realising an Elysium upon earth, and, no doubt, I shall be happier. Take my best wishes. Remember me most affectionately to Mrs. C. and give little David Hartley — God bless its little heart! — a kiss for me. Bring him up to know the meaning of his Christian name, and what that name (imposed upon him) will demand of him.

C. Lamb.

God love you!

I write for one thing to say that I shall write no more, till you send me word where you are, for you are so soon to move. My sister is pretty well, thank God. We think of you very often. God bless you, continue to be my correspondent, and I will strive to fancy that this world is *not* "all barrenness."

[Endorsed] Samuel T. Coleridge, Bristol.

We proceed to lay before our readers a score of letters and notes, of which all but two are now first printed. The first of our collection is from Mary Lamb,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and was written subsequently to the removal of the brother and sister from the Temple and the alteration of their reception day.

II. MISS LAMB TO MISS MATILDA BETHAM.

[20 Russell Street, Covent Garden, about 1818.]

My dear Matilda, — Coleridge has given me a very chearful promise that he will wait on Lady Jerningham any day you will be pleased to appoint; he offered to write to you; but I found it was to be done *tomorrow*, and as I am pretty well acquainted with his tomorrows, I thought good to let you know his determination *today*. He is in town today, but as he is often going to Hammersmith for a night or two, you had better perhaps send the invitation through me, and I will manage it for you as well as I can. You had better let him have four or five days' previous notice, and you had better send the invitation as soon as you can; for he seems tolerably well just now. I mention all these betters, because I wish to do the best I can for you, perceiving, as I do, it is a thing you have set your heart upon. He dined one [a word or two torn off] . . . ay in company with Catilana (is that the way you spell her Italian name? — I am reading Sallust, and had like to have written Catiline). How I should have liked, and how you would have liked, to have seen Coleridge and Catilana together!

You have been very good of late to let me come and see you so seldom, and you are a little goodish to come so seldom here, because you stay away from a kind motive. But if you stay away always, as I fear you mean to do, I would not give one pin for your good intentions. In plain words, come and see me very soon; for though I be not sensitive as some people, I begin to feel strange qualms for having driven you from me.

Yours affectionately M. Lamb.

Wednesday.

Alas! Wednesday shines no more to me now.

Miss Duncan played famously in the new comedy, which went off as famously. By the way, she put in a spiteful piece of wit, I verily believe of her own head; and methought she stared me full in the face. The words were "As silent as an author in company." Her hair and herself looked remarkably well.

[Endorsed] Miss Betham,
49 Upper Marybone Street.

The Miss Duncan named in the postscript was the actress who took part, in the absence of Mrs. Jordan, in Holcroft's play of the Vindictive Man, which was brought out and damned in 1806.

Our next is a note to the publishers of Lamb's Works, as they were called on the title-page, in 1818, in two duodecimo volumes. The book was nearly out of the printer's hands.

III. C. LAMB TO THE MESSRS. OLLIER.

[28 *May*, 1818.]

Dear Sir, — The last sheet is finish'd. All that remains is the Title page and the Contents, which should be uniform with vol. 1. Will you be kind enough to see to it? There is a Sonnet to come in by way of dedication. I have not the sheet, so I cannot make out the Table of Contents, but it may be done from the various Essays, Letters, &c. by you, or the Printer, as thus. [Here follows a rough sketch of the writer's plan.]

Yours in Haste. C. Lamb.

Let me see the last proof, sonnet, &c.

Messrs. Ollier, Booksellers,
Vere Street, Oxford Street.

The letter was directed in the singular number, that either of the brothers might open it. The Olliers figure in the correspondence during some years.

A note of about the same date from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Lamb to Mrs. J. D. Collier, mother of the antiquary, was written on behalf of the only unmarried Miss Fricker.

IV. MISS LAMB TO MRS. COLLIER.

[No date.]

DEAR MRS. C., — This note will be given you by a young friend[1] of mine, whom I wish you would employ; she has commenced business as a mantua-maker and if you and my girls[2] would try her, I think she would fit you all three, and it will be doing her an essential service. She is, I think, very deserving, and if you procure work for her, among your friends and acquaintances, so much the better. *My best love to you and my girls.* We are both well.

Yours affectionately,

MARY LAMB.[3]

The connection of Lamb with the London Magazine, it is stated by Talfourd, through the introduction of Hazlitt brought him into contact with John Scott, the accomplished and ill-fated editor of that periodical. The few lines below allude to some trifling contribution for the Poets' Corner.

V. TO JOHN SCOTT.

D^R^ SIR, — I sent you yesterday by the 2d post 2 small copies of verses direct^d^ by mistake to N. 8 York St. if you have *not* rec^d^ them, pray favor me with a line. From your not writing, I shall conclude you have got them.

Yours resp^fy^ C. LAMB.

Thursday 24 *Aug.* '20. E. I. H.

[Endorsed] J. Scott Esqr.
4 York Street Cov^t^ Garden.

Ainger and Hazlitt print two letters from Lamb to William Harrison Ainsworth, at the time a mere youth, but beginning to interest himself in literary matters. They are dated respectively December 9 and 29, 1823; it may be pointed out that the Warner received as a book offered for Lamb's acceptance, and eventually retained by him, was a poetical volume entitled Syrinx, 1597, by that writer, and not, as has always been imagined, his Albion's England. The copy which belonged to Lamb is now in the Dyce Collection.

But the acquaintance with Ainsworth had commenced some time before the unpublished letter, which we shall presently give, and which goes back to the May of 1822; for then Lamb had lent his Manchester correspondent a copy of Cyril Tourneur's play or plays, in which Ainsworth must have shown his interest. Doubtless several letters have to be recovered, or are lost. Altogether, the one here first printed is as interesting as the couple in type.

VI. TO WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

DEAR SIR, — I have read yorr poetry with pleasure. The tales are pretty and prettily told, the language often finely poetical. It is only sometimes a little careless, I mean as to redundancy. I have marked certain passages (in pencil only, which will easily obliterate) for your consideration. Excuse this liberty. For the distinction you offer me of a dedication, I feel the honor of it, but I do not think it would advantage the publication. I am hardly on an eminence enough to warrant it. The Reviewers, who are no friends of mine — the two big ones especially who make a point of taking no notice of anything I bring out — may take occasion by it to decry us both. But I leave you to your own judgment. Perhaps, if you wish to give me a kind word, it will be more appropriate *before your republication of Tourneur.*

The "Specimens" would give a

[1] Sister of the three "milliners of Bath," Mrs. Coleridge, Mrs. Southey, and Mrs. Lovell.

[2] Mrs. Collier's daughters.

[3] See Collier's Diary, page 80. The writer notes his recollection that Miss Fricker remained seven years in his family, and then returned to Bristol. Compare Cottle's Recollections of S. T. Coleridge, 1837, page 2.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

handle to it, which the poems might seem to want. But I submit it to yourself with the old recollection that "beggars should not be chusers" and remain with great respect and wishing success to both your publications

Your obe[t] Ser[t] C. LAMB.

No hurry at all for Tourneur.[1]

Tuesday 7 *May* '22.

[Endorsed] W. H. Ainsworth Esq.

The correspondence of the Lambs with the Kenney family was rather suspected than absolutely ascertained, till of late years. Two letters to Kenney were furnished by the present writer, and Canon Ainger has added a third, a remarkably beautiful one, — a bipartite production to Mrs. Kenney and her daughter, Sophy Holcroft, afterwards married to Dr. Jefferson of Leamington. We have met this lady more than once. Now we cap this triplet with a fourth, from Miss Lamb to Mrs. Kenney, also composed, of course, after the visit to France, in 1822, and the return of Miss Lamb herself in September. The second division of the letter, directed to Sophy Holcroft, recalls those delightful effusions of Southey to his children. We regret our inability to decipher the whole of Miss Fanny Kelly's accompaniment.

VII. MISS LAMB TO MRS. KENNEY.[2]

[About *October*, 1822.]

MY DEAR FRIEND, — How do you like Harwood?[3] Is he not a noble boy? I congratulate you most heartily on this happy meeting, and only wish I were present to witness it. Come back with Harwood, I am dying to see you — we will talk, that is, you shall talk and I will listen from ten in the morning till twelve at night. My thoughts are often with you, and your children's dear faces are perpetually before me. Give them all one additional kiss every morning for me. Remember there 's one for Louisa, one to Ellen, one to Betsy,[4] one to Sophia, one to James, one to Teresa, one to Virginia, and one to Charles. Bless them all! When shall I ever see them again? Thank you a thousand times for all your kindness to me. I know you will make light of the trouble my illness gave you; but the recollection of it often sits heavy on my heart. If I could ensure my health, how happy should I be to spend a month with you every summer!

When I met Mr. Kenn[e]y there, I sadly repented that I had not dragged you on to Dieppe with me. What a pleasant time we should have spent there!

You shall not be jealous of Mr. Payne.[5] Remember he did Charles and I good service without grudge or grumbling. Say to him how much I regret that we owe him unreturnable; for I still have my old fear that we shall never see him again. I received great pleasure from seeing his two successful pieces. My love to your boy Kenney, my boy James, and all my dear girls, and also to Rose; I hope she still drinks wine with you. Thank Lou-Lou[6] for her little bit of letter. I am in a fearful hurry, or I would write to her. Tell my friend the Poetess that I expect some french verses from her shortly. I have shewn Betsy's

[1] This is the only intimation, we believe, that Ainsworth projected a reprint of Tourneur's play or plays.

[2] From the original autograph. The letter from Miss Lamb is accompanied by one from her brother to Kenney, and by a few lines from Miss Fanny Kelly, the celebrated actress. Lamb's letter was printed in Hazlitt's edition of the Correspondence for the first time.

[3] Harwood Holcroft.

[4] Louisa, or Lou-Lou, Ellen, Betsy, and Sophy were Mrs. Kenney's daughters by Holcroft. James, Teresa, Virginia, and Charles were the same lady's children by Kenney.

[5] John Howard Payne. See Hazlitt's edition of Correspondence, ii. 84 *et seqq.*

[6] Louisa Holcroft married Dr. Badams, and secondly the Baron De Merger, of Plessis la Barbe, near Tours, where we visited them in or about 1855.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG,
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Sophy's letters to all who came near me, and they have been very much admired. Dear Fanny brought me the bag. Good soul you are to think of me! Manning [1] has promised to make Fanny a visit this morning, happy girl! Miss James [2] I often see, I think never without talking of you. Oh the dear long dreary Boulevards! how I do wish to be just now stepping out of a Cuckoo [3] into them!

Farewel, old tried friend, may we meet again! Would you could bring your house with all its noisy inmates, and plant it, garden, gables and all, in the midst of Covent Garden.

Yours ever most affectionately

M. LAMB.

My best respects to your good neighbours.

[Endorsed] Mrs. Kenney.

Miss Kelly's scrap, written very faintly across the outside of the sheet, runs as follows: —

"The real old original Fanny Kelly takes this opportunity of assuring Mrs. Kenney that she remembers with pleasure them all. Oh, how imperfect is expression" [The rest, through the faint ink employed and the creasing of the paper, has become illegible; but the substance is that Miss Kelly hoped soon to have an opportunity of squeezing Mrs. Kenney's hand, and showing her respectful and grateful attachment.]

John Hamilton Reynolds, in his Rejected Articles, 1826, sometimes wrongly ascribed to P. G. Patmore, begins with An Unsentimental Journey, by Elia, which is nothing more than a fabrication by himself, based on his own experiences of French hotels and localities. He does not even mention that Lamb had a companion on his trip, and several friends at Paris and other points. The following letter, or note, to Miss Matilda Betham is safely assignable, we conceive, to that period just antecedent to Lamb's retirement from the India House, when he began to grow restless and impatient, and to give vent to his feelings in no measured terms. Of course it is more or less hazardous to fix the date within this certain space, since even so early as the end of 1818, in writing to Coleridge, Lamb inveighs against official drudgery and confinement.

VIII. TO MISS MATILDA BETHAM.

D[r] MISS B., — Mr. Hunter has this morning put into a Parcel *all I have received from you* at various times, including a sheet of notes from the Printer and two fair sheets of Mary. I hope you will receive them safe. The poem I will continue to look over, but must request you to provide for the rest. I cannot attend to anything but the most simple things. I am very much unhinged indeed. Tell K. I saw Mrs. K. yesterday and she was well. You must write to Hunter if you are in a hurry for the notes &c.

Yours sincerely C. L.

Saturday.

Shall I direct the Printer to send you fair sheets, as they are printed?

There now comes a little group of Enfield letters to Hood, Cowden Clarke, and Hone. Those to Hood are on the death of his infant daughter, and in relation to an expected visit from his wife and himself.

In the Gem for 1829 Hood printed the verses referred to, which in the original manuscript occupy two pages and a half of quarto paper, and were posted by Lamb to the bereaved father on the 30th of May, 1827. They are headed "On an Infant Dying as soon as born," and are directed to "T. Hood Esqr. 2 Robert Street, Adelphi."

[1] The Manning, of course, of the letters.

[2] The lady who took charge of Miss Lamb during her French trip.

[3] A diligence, so called, which used to ply between the Champs Élysées and St. Cloud, Versailles, etc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is very striking that Lamb, in his letter of condolence, cannot withstand the temptation not merely of making a pun, but of confessing that he had laid a sixpenny wager with Moxon as to the sex of the poor little creature.

IX. TO THOMAS HOOD.

[*May*, 1827.]

DEAREST HOOD, — Your news has spoil'd us a merry meeting. Miss Kelly and we were coming, but your letter elicited a flood of tears from Mary, and I saw she was not fit for a party. God bless you and the mother (as should be mother) of your sweet girl that should have been. I have won sexpence of Moxon by the *sex* of the dear gone one.

Yours most truly and hers,

C. L.

X. TO THE SAME.

[No date.]

DEAR HOOD, — We will look out for you on Wednesday, be sure, tho we have not eyes like Emma, who, when I made her sit with her back to the window to keep her to her Latin, literally saw round backwards every one that past, and, O, she were here to jump up and shriek out "There are the Hoods!" We have had two pretty letters from her, which I long to show you — together with Enfield in her May beauty.

Loves to Jane.[1]

[Here follow rough caricatures of Charles and his sister, and "I can't draw no better."]

XI. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

DEAR C., — I shall do very well. The sunshine is medicinal, as you will find when you venture hither some fine day. Enfield is beautiful.

Yours truly, C. L.

Of a letter to Hone respecting the Every Day Book, which the author forwarded to Lamb in numbers, a portion has been given by the present writer; but the entire text is now first printed. There is no difficulty in believing that the goodness of the Lambs to Hone, and the interest which they awakened in others on his behalf, were of vital service to that estimable and unfortunate man.

XII. TO WILLIAM HONE.

[*August* 12, 1825.]

DEAR HONE, — Your books are right acceptable. I did not enter further about Dogget, because on 2d thoughts the Book I mean does not refer to him. A coach from Bell or Bell and Crown sets of to Enfield at ½ past 4. Put yourself in it tomorrow afternoon, and come to us. We desire to shew you the country here. If we are out, when you come, the maid is instructed to keep you upon tea and proper bread and butter till we come home. Pray secure me the last No of Every day book, that which has S. R[ay] in it, which by mistake has never come. Did our newsman not bring it on Monday? Don't send home for it, for if I get it hereafter (so I have it at last) it is all I want. Mind, we shall expect you Sat^{y} night or Sund^{y} morning. There are Edmonton coaches from Bishopsg^{te} every half hour, the walk thence to Enfield easy across the fields, a mile and half.

Yours truly, C. LAMB.

This invitation is "ingenuous." I assure you we want to see you here. Or will Sund^{y} night and all day Monday suit you better?

The coach sets you down at Mrs. Leishman's.

Friday.

As far back as April 3, 1828, Lamb had addressed from Enfield a letter of appeal to the Rev. Edward Irving, of which Hone was apparently the bearer. It is in the edition of the Letters by Canon Ainger, and we need not therefore do more than refer to it. The spec-

[1] Mrs. Hood, sister of John Hamilton Reynolds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG,
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ulation proved unsuccessful, and was relinquished.

A couple of years later, with the assistance of friends, of Lamb himself, doubtless, the Hone family had established a coffee-shop, The Grasshopper, in Gracechurch Street. In an inedited letter to Basil Montagu, May 10, 1830, poor Hone draws a dreadful picture of his financial and domestic condition. The friend referred to was, of course, Lamb, who had enlisted the sympathy and professional or official assistance of Montagu in the matter. Hone writes as follows to the Commissioner of Bankruptcy: —

"It may be easily conceived that since the day you kindly proffered me your aid if it were requisite in the Bankrupt's Court at Whitehall, I have not been 'tried with riches' — no one can imagine the distresses and heart sickenings I endured with my wife and eight children while we secretly struggled through a subsequent twelvemonth of concealed destitution. Literary employment was precarious; a friend advised and assisted in the taking of these premises, which he judiciously conceived might be opened as a respectable coffee house, under the management of my eldest daughter."

We now return to Miss Lamb, and have the pleasure of inviting attention to an interesting and rather long letter by her, directed to two friends who had been staying under their roof at Enfield, and whom the writer was apprehensive of having somehow offended. Mrs. Paris, from Cambridge, had been paying a visit to the Lambs, and they had not only Emma Isola, but her sister Harriet, with them. Emma was expecting a summons to return to Fornham; Lamb was helping her to "rub up" her Latin. It is an unpublished letter; but we fail to understand to whom it was directed. There is no internal clue, nor does the correspondence of the period assist us.

XIII. MISS LAMB TO ——.

[ENFIELD, end of *April*, 1830.]

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — My brother and Emma are to send you a partnership letter, but as I have a great dislike to my stupid scrap at the fag end of a dull letter, and, as I am left alone, I will say my say first; and in the first place thank you for your kind letter; it was a mighty comfort to me. Ever since you left me, I have been thinking I know not what, but every possible thing that I could invent, why you should be angry with me for something I had done or left undone during your uncomfortable sojourn with us, and now I read your letter and think and feel all is well again. Emma and her sister Harriet are gone to Theobalds Park, and Charles is gone to Barnet to cure his headache, which a good old lady has talked him into. She came on Thursday and left us yesterday evening. I mean she was Mrs. Paris, with whom Emma's aunt lived at Cambridge, and she had so much to [tell] her about Cambridge friends, and to [tell] us about London ditto, that her tongue was never at rest through the whole day, and at night she took Hood's Whims and Oddities to bed with her and laught all night. Bless her spirits! I wish I had them and she were as mopey as I am. Emma came on Monday, and the week has passed away I know not how. But we have promised all the week that we should go and see the Picture friday or saturday, and stay a night or so with you. Friday came and we could not turn Mrs. Paris out so soon, and on friday evening the thing was wholly given up. Saturday morning brought fresh hopes; Mrs. Paris agreed to go to see the picture with us, and we were to walk to Edmonton. My Hat and my *new gown* were put on in great haste, and his honor, who decides all things here, would have it that we could not get to Edmonton in time; and there was an end of all things. Expecting to see you, I did not write.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monday evening.

Charles and Emma are taking a second walk. Harriet is gone home. Charles wishes to know more about the Widow. Is it to be made to match a drawing? If you could throw a little more light on the subject, I think he would do it, when Emma is gone; but his time will be quite taken up with her; for, besides refreshing her Latin, he gives her long lessons in arithmetic, which she is sadly deficient in. She leaves in a week, unless she receives a renewal of her holydays, which Mrs. Williams has half promised to send her. I do verily believe that I may hope to pass the last one, or two, or three nights with you, as she is to go from London to Bury. We will write to you the instant we receive Mrs. W.'s letter. As to my poor sonnet, and it is a very poor sonnet, only answered very well the purpose it was written for, Emma left it behind her, and nobody remembers more than one line of it, which is, I think, sufficient to convince you it would make no great impression in an Annual. So pray let it rest in peace, and I will make Charles write a better one instead.

This shall go to the Post to-night. If any [one] chooses to add anything to it they may. It will glad my heart to see you again.

Yours (both yours) truly and affectionately, M. LAMB.

Becky is going by the Post office, so I will send it away. I mean to commence letter-writer to the family.

Moxon having established a new venture, under the title of The Englishman's Magazine, in 1831, it almost necessarily became part of Lamb's duty to lend it a helping hand, which he did in certain papers headed "Peter's Net." This explains the signature.

XIV. TO EDWARD MOXON.

[1831.]

DEAR M., — I have ingeniously contrived to review myself.

Tell me if this will do. Mind, for such things as these — half quotations — I do not charge "Elia" price. Let me hear of, if not see you.

PETER.

[Endorsed] Mr. Moxon, Publisher,
64 New Bond Street, London.

The last letter to Miss Matilda Betham, within our present knowledge, is of August 23, 1833. It has never, hitherto, appeared in its integrity or in its true order. It is one of the Edmonton series, and was posterior to Emma Isola's marriage.

XV. TO MISS MATILDA BETHAM.

DEAR MISS B., — Your Bridal verses are very beautiful. Emma shall have them, as here corrected, when they return. They are in France. The verses, I repeat, are sweetly pretty. I know nobody in these parts that wants a servant; indeed, I have no acquaintance in this new place, and rarely come to town. The rule of Christ's Hospital is rigorous, that the marriage certificate of the parents be produced, previous to the presentation of a boy, so that your renowned Protegè has no chance. Never trouble yourself about Dyer's neighbour. He will only tell you a parcel of fibs, and is impracticable to any advice. He has been long married and parted, and has to pay his wife a weekly allowance to this day, besides other incumbrances.

In haste and headake,

Yours, [Signature lost.]

Aug^t 23, 1833.

Our next and final contribution comprises a remarkable group and sequence of letters sent by Lamb to Mrs. Williams, wife of the Rev. Mr. Williams, rector of Fornham, near Bury St. Edmunds. In the printed collections which have been so far given to the public, the correspondence with Mrs. Williams is limited to two letters, of which one has never yet been presented in its in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG,
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tegrity. We are enabled by the kindness of that lady's representative, Mr. Cecil Turner, to increase the series to seven, and at the same time to supply the omitted passages in that of April 2, 1830.

But there were unquestionably other communications, now irretrievably lost, both before and after the dates of those which are preserved. We must rest and be thankful. The enrichment of the existing store is equally fortuitous and acceptable.

So far back as 1822, Crabb Robinson, who was himself an East Anglian, and who had relatives whom he frequently visited at Bury, gave the Lambs an introduction to Miss Williams, — probably related to the rector of Fornham, perhaps his sister, — just prior to their departure on their French trip; and Mrs. Williams herself was certainly once at Colebrooke Cottage, Islington, where Allsop met her and Mrs. Shelley. But we hear nothing farther of any intercourse between the families, till we find Emma Isola established as a governess to the rector's daughters in 1830. A good deal of information about this young lady, whom the Lambs adopted, occurs in the biographies and letters; and it is well known that she was the daughter of Carlo Isola, an Italian professor at Cambridge; but we do not recollect to have seen it anywhere mentioned that she was, no doubt, the granddaughter of Agostino Isola, who brought out at Cambridge, in 1786, an edition of Tasso, and whom his son may have succeeded in his educational functions at the University.

Was it in Agostino Isola's edition that the Lambs read the poet, — for Miss Lamb, at least, had made an attempt to learn Italian, — or in Fairfax's English version, an old acquaintance? For Lamb notes the purchase of a copy in a letter of 1797 to Coleridge, and calls upon him to rejoice with him at the piece of good fortune.

Emma Isola had gone down to Fornham to discharge her duties as governess in the house of Mrs. Williams, and was taken ill. On the 21st February, 1830, Lamb writes from Enfield to Moxon: —

"A letter has just come from Mrs. Wms. to say that Emma is so poorly that she must have long holydays here. It has agitated me so much, and we shall expect her so hourly, that you shall excuse me to Wordsth for not coming up, we are both nervous and poorly."

Of course this letter from Fornham has shared the doom of all but a fraction of Lamb's papers of the kind; but on the 26th he wrote to Mrs. Williams the first of a series of letters, of which only two have yet seen the light, and those imperfectly and inaccurately presented: —

XVI. TO MRS. WILLIAMS.

[*February* 26, 1830.]

DEAR MADAM, — May God bless you for your attention to our poor Emma! I am so shaken with your sad news I can scarce write. She is too ill to be removed at present; but we can only say that if she is spared, when that can be practicable, we have always a home for her. Speak to her of it, when she is capable of understanding, and let me conjure you to let us know from day to day, the state she is in. But one line is all we crave. Nothing we can do for her, that shall not be done. We shall be in the terriblest suspense. We had no notion she was going to be ill. A line from anybody in your house will much oblige us. I feel for the situation this trouble places you in.

Can I go to her aunt, or do anything? I do not know what to offer. We are in great distress. Pray relieve us, if you can, by somehow letting us know. I will fetch her here, or anything. Your kindness can never be forgot. Pray excuse my abruptness. I hardly know what I write. And take our warmest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thanks. Hoping to hear something, I remain, dear Madam,

Yours most faithfully,

C. LAMB.

Our grateful respects to Mr. Williams.

This singular letter betrays the passionate concern felt by the brother and sister for the young lady of their adoption, and places us in full inferential possession of the gravity of the illness by which Miss Isola had been so unexpectedly overtaken. It was an attack of brain fever.

XVII. TO THE SAME.

ENFIELD, 1 *March*, 1830.

DEAR MADAM, — We cannot thank you enough. Your two words "much better" were so considerate and good. The good news affected my sister to an agony of tears; but they have relieved us from such a weight. We were ready to expect the worst, and were hardly able to bear the good hearing. You speak so kindly of her, too, and think she may be able to resume her duties. We were prepared, as far as our humble means would have enabled us, to have taken her from all duties. But, far better for the dear girl it is that she should have a prospect of being useful.

I am sure you will pardon my writing again; for my heart is so full, that it was impossible to refrain. Many thanks for your offer to write again, should any change take place. I dare not yet be quite out of fear, the alteration has been so sudden. But I will hope you will have a respite from the trouble of writing again. I know no expression to convey a sense of your kindness. We were in such a state expecting the post. I had almost resolved to come as near you as Bury; but my sister's health does not permit my absence on melancholy occasions. But, O, how happy will she be to part with me, when I shall hear the agreeable news that I may come and fetch her. She shall be as quiet as possible. No restorative means shall be wanting to restore her back to you well and comfortable.

She will make up for this sad interruption of her young friends' studies. I am sure she will — she must — after you have spared her for a little time. Change of scene may do very much for her. I think this last proof of your kindness to her in her desolate state can hardly make her love and respect you more than she has ever done. O, how glad shall we be to return her fit for her occupation. Madam, I trouble you with my nonsense; but you would forgive me, if you knew how light-hearted you have made two poor souls at Enfield, that were gasping for news of their poor friend. I will pray for you and Mr. Williams. Give our very best respects to him, and accept our thanks. We are happier than we hardly know how to bear. God bless you! My very kindest congratulations to Miss Humphreys.[1] Believe me, dear Madam,

Your ever obliged servant,

C. LAMB.

It must be admitted that this unpublished matter, as it proceeds, is of very peculiar interest. The whole mind of the writer is irresistibly concentrated on a single point. He has cast aside all thought for things indifferent and external, and all power and desire to indulge in any allusions of a playful, much less jocose character. The force of his mind was so thoroughly absorbed by this sorrow that, if early relief had not arrived by the convalescence of the invalid, the most serious effects might have followed.

[1] There is, I believe, a letter from Lamb to Miss Humphreys extant; but I have not yet been able to see it. Miss Humphreys was apparently at Fornham Rectory, and the letter to her, if so, belongs no doubt to the present group.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

XVIII. TO THE SAME.

ENFIELD, 5 *Mar.* 1830.

DEAR MADAM, — I feel greatly obliged by your letter of Tuesday, and should not have troubled you again so soon, but that you express a wish to hear that our anxiety was relieved by the assurances in it. You have indeed given us much comfort respecting our young friend, but considerable uneasiness respecting your own health and spirits, which must have suffered under such attention. Pray believe me that we shall wait in quiet hope for the time, when I shall receive the welcome summons to come and relieve you from a charge, which you have executed with such tenderness. We desire nothing so much as to exchange it with you. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to remove her with the best judgment I can without (I hope) any necessity for depriving you of the services of your valuable housekeeper. Until the day comes, we entreat that you will spare yourself the trouble of writing, which we should be ashamed to impose upon you in your present weak state. Not hearing from you, we shall be satisfied in believing that there has been no relapse. Therefore we beg that you will not add to your troubles by unnecessary, though *most kind*, correspondence. Till I have the pleasure of thanking you personally, I beg you to accept these written acknowledgments of all your kindness. With respects to Mr. Williams and sincere prayers for both your healths, I remain,

Your ever obliged servant,

C. LAMB.

My sister joins me in respects and thanks.

From this third letter we collect that Mrs. Williams had overtaxed her strength in nursing her patient. Miss Isola was steadily rallying; but these communications from Lamb, we must recollect, arrived at very short intervals. Upwards of a fortnight, however, intervened before another letter from Lamb apprises us that Mrs. Williams now gave him and Miss Lamb hope that they might soon expect to be able to remove Miss Isola to Enfield.

XIX. TO THE SAME.

March 22, 1830.

DEAR MADAM, — Once more I have to return you thanks for a very kind letter. It has gladdened us very much to hear that we may have hope to see our young friend so soon, and through your kind nursing so well recovered. I sincerely hope that your own health and spirits will not have been shaken: you have had a sore trial indeed, and greatly do we feel indebted to you for all which you have undergone. If I hear nothing from you in the mean time, I shall secure myself a place in the Cornwallis Coach for Monday. It will not be at all necessary that I shall be met at Bury, as I can well find my way to the Rectory, and I beg that you will not inconvenience yourselves by such attention. Accordingly as I find Miss Isola able to bear the journey, I intend to take the care of her by the same stage or by chaises perhaps, dividing the journey; but exactly as you shall judge fit. It is our misfortune that long journeys do not agree with my sister, who would else have taken this care upon herself perhaps more properly. It is quite out of the question to rob you of the services of any of your domestics. I cannot think of it. But if in your opinion a female attendant would be requisite on the journey, and if you or Mr. Williams would feel *more comfortable* by her being in charge of two, I will most gladly engage one of her nurses or any young person near you, that you can recommend; for my object is to remove her in the way that shall be most satisfactory to yourselves.

On the subject of the young people that you are interesting yourselves about,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I will have the pleasure to talk to you, when I shall see you. I live almost out of the world and out of the sphere of being useful; but no pains of mine shall be spared, if but a prospect opens of doing a service. Could I do all I wish, and I indeed have grown helpless to myself and others, it must not satisfy the arrears of obligation I owe to Mr. Williams and yourself for all your kindness.

I beg you will turn in your mind and consider in what most comfortable way Miss Isola can leave your house, and I will implicitly follow your suggestions. What you have done for her can never be effaced from our memories, and I would have you part with her in the way that would best satisfy yourselves.

I am afraid of impertinently extending my letter, else I feel I have not said half what I would say. So, dear madam, till I have the pleasure of seeing you both, of whose kindness I have heard so much before, I respectfully take my leave with our kindest love to your poor patient and most sincere regards for the health and happiness of Mr. Williams and yourself. May God bless you. CH. LAMB.

ENFIELD, *Monday*, 22 *March*.

The four letters which have gone before harp almost exclusively on one string; but they are of special value, since they exhibit the writer in the light nearest to that of a fond and anxious parent that he could ever expect to attain, and so far the present series, hitherto almost unknown, may be said to stand quite by itself.

The worst was over. Miss Isola was conveyed safely back to Enfield by her affectionate guardian, and the next letter reported her arrival and condition after the journey. It has been repeatedly printed, and may be found in Canon Ainger's collection.

One more letter, about two weeks later, completes the series, so far as it is in our power to complete it.[1] The epistle now to be given accompanied the "Acrostic to a Young Lady, who desired me to write her epitaph."

XX. TO THE SAME.

ENFIELD, *Tuesday* [*April* 21, 1830].

DEAR MADAM, — I have ventured upon some lines, which combine my old acrostic talent (which you first found out) with my new profession of epitaph-monger. As you did not please to say, when you would die, I have left a blank space for the date. May kind heaven be a long time in filling it up. At least you cannot say that these lines are not about you, though not much to the purpose. We were very sorry to hear that you have not been very well, and hope that a little excursion may revive you. Miss Isola is thankful for her added day; but I verily think she longs to see her young friends once more, and will regret less than ever the end of her holydays. She cannot be going on more quietly than she is doing here, and you will perceive amendment.

I hope all her little commissions will all be brought home to your satisfaction. When she returns, we purpose seeing her to Epping on her journey. We have had our proportion of fine weather and some pleasant walks, and she is stronger, her appetite good, but less wolfish than at first, which we hold a good sign. I hope Mr. Wing will approve of its abatement. She desires her very kindest respects to Mr. Williams and yourself, and wishes to rejoin you. My sister and myself join in respect, and pray tell Mr. Donne with our compliments, that we shall be disappointed, if we do not see him.

This letter being very neatly written, I am very unwilling that Emma should

[1] Mr. Cecil Turner, grandson of Mr. Williams, furnished me, in the most polite manner, with this valuable series many years ago; but I have not before had an opportunity of utilizing it, and of publicly thanking him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

club any of her disproportionate scrawl to deface it.

Your obliged servant
C. LAMB.

Mrs. Williams, W. B. Donne Esq.,
Matteshall, East Dereham, Norfolk.

The Mr. Donne mentioned by Lamb was the late William Bodham Donne, Deputy Licenser of Plays, and at one period Secretary to the London Library.

Miss Isola did return to Fornham, and was there on the 28th June, 1830, when Lamb, writing to Bernard Barton, says: —

"You will see that I am worn to the poetical dregs, condescending to acrostics, which are nine fathom beneath album verses; but they were written at the request of the lady, where our Emma is."

But we are informed that she did not remain long, though the reason of her final relinquishment of the duties is not specified.

The following lines appear to have been composed for the album of another young lady friend, Sophy Holcroft, afterward Mrs. Jefferson: —

TO THE BOOK.

Little casket, storehouse rare
Of rich conceits to please the fair!
Happiest he of mortal men
I crown him Monarch of the Pen —
To whom Sophia deigns to give
The flattering Prerogative
To inscribe his name in chief
On thy first and maiden leaf. —
When thy Pages shall be full
With what brighter Wits can cull
Of the tender, or Romantic —
Creeping prose, or verse gigantic —
Which thy spaces so shall cram,
That the Bee-like epigram,
Which a twofold tribute brings,
Hath not room left wherewithal
To infix its tiny scrawl;
Haply some more youthful Swain
Striving to describe his pain,
And the Damsel's ear to seize
With more expressive lays than these,
When he finds his own excluded,
And their counterfeits intruded,
While, loitering in the Muses bower,
He over-staid the Eleventh Hour
Till the Table's filled — shall fret,
Die, or sicken, with regret,
Or into a shadow pine,
While this triumphant verse of mine,
Like to some poorer stranger-guest
Bidden to a Good Man's feast
Shall sit — by merit less than fate —
In the upper seat in state.

CHS LAMB.

The turn of Lamb for the acrostic set in at a late period of life, and he flattered himself that he attained considerable proficiency in the art of composing such verses.

These *nugæ* one is almost ashamed of perpetuating. Lamb thought that album verses were rather undignified; but he lived to find a lower depth, as he himself has put it in a letter to a friend.

We hope, and we positively believe, that some benefit may accrue to the interests of literature by the criticisms which we have presumed to offer, as well as by the information which it has been in our power to supply. It will be possible, by some coöperative process, to print in the future the Lamb letters not only in a more complete shape as regards the surviving total, but with far greater textual fidelity and literal precision than are to be found in any edition hitherto put forward.

William Carew Hazlitt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO PHILOSOPHERS OF THE PARADOXICAL.

SECOND PAPER: SCHOPENHAUER.

THE name of Schopenhauer is better known to most general readers in our day than is that of any other modern Continental metaphysician since Kant. The reputed heretic has the reward of his dangerous reputation, a fact which gives any expositor of the great pessimist reason both for fear and for rejoicing: for rejoicing, since his hero is already well known, and is generally regarded with interest; for fear, since this dangerous reputation is in part founded upon serious misunderstandings of Schopenhauer's place and significance. In fact, as we shall find, our author's pessimism is but another manifestation of the same insight into the paradoxical Logic of Passion which we have discovered at the heart of Hegel's doctrine. It is true that Schopenhauer's famous World-Will, the blind power that, according to him, embodies itself in our universe, appears in his account, at first, as something that might be said to possess passion without logic. Yet this first view of the World-Will soon turns out to be inadequate. The very caprice of the terrible Principle is seen, as we go on, to involve a sort of secondary rationality, a logic fatal and gloomy as well as deeply paradoxical, yet none the less truly rational for all that. Schopenhauer's world is, in truth, tragic in much the same sense as Hegel's. Only, for Schopenhauer the tragedy is hopeless, blind, undivine; while for Hegel it is the divine tragedy of the much-tried Logos, whose joy is above all the sorrows of his world. Were this difference between our thinkers merely one of personal and speculative opinion, it might have little significance; but since it involves, as we shall see, one of the most truly vital problems of our modern life, one which meets us at every step in our literature and in our ethical controversies, we shall find it well worth our while to study the contrast more closely. First, then, let us see something of the man Schopenhauer, and afterwards we may estimate his doctrine.

I.

Arthur Schopenhauer, born in 1788, was probably descended, on the father's side, from a Dutch family. He was the son of a wealthy merchant of Danzig. His mother, the once noted Johanna Schopenhauer, brilliant novelist, and in her later years ambitious hostess in the literary circles at Weimar, had married, as she very frankly tells us, not from love, but for position. On both sides Schopenhauer's ancestry was somewhat burdened, as we should say, in respect of nerves, although this characteristic is decidedly more marked on the father's side. The philosopher's paternal grandmother was declared insane during the latter years of her life; and of his uncles on the same side, one was idiotic, and one was given to excesses of the neurotic type. Schopenhauer's father, a busy and uncommonly intelligent man, many-sided and successful, himself suffered, toward the last of his life, from the family trouble. At fifty-eight years of age he showed occasional but acute symptoms of an excited form of derangement, lost meanwhile his memory for well-known persons, and very soon died under mysterious circumstances that indicated strongly an insane suicide. Johanna Schopenhauer, personally, was quite free from noteworthy nervous defect, unless heartlessness be reckoned as such. The philosopher himself, as is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well known, lived in excellent general health until past seventy, dying in 1860 from a cause having no apparent relation to nervous difficulties. Still, especially in youth, he was vexed by his hereditary burden enough to enable us without question to associate his pessimism in some measure with his temperament. Several neurasthenic symptoms are reported, showing themselves in sporadic but decided forms, — night-terrors of a known pathological type, causeless depressions, a persistent dread of possible misfortunes, a complaining and frequently unbearable ill humor with attendant crises of violent temper. A troublesome and slowly growing deafness, similar to that manifest in his father, is referred to the same cause. Against these stood always a very fine general constitution, and a rather over-anxiously guarded fashion of life. The question suggested by all these facts, the well-known question if Schopenhauer's pessimism was due mainly to morbidness of temperament, was in short mere *Stimmungspessimismus*, is not so easy to decide as some of his critics fancy. In fact, the man unquestionably was incapable of a permanently cheerful view of life, — was a born outcast, doomed to hide and to be lonely. Unquestionably, also, he was given to pettiness in the minor relations of life, was vain, uncompanionable, and bitter. But then, many clever men have had all these burdens to bear without being able to see the tragedy of life as wisely and deeply as Schopenhauer saw it. He would have said of his own unhappy temper very much what he once said of the crimes of Napoleon's career, namely, that there are conditions which make manifest the latent evil of human selfishness, the dangers of the restless Will that is in us all alike, better than do other conditions, but which do not therefore create the latent evil. It will not do in any event to state the case against Schopenhauer's pessimism in such shallow fashion as to make it appear that, whilst all pessimism is mere pettiness, all optimism is *prima facie* noble-mindedness. Optimists also can be selfish and even intolerable. In fine, I am disposed to say, as a matter of mere historical judgment, that Schopenhauer's nervous burdens undoubtedly opened his eyes to the particular aspect of life which he found so tragic, but that meanwhile the fact of such burdens positively is of no service to us when we are forming our estimate of the ultimate significance of our philosopher's insight, — an insight which, for my part, I find as deep as it was partial.

The Italian psychologist, Lombroso, in his well-known work on the relations of genius and insanity, makes use, of course, of Schopenhauer in his catalogue of pathological geniuses. The only value which such observations as Lombroso's have, in the present chaotic condition of our knowledge upon the subject, is to remind us that we cannot dispose of a man's intellectual rank or of his doctrine merely by observing that he was weighted with morbid tendencies of mind. Genius has often, although by no means always, a background of a pathological sort; while, on the other hand, the nervously burdened, whether geniuses or not, actually do a great part of the world's work and of the world's thinking, and may be all the wiser by reason of the depth of their nervous experiences. Specially interesting, however, in Schopenhauer's case, is the relation of contrast between the peevishness of his private temper and the self-controlled calm and clearness of his literary style. To such a man intellectual work is a blessed relief from the storms of trivial but violent emotion. His reflective thought stands off, as it were, on one side, and surveys with a melancholy freedom his daily life of care and of bondage. His thinking rejoices in the wondrous craft whereby it has outwitted passion. His reflection throughout, therefore, is a negative self-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

criticism, a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the tempestuous natural man. It does not embody the peevishness of this natural man, but rather scorns the vanity of his unwisdom. As Schopenhauer himself says: "Since all grief, because it is a mortification, a call to resignation, has in it the possibility of rendering one holy, therefore it is that great sorrow, deep pangs, arouse in us a certain reverence for the sufferer. But the sufferer becomes wholly venerable only when, seeing his whole life as one chain of sorrow, he yet does not dwell on the enchainment of circumstances that brought grief to just his life; . . . for then he would still be longing for life, only under other conditions. But he is truly venerable only when his look is turned from the petty to the universal; when he becomes, as it were, a genius in respect of ethical insight; when he sees a thousand cases in one, so that life seen as one whole . . . moves him to resignation. . . . A very noble character," continues Schopenhauer, "we always conceive with a certain tinge of melancholy in it, — a melancholy that is anything but a continual peevishness in view of the daily vexations of life (for such peevishness is an ignoble trait, and arouses suspicions of maliciousness), but rather a melancholy that comes from an insight into the vanity of all joys, and the sorrowfulness of all living, not alone of one's own fortune." Thus, as we see, Schopenhauer's philosophy is not founded upon any summing up of the malicious judgments of his natural peevishness, but is the expression of a calm and relatively external survey and confession of his temperament in its wholeness. This it is that is expressed in the lucidity of his style, and that gives permanent value to his insight. The strong opposition between Will and Contemplation is one of the chief features of his doctrine.

As for this style in itself, it suggested Jean Paul's famous characterization of the first edition of Schopenhauer's Welt als Wille und Vorstellung: "A book of philosophical genius, bold, many-sided, full of skill and of depth, — but of a depth often hopeless and bottomless, akin to that melancholy lake in Norway in whose deep waters, beneath the steep rock-walls, one never sees the sun, but only the stars reflected; and no bird and no wave ever flies over its surface." Just this calm of Schopenhauer's intellect is the characteristic thing about his writing; and no one who knows the highly intellectual and reflective type of the nervously burdened genius will fail to comprehend the meaning of the contrast between the man's peevishness, which tortured him, and his thinking, wherein he found rest. More cheerful spirits may think and will in the same moment, may reflect with vigorous vitality and work with keen reflection. But for men of Schopenhauer's type there is a profound contrast between their contemplative and their passionate life; precisely the same contrast that the ascetic mystics, with whom, like Spinoza, Schopenhauer as philosopher had many things in common, have always loved to dwell upon and to exaggerate. Do you give yourself over to passion? Then, as they will have it, you may be clever, well informed, ingenious; in short, as all the ascetic mystics would say, you may be as wily as you are worldly; but through it all you will be essentially ignorant, thoughtless, irrational. Do you attain the true enlightenment, even for a moment? Then you stand aside from passion; its whirlwind goes by, and you remain undisturbed; your thought, to use an old comparison that was a favorite of Schopenhauer's, pierces through passion as the sunlight through the wind. You see it all, but it moves you not.

Such mysticism is essentially pessimistic: we find it so even in Spinoza and in the Imitation of Christ. Only, in the Imitation contemplation has the glory of God to turn to above and be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yond the storm of sense and of vanity. A formula for Schopenhauer is that his pessimism is simply the doctrine of the Imitation with the glory of God omitted. But as the glory of God is described by the Imitation in purely abstract, mystical, and essentially unreal terms, one may see at once that the road from the mediæval mystic to Schopenhauer's outcome is not so long as some people imagine. "I saw in my dream," says Bunyan, at the end of his Pilgrim's Progress, when the angels carry off poor Ignorance to the pit, — "I saw in my dream that there was a way to the bottomless pit from the very gate of Heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction." Now, it was Schopenhauer's mission to explore this highly interesting way with considerable speculative skill. The mystic who forsakes the world because of its vanity finds his comfort in a dream of something called the divine Perfection, — something pure, abstract, extramundane. He comes on "that which is," and catches, like Tennyson in the famous night vision on the lawn, in the In Memoriam, "the deep pulsation of the world." Only, by and by morning comes. Your mystic must awake; his vision must vanish, "stricken through with doubt." Tennyson seems to have endured the waking better than others. But, generally speaking, the pessimist of Schopenhauer's type is simply the mystic of the type of the Imitation, at the moment when he has been awakened from the false glory of this religious intoxication.

The events of our hero's life may be disposed of briefly. His father took or sent him on long travels during his early youth, made him well acquainted with both French and English, and insisted that he should in due time learn the mercantile business, and train himself to be a busy, intelligent, and many-sided man of the world. Scholarship and the university formed no part in the father's plans. The boy spent also considerable time on his father's country estate, loved nature, but was always a lonely child. As youth waxed, moodiness tormented him; he began now to show a turn for metaphysics. His father's death, in 1805, left him free to follow his own plans. He forsook the hated counting-house, where he had set about his work, and began to study for the university; making rapid progress in Latin, quarreling with his elders, and writing rhetorically gloomy letters to his mother, who had now entered on her Weimar career. The son's native pessimism was still far, of course, from the later philosophical formulation, but he already perceived that one great evil about the world is its endless change, which dooms all ideal interests and moods to alteration and defeat. "Everything," he writes to his mother, "is washed away in time's stream. The minutes, the numberless atoms of pettiness into which every deed is dissolved, are the worms that gnaw at everything great and noble, to destroy it." His mother found this sort of thing rather tedious, and especially inconsistent with her son's social success as an occasional inmate of her house at Weimar. A most brilliant company often gathered there, with Goethe at the head. A youth of twenty or thereabouts could not add grace to such a scene so long as he could talk of nothing but time and worms. She wrote him plainly, being a woman as clear-headed as she was charming: "When you get older, dear Arthur, and see things more clearly, perhaps we shall agree better. Till then let us see that our thousand little quarrels do not hunt love out of our hearts. To that end we must keep well apart. You have your lodgings. As for my house, whenever you come you are a guest, and are welcome, of course; only you must n't interfere. I can't bear objections. Days when I receive, you may take supper with me, if you 'll only be so good as to refrain from your painful disputations, which make me angry, too, and from all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your lamentations over the stupid world and the sorrows of mankind; for all that always gives me a bad night and horrid dreams, and I do so like a sound sleep."

In 1809 Schopenhauer began his university studies at Göttingen, devoted himself to Kant and Plato, and rapidly acquired the type of erudition which he kept to the end, — an erudition vast rather than technical; the learning of one who sees swiftly rather than studies exhaustively, remembers rather than systematizes, enjoys manifold labors rather than professional completeness. He was always a marvelous reader, of wide literary sympathies, especially fond of the satirists, the mystics, and the keen observers of all ages. For the processes of the exact sciences he had a poor comprehension; for natural phenomena of a suggestive sort his eye was always very wide open; he longed to catch the restless World-Will in the very act of its struggle and sorrow. He loved books of travel, energetic stories, strongly written historical sketches, tragic as well as satirical dramas, and books of well-described natural history. As for nature itself, he was very fond of observing flowers, while, after his fashion, he loved animals passionately. These show the Will naked, in all its naive cruelty, guilt, and innocence.

Edifying literature of all but the purely mystical type, most systematic schemes of constructive thought, all merely sentimental poetry, and above all such moralizing poetry as Schiller's Don Carlos he in general bitterly despised. These things seemed to him to hover about life. He wanted to contemplate the longing of life in itself. His critical and historical judgments were deep and yet wayward. He was once more on the lookout for types, not for connections. He had, for so learned a man, a poor eye for detecting unscholarly and fantastic theories, and frequently accepted such when they related to topics beyond his immediate control. His literary sense was, after all, his best safeguard in scholarship. Here his fine contemplative intellect guided him. He could not make a bad blunder as to a purely linguistic question; but where his taste and instinct for the immediate inner life of things and of people were unable to guide him he wandered too often in the dark. On all matters of learning his judgment remains, therefore, largely that of the sensitive man of the world. His sense of humor was of the keenest. The Will is once for all as comic in its irrationalities as it is deep in its unrest. A distinguishing feature of his style, namely, his skill in metaphor and in other forms of comparison, is due to this wide reading. In this respect he rivals those wonderful masters of comparison, the Hindu metaphysicians, whom he knew through translations and admired much. One further trait may be mentioned as pervading his study and his whole view of life. He was an intense admirer of the English temperament, just as he was an intense hater of many English institutions. Not, indeed, the English Philistine, but the English man of the world, attracted him, by that clear-headedness and that freedom from systematic delusions which are so characteristic of the stock. To sum up all in a word, the maxim of his whole life as a learner was, See and record the vital struggles and longings of the Will wherever they appear.

Such scholarship as this was ill fitted to prepare Schopenhauer for an academic life. In 1813 he printed his dissertation for the Doctor's degree, on The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason. It is his most technical book, with least of his genius in it. In 1818 was published the first edition of his Welt als Wille und Vorstellung. In 1820 he entered on his work as Privat-Docent at the University of Berlin, and immediately made a sufficiently complete academic failure to discourage

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him from any serious effort to continue in his position. Embittered by the indifference with which both his books and his attempts as a teacher were received, he gradually acquired that intense hatred of all professors of philosophy, and of the whole post-Kantian speculative movement in Germany, which he expressed more than once in a furious form, and which wholly misled him as to his own historical relations. After 1831 he retired to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and lived upon his little fortune until the close of his life. How he came slowly to be known publicly, in spite of the indifference with which academic circles treated him; how in old age there gathered round him a little circle of well-received flatterers; how young Russians used to come and stare at the wise man; how he loved the attentions of all such people, and better still the more intelligent understanding of two or three faithful disciples, but best of all his dinner and his dog; how he died suddenly, when he was quite alone, — are not all these things written in the books of modern literary gossip? I need not dwell upon them further. Nor need I repeat how Schopenhauer had only to die to acquire general fame, until now his name is everywhere a symbol for all that is most dark, and deep, and sad, and dangerous about the philosophy of our time. Of the pettier incidents of his life, of his quarrels, of his one or two outbursts of temper which led to public scandals, of his other eccentricities numberless, I have no time to speak.

II.

Schopenhauer's principal work, Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung, is in form the most artistic philosophical treatise in existence, if one excepts Plato's Republic. In its first edition it was divided into four books. A later edition added, in a second volume, comments upon all four. Of these books, the first summarizes the Kantian basis of Schopenhauer's own doctrine. The world is, first of all, for each of us, just our *Vorstellung*, our Idea. It is there because and while we see it. It consists in its detail of facts of experience. These, however, are, for our consciousness, always interpreted facts, seen in the sense forms of space and of time, and within these forms, perceived through and by virtue of our universal form of comprehension, namely, the principle of Causation. When I experience anything, I seek inevitably for a cause in space and in time for this experience. When I find such a cause, I localize the experience as an event manifesting some change in something existing in space and in time. But these forms of space and of time, as well as this principle of Causation, are all alike simply formal ideas in me. Kant's great service lay, in fact, in his proving the subjectivity, the purely mental nature, of such forms. The space and time worlds, with all that they contain, exist accordingly for the knowing Subject. No Subject without an Object, and no Object without a Subject. I know in so far as there is a world to know; and the world yonder is in so far as I know it. In vain, moreover, would one seek for any Thing in itself really outside of me as the Cause of my experiences. For Cause is just an idea of mine, useful and valid for the events of the show-world, but wholly inapplicable to anything else. Within experience the law of causation is absolute, because such is my fashion of thinking experience, and of perceiving the localized things of sense. But beyond experience what validity, what application, can one give to the principle of causation? None. There is no cause to be sought for my own experiences beyond my own true nature.

But what is this my nature? The second book answers the question. My nature, you must observe, is something

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very wealthy. It does not indeed *cause* my experiences, in any proper sense; for cause means only an event that in time or in space brings another event to pass. And there is nothing that in time or in space brings to pass my own deepest timeless and spaceless nature. As phenomenon in time, my body may move or die, as other events determine. But my deepest nature is so superior to space and time that, as we have just shown, space and time are in fact *in me*, in so far as they are my forms of seeing and of knowing. Therefore my true nature neither causes nor is caused; but, as one now sees, it in truth *is*, comprises, embodies itself in, all my world of phenomena. Hence it is plain how wealthy my true nature must be in its implications. Yes, in a deeper sense, you also, in so far as you truly exist, must have the same deepest nature that I have. Only in space and in time do we seem to be separate beings. Space and time form, as Schopenhauer says, the dividing principle of things. In an illusory way they seem to distinguish us all from one another. But abstracted from space and time, with all their manifold and illusory distinctions of places and moments, the real world collapses into one immanent Nature of Things. Since my own deepest nature is thus that which creates the time form of the apparent world, it follows that, in an essential and deep sense, I am one with all that ever has been or that ever will be, either millions of ages ago or millions of ages to come. And as for space, there is no star so remote but that the same essential nature of things which is so manifest in that star is also manifest in my own body. Space and time are, as the Hindus declared, the veil of Maya, or Illusion, wherewith the hidden unity of things is covered, so that, through such illusion, the world appears manifold, although it is but one.

To answer, therefore, the question, What is the nature of things? I have only to find what, apart from my senses and my thought, is my own deepest essence. Of this I have a direct, an indescribable, but an unquestionable awareness. My whole inner life is essentially my Will. I long, I desire, I move, I act, I feel, I strive, I lament, I assert myself. The common name for all this is my Will. By Will, indeed, Schopenhauer does not mean merely the highest form of my conscious choice, as some people do. He means the whole active nature of me, the wanting, longing, self-asserting part. This, in truth, as even the Romantic Idealists felt, lies deeper than my intellect, is at the basis of all my seeing and knowing. Why do I see and acknowledge the world in space and in time? Why do I believe in matter, or recognize the existence of my fellowmen, or exercise my reason? Is not all this just my actual fashion of behavior? In vain, however, do I seek, as the idealists of Fichte's type often pretended to seek, for an ultimate reason why I should have this fashion of behavior. That is a mere fact. Deeper than reason is the inexplicable caprice of the inner life. We want to exist; we long to know; we make our world because we are just striving to come into being. Our whole life is as ultimate and inexplicable an activity as are our particular fashions of loving and of hating. *So* I am; this is the nature of me, — to strive, to long, to will. And I cannot rest in this striving. My life is a longing to be somewhere else in life than here where I am.

Here, then, is the solution of our mystery in so far as it can have a solution. The world is the Will. In time and space I see only the behavior of phenomena. I never get at things in themselves. But I, in my timeless and spaceless inner nature, in the very heart, in the very germ, of my being, am not a mere outward succession of phenomena. I am a Will, — a Will which is not there for the sake of something else, but which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exists solely because it desires to exist. Here is the true thing in itself. The whole world, owing to the utter illusoriness of time and space, has collapsed into one single and ultimate nature of things. This nature, immediately experienced in the inner life, is the Will. This Will, then, is that which is so wealthy that the whole show-world is needed to express its caprice. Look on the whole world in its infinite complication of living creatures and of material processes. These, indeed, are remote enough from your body. Seen in space and time, you are a mere fragment in the endless world of phenomena, a mere drop in the ocean, a link in an endless chain. But look at the whole world otherwise. In its inmost life and truth it must be one, for space and time are the mere forms in which the one interest of the observer is pleased to express itself. Look upon all things, then, and it can be said of you as, once more, the Hindus loved to say, "The life of all these things, — *That art Thou.*"

Schopenhauer himself was fond of quoting this well-known phrase of the Hindu philosophy as expressing the kernel of his own doctrine. What was new about his philosophy was, he felt, the synthesis that he had made of Kant's thought and the Hindu insight. But with this insight itself he essentially agreed. "The inmost life of things is one, and *that life art thou.*" This sentence expresses to his mind the substance of the true thought about the world. Let us, for this reason, quote a paragraph or two from one of the Hindu philosophic classics called the Upanishads, much read and loved by Schopenhauer, to illustrate his view. In the passage in question a teacher is represented as in conversation with his pupil, who is also his son.

"'Bring me,' says the father, 'a fruit of yonder tree.' 'Here it is, O Venerable One.' 'Cut it open.' 'It is done.' 'What seest thou therein?' 'I see, O Venerable One, very little seeds.' 'Cut one of them open.' 'It is done, Venerable One.' 'What seest thou therein?' 'Nothing, Venerable One.' Then spake he: 'That fine thing which thou seest not, my well beloved, from that fine thing [that life] is, in truth, this mighty tree grown. Believe me, my well beloved, *what* this fine [substance] is, of whose essence is all the world, that is the Reality, that is the Soul, — *That art Thou*, O Çvetaketu.'"

"'This bit of salt, lay it in the [vessel of] water, and come again to-morrow to me.' This did he. Then spake [the teacher]: 'Bring me that salt which even yesterday thou didst lay in the water.' He sought it and found it not, for it was melted. 'Taste the water here. How tastes it?' 'Salt.' 'Taste it there. How tastes it?' 'Salt.' 'Leave the vessel, and sit at my feet.' So did he, and said, '[The salt] is still there.' Then spake the teacher: 'Verily, so seest thou the truly Existent not in bodies, yet is it truly therein. What this fine substance is of whose essence is all the world, that is the Reality, that is the Soul, — *That art Thou*, O Çvetaketu.'"

"'Just as, O my well beloved, a man whom they have led away out of the land of the Gandharis with eyes blindfolded, and have loosed him in the wilderness, — just as he wanders eastward or westward, southward or northward, because he has been led hither blindfolded and loosed blindfolded, but after some one has taken off the blind from his eyes, and has said, "Yonder lies the land of the Gandharis; yonder go," he, asking the way in village after village, instructed and understanding, comes home at last to the Gandharis, — even so, too, is the man who here in the world has found a teacher; for he knows "to this [world] I belong only until I am delivered; then shall I come to my home." What this fine [substance] is, of whose essence is all the world, that is the Reality, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the Soul, — *That art Thou*, O Çvetaketu.' "

Here, one sees, is the Hindu way of getting at the Substance. It is also Schopenhauer's way. Look for the substance within, in your own nature. You will not see it without. It is the life of your own life, the soul of your own soul. When you find it, you will come home from the confusing world of sense things to the heart and essence of the world, to the Reality. *That art Thou.*

Since for Schopenhauer this soul of your soul is the capricious inner Will, there is no reason to speak of it as God or as Spirit; for these words imply rationality and conscious intelligence. And intelligence, whose presence in the world is merely one of the caprices of this Will itself, finds itself always in sharp contrast to the Will, which it can contemplate, but which it never can explain. However, of contemplation there are various stages, determined in us phenomenal individuals by the various sizes and powers of our purely phenomenal brains. Why any intelligence exists at all, and why it is phenomenally associated with a brain, nobody can explain. The Will thus likes to express itself. That is the whole story. Nevertheless, once given the expression, this intelligence reaches its highest perfection in that power to contemplate the whole world of the will with a certain supreme and lofty calm, which, combined with an accurate insight into the truth of the will, is characteristic of the temperament of the productive artist. Art is, namely, the embodiment of the essence of the Will as the contemplative intelligence sees it; and to art Schopenhauer devotes his third book. The Will has certain ultimate fashions of expressing itself, certain stages of self-objectification, as Schopenhauer calls them. These, in so far as contemplation can seize them, are the ultimate types, the Platonic ideas, of things, all endlessly exemplified in space and time by individual objects, but as types eternal, time-transcending, immortal. They are the ultimate embodiments of passion, the eternal forms of longing that exist in our world. Art grasps these types and sets them forth. Architecture, for instance, portrays the blind nature-forces, or longings, of weight and resistance. Art is thus the universal appreciation of the essence of the will from the point of view of a contemplative on-looker. It is disinterested, depicting passion, but itself not the victim of passion. Of all the arts, according to Schopenhauer, Music most universally and many-sidedly embodies the very essence of the Will, the very soul of passion, the very heart of this capricious, world-making, and incomprehensible inner nature of ours. Hence music is in some respects Schopenhauer's favorite art. Music shows us just what the Will is, — eternally moving, striving, changing, flying, struggling, wandering, returning to itself, and then beginning afresh, — all with no deeper purpose than just Life in all its endlessness, motion, onward-flying, conflict, fullness of power, even though that shall mean fullness of sorrow and anguish. Music never rests, never is content; repeats its conflicts and wanderings over and over; leads them up, indeed, to mighty climaxes, but is great and strong never by virtue of abstract ideas, but only by the might of the Will that it embodies. Listen to these cries and strivings, to this infinite wealth of flowing passion, to this infinite restlessness, and then reflect, — *That art Thou;* just that unreposing vigor, longing, majesty, and caprice.

Of all Schopenhauer's theories, except his pessimism itself, this theory of art has become the most widely known and influential. As he stated it, it was, indeed, evidently the notion, not of the systematic student of any art, but of the observant amateur of genius and sensibility. It lacks the professional tone altogether. Its illustrations are chosen whimsically from all sorts of directions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The opposition between will and contemplation reaches for the first time its height at this point in the system. On one side, the world of passion, throbbing, sorrowing, longing, hoping, toiling, above all forever fleeing from the moment, whatever it be; on the other side, the majesty of artistic contemplation, looking in sacred calm upon all this world, seeing all things, but itself unmoved. Plainly, in this contemplative intellect the will has capriciously created for itself a dangerous enemy, who will discover its deep irrationality.

This enemy is none other than that Wagnerian Brunhild who is destined to see, through and through, the vanity of the World of the Will, and who, not indeed without the connivance of the high gods of the Will themselves, is minded to destroy the whole vain show in one final act of resignation. There arise from time to time in the world, thinks Schopenhauer, holy men, full of sympathy and pity for all their kind: full of a sense of the unity of all life, and of the vanity of this our common and endless paradox of the finite world. These men are called, in the speech of all the religious, saints. Whatever their land or creed, their thought is the same. Not the particular griefs of life, not the pangs of cold and hunger and disease, not the horrors of the baseness that runs riot in humanity, — not these things do they weigh in the balance with any sort of precision or particularity, although these things too they see and pity. No, the source of all these griefs, the Will itself, its paradox, its contradictory longing to be forever longing, its irrational striving to be forever as one that suffers lack, — this they condemn, compassionate, and resign. They do not strive or cry. They simply forsake the Will. Life, they say, must be evil, for life is desire, and desire is essentially tragic, since it flees endlessly and restlessly from all that it has; makes perfection impossible by always despising whatever it happens to possess and by longing for more; lives in an eternal wilderness of its own creation; is tossed fitfully in the waves of its own dark ocean of passion; knows no peace; finds in itself no outcome, — nothing that can finish the longing and the strife.

And this hopelessly struggling desire, — so the saints disclose to each one of us in our blindness, — *That art Thou.* The saints pity us all. Their very existence is compassion. They absent themselves from felicity awhile that they may teach us the way of peace. And this way is what? Suicide? No, indeed. Schopenhauer quite consistently condemns suicide. The suicide desires bliss, and flees only from circumstance. He wills life. He hates only this life which he happens to have. No, this is not what the saints teach. One and all they counsel, as the path of perfection, the hard and steep road of resignation. That alone leads to blessedness, to escape from the world. Deny the will to live. Forsake the power that builds the world. Deny the flesh. While you live, be pitiful, merciful, kind, dispassionate, resisting no evil, turning away from all good fortune, thinking of all things as of vanity and illusion. The whole world, after all, is an evil dream. Deny the Will that dreams, and the vision is ended. As for the result, "we confess freely," says Schopenhauer, in the famous concluding words of the fourth book of his first volume, "what remains, after the entire annulling of the will, is, for all those who are yet full of the will, indeed nothing. But, on the other hand, for those in whom the will has turned again, and has denied itself, this our own so very real world, with all her suns and Milky Ways, is — nothing."

III.

The estimate of the doctrine which we now have before us will be greatly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aided if we bear in mind the nature of its historic genesis. The problem bequeathed by Kant to his successors was, as we have seen throughout both this and the preceding paper, the problem of the relation of the empirical Self of each moment to the Total or Universal Self. This problem exists alike for Hegel and for Schopenhauer. Hegel undertakes to solve it by examining the process of Self-consciousness. This process, developed according to his peculiar and paradoxical logic, which we have ventured to call the Logic of Passion, shows him that in the last analysis there is and can be but One Self, the Absolute Spirit, the triumphant solver of paradoxes. Sure of his process, Hegel despises every such mystical and immediate seizing of the Universal as had been characteristic of the Romanticists. With just these Romanticists, however, Schopenhauer has in common the immediate intuition whereby he seizes, not so much the Universal Self as, in his opinion, the universal and irrational essence or nature that is at the heart of each finite self and of all things, namely, the Will. Yet when he describes this Will, after his intuition has come to grasp it, he finds in it just the paradox that Hegel had logically developed. For Hegel, Self-consciousness is, as even Fichte already had taught, essentially the longing to be more of a self than you are. Just so, for Schopenhauer, if you exist you will, and if you will you are striving to escape from your present nature. It is of the essence of will to be always desiring a change. If the Will makes a world, the Will as such will be sure, thinks Schopenhauer, to be endlessly dissatisfied with its world. For, once more, when you will, the very essence of such will is discontentment with what is yours now. I no longer make that an object of desire which I already possess. I will what I have not yet, but hope to get, as a poor man wills wealth, but a rich man more wealth. I will the future, the distant, the unpossessed, the victory that I have not yet won, the defeat of the enemy who still faces me in arms, the cessation of the tedium or of the pain that besets me. Do I attain my desire, my will ceases, or, what is the same thing, turns elsewhere for food. Curiously enough, this, which is precisely the thought that led Hegel to the conception of the absolutely active and triumphant Spirit, appears to Schopenhauer the proof of the totally evil nature of things. Striving might be bearable were there a highest good, to which, by willing, I could attain, and if, when I once attained that good, I could rest. But if Will makes the world and is the whole life and essence of it, then there is nothing in the world deeper than the longing, the unrest, which is the very heart of all Willing. Does n't this unrest seem tragic? Is there to be no end of longing in the world? If not, how can mere striving, mere willing, come to be bearable? Here is the question which leads Schopenhauer to his pessimism. Precisely the same problem made Hegel, with all his appreciation of the tragedy of life, an optimist. Hegel's Absolute, namely, is dissatisfied everywhere *in* his finite world, but is triumphantly content *with* the whole of it, just because his wealth is complete.

Untechnical essays, like the present one, have not to decide between the metaphysical claims and rights of the Schopenhauerian immediate intuition of the Universal and the Hegelian Logic. As theories of the Absolute, these two doctrines represent conflicting philosophical interests whose discussion belongs elsewhere. I have expressly declined to study here the technical problems of metaphysics proper, not because I think little of them, but because I think too much of them to treat them out of place. Our present concern is the more directly human one. Of the two attitudes toward the great spiritual interests of man that these systems embody, which is the deeper? To be sure,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even this question cannot be answered without making a confession of philosophical faith, but that I must here do in merely dogmatic form.

For my part, I deeply respect both doctrines. Both are essentially modern views of life, — modern in their universality of expression, in their keen diagnosis of human nature, in their merciless criticism of our consciousness, in their thorough familiarity with the waywardness of the inner life. The century of nerves and of spiritual sorrows has philosophized with characteristic ingenuity in the persons of these thinkers: the one the inexorable and fairly Mephistophelian critic of the paradoxes of passion, the other the nervous invalid of brilliant insight. We are here speaking only of this one side of their doctrines, namely, their diagnosis of the heart and of the issues of life. How much of the truth there is in both every knowing man ought to see. Capricious is the Will of man, thinks Schopenhauer, and therefore endlessly paradoxical and irrational. Paradoxical is the very consciousness, and therefore the very Reason, of man, finds Hegel; and consequently where there is this paradox there is not unreason, but the manifestation of a part of the true spiritual life, — a life which could not be spiritual were it not full of conflict. Hegel thus absorbs, as it were, the pessimism of Schopenhauer, while Schopenhauer illustrates the paradox of Hegel.

But if both doctrines stand as significant expressions of the modern spirit, a glance at our more recent literature — at the despairing resignation of Tolstoï, with its flavor of mysticism, and at the triumphant joy in the paradoxes of passion which Browning kept to the end — will show us how far our romancers and poets still are from having made an end of the inquiry as to which doctrine is the right one. My own notion about the matter, such as it is, would indeed need for its full development the context of just such a philosophical argument as I have declined to introduce into the present paper. As constructive Idealist, regarding the Absolute as indeed a Spirit, I am on the whole in sympathy with Hegel's sense of the triumphant rationality that reigns above all the conflicts of the spiritual world. But as to Schopenhauer's own account of life, I find, indeed, that his pessimism is usually wholly misunderstood and unappreciated, as well by those who pretend to accept as by those who condemn it. What people fail to comprehend concerning these deep and partial insights which are so characteristic of great philosophers is that the proper way to treat them is neither to scorn nor to bow down, but to experience, and then to get our freedom in presence of all such insights by the very wealth of our experience. We are often so slavish in our relations with doctrines of this kind! Are they expressed in traditional, in essentially clerical language, as in the Imitation or in some other devotional book, then the form deceives us often into accepting mystical resignation as if it were the whole of spirituality, instead of bearing, as it does bear, much the same relation to the better life that sculptured marble bears to breathing flesh. But if it is a Schopenhauer, a notorious heretic, who uses much the same speech, then we can find no refuge save in hating him and his gloom. In fact, pessimism, in its deeper sense, is merely an ideal and abstract expression of one very deep and sacred element of the total religious consciousness of humanity. In truth, finite life is tragic, very nearly as much so as Schopenhauer represented; and tragic for the very reason that Schopenhauer and all the counselors of resignation are never weary of expressing, in so far, namely, as it is at once deep and restless. This is its paradox, that it is always unfinished, that it never attains, that it throbs as the heart does, and ends one pulsation only to begin an-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other. This is what Hegel saw. This is what all the great poets depict, from the wanderings of the much tossed and tried Odysseus down to the In Memoriam of Tennyson or the Dramatic Lyrics of Browning. Not only is this so, but it must be so. The only refuge from spiritual restlessness is spiritual sluggishness; and that, as everybody is aware, is as tedious a thing as it is insipid.

For the individual the lesson of this tragedy is always hard; and he learns it first in a religious form in the mood of pure resignation. "I cannot be happy; I must resign happiness." This is what all the Imitations and the Schopenhauers are forever and very justly teaching to the individual. Schopenhauer's special reason for this view is, however, the deep and philosophical one that at the heart of the World there seems to be an element of capricious conflict. This fact was what drove him to reject the World-Spirit of the constructive idealists, and to speak only of a World-Will. But is this the whole story? No; if we ever get our spiritual freedom, we shall, I think, not neglecting this caprice which Schopenhauer found at the heart of things, still see that the world is divine and spiritual, not so much in spite of this capriciousness as just because of it. Caprice is n't all of reason; but reason needs facts and passions to conquer and to rationalize, in order to become triumphantly rational. The Spirit exists by accepting and by triumphing over the tragedy of the world. Restlessness, longing, grief, — these are evils, fatal evils, and they are everywhere in the world; but the Spirit must be strong enough to endure them. In this Strength is the solution. After all, it is just Endurance that is the essence of Spirituality. Resignation is indeed part of the truth, — resignation, that is, of any hope of a final and private happiness. We resign in order to be ready to endure. But courage is the rest of the truth, — a hearty defiance of the whole hateful pang and agony of the Will, a binding of the strong man by being stronger than he, a making of life once for all our divine game, where the passions are the mere chessmen that we move in carrying out our plan, and where the plan is a spiritual victory over Satan. Let us thank Schopenhauer, then, for at least this, that in his pessimism he gives us a universal expression for the whole negative side of life. If one may speak of private experience, I myself have often found it deeply comforting, in the most bitter moments, to have discounted, so to speak, all the petty tragedies of experience, all my own weakness and caprice and foolishness and ill fortune, by one such absolute formula for evil as Schopenhauer's doctrine gives me. It is the fate of life to be restless, capricious, and therefore tragic. Happiness comes, indeed, but by all sorts of accidents; and it flies as it comes. One thing only that is greater than this fate endures in us if we are wise of heart; and this one thing endures forever in the heart of the great World-Spirit of whose wisdom ours is but a fragmentary reflection. This one thing, as I hold, is the eternal resolution that if the world *will* be tragic, it *shall* still, in Satan's despite, be spiritual. And this resolution is, I think, the very essence of the Spirit's own Eternal Joy.

Josiah Royce.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RIDE TO THE LADY.

"Now since mine even is come at last, —
For I have been the sport of steel,
And hot life ebbeth from me fast,
And I in saddle roll and reel, —
Come bind me, bind me on my steed!
Of fingering leech I have no need!"
The chaplain clasped his mailèd knee.
"Nor need I more thy whine and thee!
No time is left my sins to tell;
But look ye bind me, bind me well!"
They bound him strong with leathern thong,
For the ride to the lady should be long.

Day was dying; the poplars fled,
Thin as ghosts, on a sky blood-red;
Out of the sky the fierce hue fell,
And made the streams as the streams of hell.
All his thoughts as a river flowed,
Flowed aflame as fleet he rode,
Onward flowed to her abode,
Ceased at her feet, mirrored her face.
(Viewless Death apace, apace,
Rode behind him in that race.)

"Face, mine own, mine alone,
Trembling lips my lips have known,
Birdlike stir of the dove-soft eyne
Under the kisses that make them mine!
Only of thee, of thee, my need!
Only to thee, to thee, I speed!"
The Cross flashed by at the highway's turn;
In a beam of the moon the Face shone stern.

Far behind had the fight's din died;
The shuddering stars in the welkin wide
Crowded, crowded, to see him ride.
The beating hearts of the stars aloof
Kept time to the beat of the horse's hoof.
"What is the throb that thrills so sweet?
Heart of my lady, I feel it beat!"
But his own strong pulse the fainter fell,
Like the failing tongue of a hushing bell.
The flank of the great-limbed steed was wet
Not alone with the started sweat.

Fast, and fast, and the thick black wood
Arched its cowl like a black friar's hood;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fast, and fast, and they plunged therein,—
But the viewless rider rode to win.

Out of the wood to the highway's light
Galloped the great-limbed steed in fright;
The mail clashed cold, and the sad owl cried,
And the weight of the dead oppressed his side.

Fast, and fast, by the road he knew;
And slow, and slow, the stars withdrew;
And the waiting heaven turned weirdly blue,
As a garment worn of a wizard grim.
He neighed at the gate in the morning dim.

She heard no sound before her gate,
Though very quiet was her bower.
All was as her hand had left it late:
The needle slept on the broidered vine,
Where the hammer and spikes of the passion-flower
Her fashioning did wait.
On the couch lay something fair,
With steadfast lips and veilèd eyne;
But the lady was not there.
On the wings of shrift and prayer,
Pure as winds that winnow snow,
Her soul had risen twelve hours ago.
The burdened steed at the barred gate stood,
No whit the nearer to his goal.
Now God's great grace assoil the soul
That went out in the wood!

Helen Gray Cone.

NOTO: AN UNEXPLORED CORNER OF JAPAN.

VI.

ON A NEW CORNICE ROAD.

THE sunshine quickened us all, and our *kuruma* took the road like a flock of birds; for jinrikisha men in company run as wild geese fly, crisscross. It is an artistic habit, inculcated to court ladies in books on etiquette. To make the men travel either abreast or in Indian file is simply impossible. After a moment's conformity, they invariably relapse into their own orderly disorder.

This morning they were in fine figure, and bowled us along to some merry tune within; while the baby-carriages themselves jangled the bangles on their axles, making a pleasing sort of cry. The village folk turned in their steps to stare and smile as we sped past.

It was a strange-appearing street. On both sides of it in front of the houses ran an arcade, continuous but irregular, a contribution of building. Each house

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gave its mite in the shape of a covered portico, which fitted as well as could be expected to that of its next-door neighbor. But as the houses were not of the same size, and the ground sloped, the roofs of the porticoes varied in level. A similar terracing held good of the floors. The result was rather a federation than a strict union of interests. Indeed, the object in view was communal. For the arcades were snow galleries, I was told, to enable the inhabitants in winter to pass from one end of the village to the other, no inconsiderable distance. They visored both sides of the way, showing that then in these parts even a crossing of the street is a thing to be avoided. Indeed, by all report the drifts here in the depth of winter must be worth seeing. Even at this moment, May the 6th, there was still *névé* on some of the lowest foothills, and we passed more than one patch of dirt-grimed snow buttressing the highway bank. The bangles on the axles now began to have a meaning, a thing they had hitherto seemed to lack. With the snow arcades by way of introduction they spoke for themselves. Evidently they were first cousins of our sleighbells. Here, then, as cordially as with us man abhors an acoustic vacuum, and when Nature has put her icy bell-glass over the noises of the field he must needs invent some jingle to wile his ears withal.

Once past the houses we came upon a strip of paddy fields that bordered the mountain slope to the very verge of the tide. Some of these stood in spots where the tilt of the land would have seemed to have precluded even the thought of such cultivation; for a paddy field must be perfectly level, that it may be kept under water at certain seasons of the year. On a slope, therefore, a thing a paddy field never hesitates to scale, they rise in terraces, skyward. Here the drop was so great that the terraces made bastions that towered proudly on the very knife-edge of decision between the seaweed and the cliffs. A runnel tamed to a bamboo duct did them Ganymede service; for a paddy field is perpetually thirsty.

It was the season for repairing of dykes and ditches in rice chronology, a much more complicated annal than might be thought. This initial stage of it has a certain architectural interest. Every year before planting begins the dykes have all to be remade strictly in place, for they serve for both dams and bounds to the elaborately partitioned fields. Adjacent mud is therefore carefully plastered over the remains of the old dyke, which, to the credit of the former builders, is no small fraction of it, and the work then finished off with a sculptor's care. An easier-going peasantry might often forego renewal. Indeed, I cannot but think the farmers take a natural delight in this exalted form of mud pies; they work away on already passable specimens with such a will. But who does quite outgrow his childish delights? And to make of the play of childhood the work of middle life must be to foil the primal curse to the very letter. What more enchanting pastime than to wade all day in viscous mud, hearing your feet plash when you put them in, and suck as you draw them out; while the higher part of you is busied building a parapet of gluey soil, smoothing it down on the sides and top, and crowning your masterpiece with a row of sprigs along the crest? And then in the gloaming to trudge homeward, feeling that you have done a meritorious deed after all! When I come to my second childhood, I mean to turn paddy-field farmer myself.

Though the fields took to the slopes so kindly, they had a preference for plains. In the deltas, formed by the bigger streams, they expanded till they made chesswork of the whole. Laborers knee-deep in the various squares did very well for pawns. The fields, being still in their prenatal stage, were not ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

actly handsome. There was too much of one universal brown. This was relieved only by the nurseries of young plants, small fields here and there just showing a delicate downy growth of green, delightful to the eye. They were not long sown; for each still lay cradled under its scarecrow, a pole planted in the centre of the rectangle with strings stretched to the four corners, and a bit of rag fluttering from the peak. The scarecrows are, no doubt, useful, since they are in general use; but I counted seven sparrows feeding in reckless disregard of danger under the very wings of one of the contrivances.

The customs of the country seemed doomed that day to misunderstanding, whether by sparrows or by bigger birds of passage. Those which should have startled failed of effect, and those which should not have startled did. For, on turning the face of the next bluff, we came upon a hamlet apparently in the high tide of conflagration. From every roof volumes of smoke were rolling up into the sky, while men rushed to and fro excitedly outside. I was stirred myself, for there seemed scant hope of saving the place, such headway had the fire, as evidenced by the smoke, already acquired. The houses were closed; a wise move, certainly, on the score of draft, but one that precluded a fighting of the fire. I was for jumping from the jinrikisha, to see, if not to do something myself, when I was stopped by the jinrikisha men, who coolly informed me that the houses were lime-kilns.

It appeared that lime-making was a specialty of these parts, being, in fact, the alternative industry to fishing, with the littoral population; the farming of its strip of rice fields hardly counting as a profession, since such culture is second nature with the Far Oriental. Lime-making may labor under objections, considered generically, but this method of conducting the business is susceptible of advantageous imitation. It should commend itself at once to theatrical managers for a bit of stage effect. Evidently it is harmless. No less evidently it is cheap; and in some cases it might work a double benefit. Impresarios might thus consume all the public statuary about the town to the artistic education of the community, besides producing most realistic results in the theatre.

Through the courtesy of some of the laborers I was permitted to enter a small kiln in which they were then at work. I went in cautiously, and came out with some haste, for the fumes of the burning, which quite filled the place, made me feel my intrusion too poignantly. I am willing to believe the work thoroughly enjoyable when once you become used to it. In the mean time I should choose its alternative, — the pleasures of a dirty fishing boat in a nasty seaway, — if I were unfortunate enough to make one of the population. I like to breathe without thinking of it.

The charcoal used in the process came, they told me, from Noto. I felt a thrill of pride in hearing the land of my courting thus distinctively spoken of, although the mention were not by way of any remarkable merit. At least the place was honorably known beyond its own borders; had in fact a certain prestige. For they admitted there was charcoal in their own province, but the best, they all agreed, came from their neighbor over the sea. They spoke to appreciative ears. I was only too ready to believe that the best of anything came from Noto. Did they lay my interest to the score of lime-making, I wonder, or were they in part undeceived when I asked if Noto were visible from where we were?

It was, they said, on very clear days. Did I know Noto? What shall a man say when questioned thus concerning that on which he has set his heart? He cannot say yes; shall he say no, and put himself without the pale of mere acquaintance? There is a sense of nearness not to be justified to another, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the one to whom a man may feel most kin is not always she of whom he knows the most.

I was by way of knowing it, I said, as my eyes followed my thoughts horizonward. Was it all mirage they saw or thought to see, that faint coast line washed a little deeper blue against the sky? I fear me so, for the lime-burners failed to make it out. The day was not clear enough, they said.

But the little heap of charcoal, at least, was real, and it had once been a tree on that farther shore. Charcoal to them, it was no longer common charcoal to me; for, looking at it, was I not face to face with something that had once formed part of Noto, the unknown?

VII.

OYA SHIRADZU, KO SHIRADZU.

Toward the middle of the afternoon we reached a part of the coast locally famous or infamous, for the two were one; a stretch of some miles where the mountains made no apology for falling abruptly into the sea. Sheer for several hundred feet, the shore is here unscalable. Nor did it use to be possible to go round by land, for the cliffs are merely the ends of mountain chains, themselves utterly wild and tractless. A narrow strip of strand was the sole link between Etchiu on the one hand and Echigo on the other. The natives call the place Oya shiradzu, ko shiradzu; that is, a spot where the father no longer knows the child, nor the child the father, — so obliterating to sense of all beside is the personal danger. Refuge there is none of any kind. To have been caught here in a storm on the making tide must indeed have been to look death in the face.

Between the devil of a precipice and the deep sea, he who ventured on the passage must have hurried anxiously along the thread of sand, hoping to reach the last bend in time. As he rounds the ill-omened corner he sees he is too late; already the surf is breaking against the cliff. He turns back only to find retreat barred behind by rollers that have crept in since he passed. His very footprints have all been washed away. Caged! Like the walls of a deep-down dungeon the perpendicular cliff towers at his side, and in the pit they rim he and the angry ocean are left alone together. Then the sea begins to play with him, creeping up catlike. Her huge paws, the breakers, buffet his face. The water is already about his feet, as he backs desperately against the rock; and each wave comes crushing in with a cruel growl to strike — short this time. But the next breaks closer, and the next closer still. He climbs a boulder. The spray blinds him. He hears a deafening roar, feels a shock that hurls him into space, and he knows no more.

Now the place is fearful only to fancy; for a road has been built, belting the cliffs hundreds of feet above the tide. It is a part of what is known as the new road, a name it is likely long to keep. Its sides are in places so steep that it fails of its footing, and is constantly slipping off into the sea. Such sad missteps are the occasion for bands of convicts to appear on the scene under the marshaling of a police officer, and be set to work to repair the slide by digging a little deeper into the mountain side. The convicts wear clothes of a light brick-color, which at a distance looks somewhat like *couleur de rose*, while the police are dressed in sombre blue. It would seem somewhat of a satire on the facts!

The new road is not without its sensation to such as dislike looking down. Fortunately, the jinrikisha men have not the instinct of packmules to be persistently trifling with its outer edge. In addition to the void at the side, another showed every now and then in front,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where a dip and a turn completely hid the road beyond. The veritable end of the world seemed to be there just ahead, close against the vacancy of space. A couple of rods more and we must step off, — indeed the end of the world for us if we had.

When the road came to face the Oya shiradzu, ko shiradzu, it attacked the rise by first running away from it up a stream into the mountains; a bit of the wisdom of the serpent that enabled it to gain much height on the bend back. Trees vaulted the way and tapestried with their leaves, between which one caught peeps at the sea, a shimmer of blue through a shimmer of green. The path was strung with peddlers and pilgrims: the latter of both sexes and all ages, under mushroom hats, with their skirts neatly tucked in at the waist, showing their leggings; the former doing fulcrum duty to a couple of baskets swung on a pole over their shoulders. The pilgrims were on their way back from Zenkoji. Some of them would have tramped over two hundred miles on foot before they reached home again. A rich harvest they brought back, — religion, travel, and exercise, all in one, enough to keep them happy long. I know of nothing which would more persuade me to be a Buddhist than these same delightful pilgrimages. Fresh air, fresh scenes on the road, and fresh faith at the end of it. No desert caravan of penance to these Meccas, but a summer's stroll under a summer's sky. An end that sanctifies the means, and a means that no less justifies its end.

While we were still in the way with these pious folk we touched our midday halt, a wayside tea house notched in a corner of the road commanding a panoramic view over the sea. The place was kept by a deaf old lady and her tailless cat. The old lady's peculiarity was personal; the cat's was not. No self-respecting cat in this part of Japan could possibly wear a tail. The northern branch of the family has long since discarded that really useless feline appendage. A dog in like circumstance would be sadly straitened in the expression of his emotions, but a cat is every whit a cat without a continuation.

With the deaf old lady we had, for obvious reasons, no sustained conversation. She busied herself for the most part in making *dango*, a kind of dumpling, but not one calculated to stir curiosity, since it is made of rice all through. These our men ate with more relish than would seem possible. Meanwhile, I sat away from the road where I could look out upon the sea over the cliffs, and the cat purred about in her offhand way, and used me incidentally as a rubbing-post. Trees fringed the picture in front, and the ribbon of road wound off through it into the distance, beaded with folk and shot with sunshine and shadow.

I was sorry when lunch was over and we took leave of our gentle hostesses; tabbies both of them, yet no unpleasing pair. A few more bends brought us to where the path culminated. The road had for some time lain bare to the sea and sky, but at the supreme point some fine beeches made a natural screen masking the naked face of the precipice. On the cutting above, four huge Chinese characters stood graved in the rock. "*Ya no gotoku, tō no gotoshi.*" "Smooth as a whetstone, straight as an arrow," meaning the cliff. Perhaps because of their pictorial descent, the characters did not shock one. Unlike the usual branding of nature, they seemed not out of keeping with the spot. Not far beyond, the butts of the winter's névé, buried in dirt, banked the path.

For miles along the road the view off was superb. Nothing bordered one side of the way, and the mountain bordered the other. Far below lay the sea, stretching away into blue infinity, — a vast semicircle of ultramarine domed by a hemisphere of azure; and it was noticeable how much vaster the sea

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looked than the sky. We were so high above it that the heavings of its longer swells were leveled to imperceptibility, while the waves only graved the motionless surface. Here and there the ruffings of a breeze showed in darker markings, like the changes on watered silk. The most ephemeral disturbance made the most show. Dotted over the blue expanse were black spots, fishing boats; and a steamer with a long trail of smoke showed in the offing, stationary to the eye, yet shifting its place like the shadow of a style when you forgot to look. And in long perspective on either hand stretched the battlement of cliff. Visual immensity lay there before us, in each of its three manifestations, of line, of surface, and of space.

We stood still, the better to try to take it in, — this grandeur tempered by sunshine and warmth. Do what he will, man is very much the creature of his surroundings yet. In some instant sense, the eyes fashion the feelings, and we ourselves grow broader with our horizon's breadth. The Chaldean shepherds alone with the night had grander thoughts for the companionship, and I venture to believe that the heart of the mountaineer owes quite as much to what he is forced to look upon as to what he is compelled to do.

We tucked ourselves into our jinriki sha and started down. By virtue of going the speed increased, till the way we rolled round the curves was intoxicating. The panorama below swung to match, and we leaned in or out mechanically to trim the balance. Occasionally, as it hit some stone, the vehicle gave a lurch that startled us for a moment into sobriety, from which we straightway relapsed into exhilaration. Curious this, how the body brings about its own forgetting; for I was conscious only of mind, and yet mind was the one part of me not in motion. I suppose much oxygen made me tipsy. If so, it is a recommendable tipple. Spirits were not unhappily named after the natural article.

It was late afternoon when we issued at last from our two days' Thermopylæ upon the Etchiu plain. As we drew out into its expanse, the giant peaks of the Tateyama range came into view from behind their foothills, draped still in their winter ermine. It was last year yet in those upper regions of the world, but all about us below throbbed with the heartbeats of the spring. At each mile, amid the ever-lengthening shadows, nature seemed to grow more sentient. Through the thick air the peaks stood out against the eastern sky, in saffron that flushed to rose and then paled to gray. The rice fields, already flooded for their first working, mirrored the glow overhead so glassily that their dykes seemed to float, in sunset illusion, a mere bar tracery of earth between the sky above and a sky beneath. Upon such lattice of a world we journeyed in mid-heaven. Stealthily the shadows gathered; and as the hour for confidences drew on, Nature took us into hers. The trees in the twilight, just breaking into leaf, stood in groups among the fields and whispered low to one another, nodding their heads; and then from out the shadow of the May evening came the croaking of the frogs. Strangely the sound fitted the hour, with its like touch of mysterious suggestion. As the twilight indefinite, it pervaded everything, yet was never anywhere. Deafening at a distance, it hushed at our approach, only to begin again behind us. Will-o'-the-wisp of the ear, infatuating because forever illusive! And the distance and the numbers blended what had perhaps been harsh into a mellow whole that filled the gloaming with a sort of voice. I began to understand why the Japanese are so fond of it that they deem it not unworthy a place in nature's vocal pantheon but little lower than the song of the nightingale, and echo its sentiment

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in verse. Indeed, it seems to me that his soul must be conventionally tuned in whom this even-song of the rice fields stirs no responsive chord.

VIII.

ACROSS THE ETCHIU DELTA.

The twilight lingered, and the road threaded its tortuous course for miles through the rice plain, bordered on either hand by the dykes of the paddy fields. Every few hundred feet we passed a farmhouse screened by clipped hedgerows and bosomed in trees; and at longer intervals we rolled through some village, the country pike becoming for the time the village street. The land was an archipelago of homestead in a sea of rice. But the trees about the dwellings so cut up the view that for the moment of passing the mind forgot it was all so flat, and came back to its ocean in surprise when the next vista opened on the sides.

Things had already become silhouettes when we dashed into lantern-lighted Mikkaichi. We took the place in form, and a fine sensation we made. What between the shouts of the runners and the clatter of the chaises, men, women, and children made haste to clear a track, snatching their little ones back, and then staring at us as we swept past. Indeed, the teams put their best feet foremost for local effect, and more than once came within an ace of running over some urchin who either would n't or could n't get out of the way. Fortunately no casualties occurred; for it would have been ignominious to have been arrested by the police during our first ten minutes in the town, not to speak of the sad dampening to our feelings an accident would have caused.

In this mad manner we dashed up the long main street. We were forced to take the side, for the village aqueduct or gutter — it served both purposes — monopolized the middle. At short intervals it was spanned by causeways formed of slabs of stone. Over one of these we made a final swirl and drew up before the inn. Then our shafts dropped their obeisance to the ground.

A warm welcome greeted the appeal. A crowd of servants came rushing to the front of the house with an eye to business, and a crowd of village folk with an eye to pleasure closed in behind. Between the two fires we stepped out and entered the side court, to the satisfaction of the one audience and the chagrin of the other. But it is impossible to please everybody.

Fortunately it was not so hard to please us, and certainly the inn people did their best; for they led the way to what formerly were the state apartments, that part of the house where the Daimyo of Kaga had been wont to lodge when he stopped here overnight on his journey north. Though it had fallen somewhat into disrepair, it was still the place of honor in the inn, and therefore politely put at the service of one from beyond sea. There I supped in solitary state, and there I slept right royally amid the relics of former splendor; doubting a little whether some unlaid ghost of bygone times might not come to claim his own, and oust me at black midnight by the rats, his retinue.

But nothing short of the sun called me back to consciousness and bade me open to the tiny garden, where a pair of ducks were preening their feathers after an early bath in their own little lake. On the veranda my lake already stood prepared: a brass basin upon a wooden stand, according to the custom of the country. So ducks and I dabbled and prinked in all innocence in the garden, which might well have been the garden of Eden for any hint it gave of a world beyond. It was my fate, too, to leave it after the same manner; for, breakfast over, we were once more of the road.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We had a long day of it before us, for I purposed to cross the Etchiu delta, and sleep that night on the threshold of my hopes. The day, like all days that look long on the map, proved still longer on the march. Its itinerary diversified discomfort. First seventeen miles in kuruma, then a ferry, then a tramp of twelve miles along the beach through a series of sand dunes, then another ferry, and finally a second walk of seven miles and a half over some foothills to top off with. The inexpensiveness of the transport was the sole relieving feature of the day. Not, I mean, because the greater and worse half of the journey was done on our own feet, but because of the cheap charges of the chaises and even of the porters. To run at a dog-trot, trundling another in a baby-carriage, seventeen miles for twenty cents, is not, I hold, an extortionate price. Certain details of the tariff, however, are peculiar. For instance, if two men share the work by running tandem, the fare is more than doubled; a ratio in the art of proportion surprising at first. Each man would seem to charge for being helped. The fact is, the greater speed expected of the pair more than offsets the decreased draft.

Otherwise, as I say, the day was depressing. It was not merely the tramp through the sand dunes that was regrettable, though heaven knows I would not willingly take it again. The sand had far too hospitable a trick of holding on to you at every step to be to my liking. Besides, the sun, which had come out with summer insistence, chose that particular spot for its midday siesta, and lay there at full length, while the air was preternaturally still. It was a stupidly drowsy heat that gave no fillip to the feet.

But such discomfort was merely by the way. The real trouble began at Fushiki, the town on the farther side of the second ferry. In the first place, the spot had, what is most uncommon in Japan, a very sorry look, which was depressing in itself. Secondly, its inhabitants were much too busy or much too unemployed, or both, to be able to attend to strangers at that hour of the afternoon. Consequently it was almost impossible to get any one to carry the baggage. We dispatched emissaries, however. By good luck we secured some beer, and then argued ourselves dry again on the luggage question. The emissaries were at work, we were assured, and at last some one who had been sent for was said to be coming. Still time dragged on, until finally the burden bearers turned up, and turned out to be — women.

At this I rebelled. The situation was not new, but it was none the less impossible. In out-of-the-way districts I had refused offers of the kind before. For Japanese beasts of burden run in a decreasing scale as follows, according to the poverty of the place: jinrikisha, horses, bulls, men, women. I draw my line at the last. I am well aware how absurd the objects themselves regard such a protective policy, but I cling to my prejudices. To the present proffer I was adamant. To step jauntily along in airy unencumberedness myself, while a string of women trudged wearily after, loaded with my heavy personal effects, was more than an Anglo-Saxon attitude towards the sex could stand. I would none of them, to the surprise and dismay of the inn landlord, and to the no slight wonder of the women. The discarding was not an easy piece of work. The fair ones were present at it, and I have no doubt misinterpreted the motive; for women have a weakness for a touch of the slave-master in a man. Besides, "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," though it be only in the capacity of a porter. There was nothing for it, however, but to let it go at that; for to have explained with more insistence would infallibly have deepened their suspicions of wounded vanity. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it did seem hard to be obliged to feel a brute for refusing to be one.

The landlord, thanks to my importunities, managed, after some further delay, to secure a couple of lusty lads, — relatives, I suspect, of the discarded fair ones, — and with them we eventually set out. We had not gone far, when I came to consider, unjustly, no doubt, that they journeyed too slow. I might have thought differently had I carried the chattels and they the purse. I shuddered to think what the situation would have been with women, for then even the poor solace of remonstrance would have been denied. As it was, I spent much breath in trying to hurry them, and it is pleasanter now than it was then to reflect how futilely; for I rated them roundly, while they accepted my verbal goadings with the trained stolidity of folk who were used to it.

When at last we approached the village of our destination, which bore the name of Himi, it was already dusk, and this with the long May twilight meant a late hour before we should be comfortably housed. Indeed, I had been quartered in anticipation for the last few miles, and was only awaiting arrival to enter into instant possession of my fancied estate. Not content even with pure insubstantiality, I had interviewed various people through Yejiro on the subject. First the porters had been exhaustively catechised, and then what wayfarers we chanced to meet had been buttonholed beside, with the result of much contradictory information. There seemed to be an inn which was, I will not say good, but the best, though no two informants could agree in calling it by name. One thought he remembered that the North Inn was the place to go to; another, that he had heard the Wistaria House specially commended.

All doubts, however, were set at rest when we reached the town; for, without the slightest hesitation, every one of the houses in question refused to take us in. The unanimity was wonderful considering the lack of collusion. Yejiro and I made as many unsuccessful applications together as I could stand. Then I went and sat down on the sill of the first tea house for a base of operations, — I cannot say for my headquarters, because that is just what we could not get, — and gave myself up to melancholy. Meanwhile Yejiro ransacked the town, from which excursions he returned every few minutes with a fresh refusal, but the same excuse. It got so at last I could anticipate the excuse. The inn was full already — of assessors and their victims. The assessors had descended on the spot, it seemed, and the whole countryside had come to town to lie about the value of its land. I only wished the inhabitants might have chosen some other time for false swearing; for it was a sad tax on my credulity.

We did indeed get one offer, which I duly went to inspect, but the outside of the house satisfied me. At last I adopted extreme measures. I sent Yejiro off to the police station. This move produced its effect.

Even at home, from having contrived to keep on the sunny side of law and order, my feelings toward the police are friendly enough for all practical purposes; but in no land have I such an affectionate regard for the constabulary as in Japan. Members of the force there, if the term be applicable to a set of students spectacled from over-study, whose strength is entirely moral, never get you into trouble, and usually get you out of it. One of their chief charms to the traveler lies in their open-sesame effect upon obdurate landlords. In this trick they are wonderfully successful.

Having given ourselves up to the police, therefore, we were already by way of being lodged, and that quickly. So, indeed, it proved. In the time to go and come Yejiro reappeared with an officer in civilian's clothes, who first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made profuse apologies for presenting himself in undress, — but it seemed he was off duty at the moment, — and then led the way a stone's throw round the corner; and in five minutes I was sitting as snugly as you please in a capital room in an inn's third story, sipping tea and pecking at sugarplums, a distinctly honored guest.

Here fate put in a touch of satire; for it now appeared that all our trouble was quite gratuitous. Most surprisingly, the innkeepers' story on this occasion proved to be entirely true, a possibility I had never entertained for a second; and, furthermore, it appeared that our present inn was the one in which I had been offered rooms, but had refused, disliking its exterior.

Such is the reward for acting on general principles.

IX.

OVER THE ARAYAMA PASS.

The morning that was to give me my self-promised land crept on tiptoe into the room in the third story, and touched me where I slept; and on pushing the *shōji* apart and looking out, I beheld as fair a day as heart could wish. A faint misty vapor, like a bridal veil, was just lifting from off the face of things, and letting the sky show through in blue-eyed depths. It was a morning of desire, bashful for its youth as yet, but graced with a depth of atmosphere sure to expand into a full, warm, perfect noon; and I hastened to be out and become a part of it.

Three jinrikishas stood waiting our coming at the door, and amidst a pelting of *sayonara* from the whole household, we dashed off as proudly as possible down the main street of the town, to the admiration of many lookers-on. The air, laden with moisture, left kisses on our cheeks as we hurried by, while the sunshine fell in long scarfs of gauzy shimmer over the shoulders of the eastern hills. The men in the shafts felt the fillip of it all, and encouraged one another with lusty cries, a light-heartedness that lent them heels. Even the peasants in the fields seemed to wish us well, as they looked up from their work to grin good-humoredly.

We value most what we attain with difficulty. It was on this principle, no doubt, that the road considerately proceeded to give out. It degenerated, indeed, very rapidly after losing sight of the town, and soon was no more than a collection of holes strung on ruts, that made travel in perambulators tiring alike to body and soul. At last, after five miles of floundering, it gave up all pretense at a wheelway, and deposited us at a wayside tea house at the foot of a little valley, — the first step, indeed, up the Arayama pass. Low hills had closed in on the right, shutting off the sea, and the ridge dividing Noto from Etchiu rose in higher lines upon the left.

Here we hired porters, securing them from the neighboring fields; for they were primarily peasants, and were porters only as we were tramps, by virtue of the country. Porterage being the sole means of transport, they came to carry our things as they would have carried their own, in skeleton hods strapped to their backs. In this they did not differ from the Japanese custom generally; but in one point they showed a strange advance over their fellows. They were wonderfully methodical folk. They paid no heed to our hurry, and instead of shouldering the baggage they proceeded to weigh it, each manload by itself, on a steelyard of wood six feet long; the results they then worked out conscientiously on an abacus, after which I paid accordingly. Truly an equitable adjustment between man and man, at which I lost only the time it took. Then we started.

From the tea house the path rose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

steadily enough for so uneducated a way, leaving the valley to contract into an open glen. The day, in the mean time, came out as it had promised, full and warm, — fine basking weather, as a certain snake in the path seemed to think. So, I judge, did the porters. If it be the pace that kills, these simple folk must be a long-lived race. They certainly were very careful not to hurry themselves. Had they been hired for life, so thrifty a husbanding of their strength would have been most gratifying to witness; unluckily they were mine only for the job. They moved, one foot after the other, with a mechanical precision exhausting even to look at. To keep with them was practically impossible for an ordinary pedestrian. Nothing short of a woman shopping could worthily have matched their pace. In sight their speed was snail-like; out of it they would appear to have stopped, so far did they fall behind. Once I thought they had turned back.

The path we were following was the less traveled of the only two possible entrances into Noto by land. It was a side or postern gate to the place, over a gap on the northern end of a mountain wall; the main approach lying along its other flank. For a high range of uninhabited hills nearly dams the peninsula across, falling on the right side straight into the sea, but leaving on the other a lowland ligature that binds Noto to Kaga. To get from Kaga into Etchiu, the range has to be crossed lower down. Our dip in the chain was called the Arayama tōge, or Rough Mountain pass, and was perhaps fifteen hundred feet high, but pleasingly modeled in its lines after one ten times its height.

Half-way up the tug of the last furlong, where the ascent became steep enough for zigzags, I turned to look back. Down away from me fell the valley, slipping by reason of its own slope out into the great Etchiu plain. Here and there showed bits of the path in corkscrew, from my personal standpoint all perfectly porterless. Over the low hills, to the left, lay the sea, the crescent of its great beach sweeping grandly round into the indistinguishable distance. Back of it stretched the Etchiu plain; but beyond that, nothing. The mountains that should have bounded it were lost to sight in the spring haze.

Mechanically my eyes followed into the languid blue, when suddenly they chanced upon a little cloud, for cloud I took it to be. Yet something about it struck me as strange, and scanning it more closely, by this most natural kind of second sight, I marked the unmistakable glisten of snow. It was a snow peak towering there in isolated majesty. As I gazed it grew on me with ineffable grandeur, sparkling with a faint saffron glamour of its own. Shifting my look a little, I saw another and then another of the visions, like puffs of steam, rising above the plain. Half apparitions, below a certain line, the snow line, they vanished into air; for between them and the solid earth there looked to be blue sky. The haze of distance, on this soft May day, hid their lower slopes, and left the peaks to tower alone into the void. They were the giants of the Tateyama range, standing there over against me inaccessibly superb.

A pair of tea houses, rivals, crowned the summit of the pass, which, like most Japanese passes, was a mere knife-edge of earth. With a quickened pulse, if a slackened gait, I topped the crest, walked — straight past the twin tea houses and their importunities to stop — another half dozen paces to the brink, and in one sweep looked down over a thousand feet on the western side. Noto, eyelashed by the branches of a tree just breaking into leaf, lay open to me below.

After the first glow of attainment, this initial view was, I will confess, disillusioning. Instead of what unfettered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fancy had led me to expect, I saw only a lot of terraced rice fields backed by ranges of low hills; for all the world a parquet in brown and green tiles. And yet, as the wish to excuse prompted me to think, was this not, after all, as it should be? For I was looking but at the entrance to the land, its outer hallway, as it were; Nanao, its capital, its inland sea, all its beyond, was still shut from me by the nearer hills; and, feeling thus at liberty to be amused, I forthwith saw it as a satire on panoramas generally.

Panoramic views are painfully plain. They must needs be mappy at best, for your own elevation flattens all below it to one topographic level. Field and woodland, town or lake, show by their colors only as if they stood in print; and you might as well lay any good atlas on the floor and survey it from the lofty height of a footstool. Such being the inevitable, it was refreshing to see the thing in caricature. No pains, evidently, had been spared by the inhabitants to make their map realistic. There the geometric lines all stood in ludicrous insistence; any child could have drawn the thing as mechanically.

The two tea houses were well patronized by wayfarers of both sexes resting after their climb. Some simply sipped tea, chatting; others made a regular meal of the opportunity. The greater number sat, as we did, on the sill, for the bother of taking off their straw sandals. Our landlady was the model of what a landlady should be; for it was apparently a feminine establishment. If there was a man attached to it, he kept himself discreetly in the background. She was a kind, sympathetic soul, with a word for every one, and a deliberateness of action as effective as it was efficient. And in the midst of it all she kept up a refrain of welcomes and good-bys, as new comers appeared or old comers left. The unavoidable preliminary exercise and the crisp air whetted all our appetites, so I doubt not she drove a thriving trade, although to Western ideas of value her charges were infinitesimally small.

Midday halts for lunch are godsends to tramps who travel with porters. They compel the porters to catch up, and give the hirer opportunity to say things which at least relieve him, if they do no good. I had begun to fear ours would deprive me of this pleasure, and indeed had got so far on in my meal as to care little whether they did or not, when automatically they appeared. Fortunately they needed but a short rest, and as the descent on the Noto side was much steeper than on the other, half an hour's walk brought us to the level of kuruma once more.

A bit of lane almost English in look, bowered in trees and winding delightfully like some human stream, led us to a tea house. While we were ordering chaises a lot of children gathered to inspect us, thus kindly giving us our first view of the natives. They looked more open-eyed than Japanese generally, but such effect may have been due to wonder. At all events, the stare, if it was a stare, seemed like a silent sort of welcome.

Leaving the children still gazing after us, we bowled away toward Nanao, and in the course of time caught our first glimpse of it from the upper end of a sweep of meadows. It sat by the water's edge, at the head of a landlocked bay, the nearer arm of the inland sea; and an apology for shipping rode in the offing. It appeared to be a very fair-sized town, and altogether a more lively place than I had thought to find. Clearly, its life was as engrossing to it as if no wall of hills notching the sky shut out the world beyond. Having heard, however, that a watering-place called Wakura was the sight of the province, and learning now that it was but six miles further, we decided, as it was yet early in the afternoon, to push on, and take the cap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ital later. We did take it later, very much later the next night than was pleasing.

Wakura, indeed, was the one thing in Noto, except the charcoal, which had an ultra-Notorious reputation. Rumors of it had reached us as far away as Shinshiu, and with every fresh inquiry we made as we advanced the rumors had gathered strength. Our informers spoke of it with the vague respect accorded hearsay honor. Clearly, it was no place to pass by.

The road to it from Nanao was not noteworthy save for two things, — one officially commended to sight-seers, the other not. The first was a curious water-worn rock upon the edge of the bay; some waif of a boulder, doubtless, since it stuck up quite alone out of the sand. A shrine perched atop, and a larger temple encircled it below, to which its fantastic cuttings served as gateway and garden. The uncommended sight was a neighboring paddy field, in which a company of frogs, caught trespassing, stood impaled on sticks a foot high, as awful warnings to their kind. Beyond this the way passed through a string of clay cuttings following the coast, and in good time rolled us into the midst of a collection of barnlike buildings which it seemed was Wakura.

The season for the baths had not yet begun, so that the number of people at the hotels was still quite small. Not so the catalogue of complaints for which they were visited. The list appalled me as I sat on the threshold of my prospective lodging, listening to the innkeeper's encomiums on the virtues of the waters. He expatiated eloquently on both the quantity and quality of the cures, quite unsuspicious that at each fresh recommendation he was, in my eyes, depreciating his own wares. Did he hope that among such a handsome choice of diseases I might at least have one? I was very near to beating a hasty retreat on the spot. For the accommodation in Japanese inns is of a distressingly communistic character at best; and although at present there were few patients in the place, the germs presumably were still there, on the lookout for a victim.

Immediate comfort, however, getting the better of problematical risk, I went in. The room allotted me lay on the ground floor, just off the garden; and I had not been there many minutes before I became aware, as one does, that I was being stared at. The culprit instantly pretended, with a very sheepish air, to be only taking a walk. He was the vanguard of an army of the curious. The people in the next room were much exercised over the new arrival, and did all that decency allowed to catch a glimpse of me; for which in time they were rewarded. Visitors lodged farther off took aimless strolls to the verandas, and looked at me when they thought I was not looking at them. All envied the servants, who outdid Abra by coming when I called nobody, and then lingering to talk. Altogether I was more of a notoriety than I ever hope to be again; especially as any European would have done them as well. My public would have been greater, as I afterwards learned, if Yejiro had not been holding rival court in the kitchen.

Between us we were given a good deal of local information. One bit failed to cause me unmitigated delight. We were not, it appeared, the first foreigners to set foot in Wakura. Two Europeans had, in a quite uncalled-for way, descended upon the place the summer before, up to which time, indeed, the spot had been virgin to Caucasians. Lured by the fame of the springs, these men had come from Kanazawa in Kaga, where they were engaged in teaching chemistry, to make a test of the waters. I believe they discovered nothing startling. I could have predicted as much had they consulted me beforehand. They neglected to do so, and the result

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was they came, saw, and conquered what little novelty the place had. I was quite chagrined. It simply showed how betrodden in these latter days the world is. There is not so much as a remote corner of it but falls under one of two heads: those places worth seeing which have already been seen, and those that have not been seen, but are not worth seeing. Wakura Onsen struck me as falling into the latter halves of both categories.

While discussing my solitary dinner I was informed by Yejiro that some one wished to speak with me, and, on admitting to be at home, the local prefect was ushered in. He came ostensibly to visé my passport, a duty usually quite satisfactorily performed by any policeman. The excuse was transparent. He really came that he might see for himself the foreigner whom rumor had reported to have arrived. As a passport on his part he presented me with some pride the bit of autobiography that he had himself once been in Tōkyō; a fact which in his mind instantly made us a kind of brothers, and raised us both into a common region of superiority to our surroundings. He asked affectionately after the place, and I answered as if it had been the one thought in both our hearts. It was a pleasing little comedy, as each of us was conscious of its consciousness by the other. Altogether we were very friendly.

Between two such Tōkyōites it was, of course, the merest formality to visé a passport, but being one imposed by law he kindly ran his eye over mine. As it omitted to describe my personal appearance in the usual carefully minute manner, as face oval, nose ordinary, complexion medium, and so forth, identification from mere looks was not striking. So he had to take me on trust for what I purported to be, an assumption which did not disconcert him in the least. With writing materials which he drew from his sleeve, he registered me then and there, and, the demands of the law thus complied with to the letter, left me, amid renewed civilities, to sleep the sleep of the just.

X.

AN INLAND SEA.

They had told us overnight that a small steamer plied every other day through Noto's unfamed inland sea, leaving the capital early in the morning, and touching shortly after at Wakura. As good luck would have it, the morrow happened not to be any other day, so we embraced the opportunity to embark in her ourselves. On her, it would be more accurate to say, for she proved such a mite that her cabin was barely possible, and anything but desirable. By squatting down and craning my neck I peered in at the entrance, a feat which was difficult enough. She was, in truth, not much bigger than a ship's gig; but she had a soul out of all proportion to her size. The way it throbbed and strained and set her whole little frame quivering with excitement made me think every moment that she was about to explode. The fact that she was manned exclusively by Japanese did not entirely reassure me.

There was an apology for a deck forward, to which, when we were well under way, I clambered over the other passengers. I was just sitting down there to enjoy a comfortable pipe when I was startlingly requested by a voice from a caboose behind to move off, as I was obscuring the view of the man at the wheel. After that I perched on the gunwale.

We steamed merrily out into the middle of the bay. The water was slumberously smooth, and under the tawny haze of the morning it shone with the sheen of burnished brass. From the gentle ploughing of our bow it rolled lazily to one side, as if in truth it were mol-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ten metal. Land, at varying picturesque distances, lay on all sides of us. In some directions the shore was not more than a mile and a half off; in others the eye wandered down a vista of water framed by low headlands for ten miles or more. But the atmosphere gave the dominant thought, a strange, slumber-like seclusion. So rich and golden, it shut this little corner of the world in a sort of happy valley of its own, and the smoke from my pipe drifted dreamily astern, a natural incense to the spirits of the spot.

The passengers suggested anything, from a public picnic to an early exploration party. There were men, women, and children of all ages and kinds, some stowed away in the cabin behind, some gathered in groups amidships; and those in the cabin thought small fry of those on deck. The cabin was considered the place of honor, because the company made one pay a higher price for the privilege of its discomfort. Altogether it was a very pretty epitome of a voyage.

Just as the steamer people were preparing for their first landing, there detached itself from the background of trees along the shore the most singular aquatic structure I think I have ever seen. It looked like the skeleton of some antediluvian wigwam which a prehistoric roc had subsequently chosen for a nest. Four poles planted in the water inclined to one another at such an angle that they crossed three quarters of the way up. The projecting quarters held in clutch a large wicker basket like the car of a balloon. Peering above the car was a man's head. As the occupant below slowly turned the head to keep an eye on us, it suggested, amid its web of poles, some mammoth spider lying in wait for its prey.

It was a matter of some wonder at first how the man got there, until the motion of the steamer turned the side and disclosed a set of cross-poles lashed between two of the uprights, forming a rude sort of ladder. Curiosity, satisfied on this primary point, still asked how he got there. As this was a riddle to me, I propounded it to Yejiro, who only shook his head, and propounded it to somebody else, — a compliment to the inquiry, certainly, if not to my choice of inquirers. This somebody else told him the man was fishing. Except for the immobility of the figure, I never saw a man look less like it in my life.

Such, however, was the fact. The wigwam was connected by strings to the entrance of a sort of weir, and the man who crouched in the basket was on the lookout for large fish, of a kind called *bora*. As soon as one of them strayed into the mouth of the net, the man pulled the string which closed the opening. The height of his observatory above the level of the water enabled him to see through it to the necessary depth. I am a trifle hazy over the exact details of the apparatus, as I never saw a fish inquisitive enough to go in; but I submit the existence of the fishermen in proof that it works.

Having deposited such wights as wished to go ashore, — for the place was of no pretension, — our steam fish once more turned its tail and darted us through some narrows into another bay. It must have been a favorite one with bora, as its shores were dotted with fish-lookouts. The observatories stood a few stone-throws out in deepish water, at presumably favorable points, and never very near one another, so as not to interfere with a possible catch. Some were inhabited, some not.

This bay was further remarkable for a solar halo which I chanced to see on glancing up at the sun. I suppose it was the singular quality of the light that first caused me to look overhead; for a thin veil of cloud had drawn over the blue and tempered the sunshine peculiarly. Of course one is familiar with caricatures of the thing in meteorological books; but the phenomenon itself is not so common, and the effect was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uncanny. At the first glance it seemed a bit of Noto witchery, that strangely luminous circle around the sun. To admire the moon thus bonneted, as the Japanese say, is common enough, and befits the hour; but to have the halo of the night hung aloft in broad day is to crown sober noon with enchantment.

The sheet of water was sparsely dotted with sail. One little craft in particular I remember, whose course bore her straight down upon us. She dilated slowly out of the distance, and then passed so close I might have tossed a flower aboard of her. So steady her motion she seemed oblivious to our presence, as she glided demurely by at relatively doubled speed.

Only after we had passed did she show signs of noticing us at all; for, meeting our wake, the coquette, she suddenly began dropping us courtesies in good-by.

XI.

ANAMIDZU.

We seemed bound that day to meet freaks in fishing-tackle. The next one to turn up was a kind of crinoline. This strange thing confronted us as we disembarked at Anamidzu. Anamidzu was the last port in the inland sea. After touching here the steamer passed out into the Sea of Japan, and tied up for the night at a small port on the eastern side of the nose of the peninsula.

As the town lay away from the shore up what looked like a canal, we were transferred to a small boat to be rowed in. Just as we reached the beginnings of the canal we saw squatting on the bank an old crone, contemplating, it seemed, the forlorn remains of a hoop-skirt which dangled from a pole before her, half in and half out of water. The chief difference between this and the more common article of commerce was merely one of degree, since here the ribs, by quite meeting at the top, entirely suppressed the waist. Their lower extremities were hid in the water, and were, I was informed, baited with hooks.

The old lady's attitude was one of inimitable apathy; nor did she so much as blink at us, as we passed. A little farther up, on the opposite bank, sat a similar bit of still life. A third beyond completed the picture. These good dames bordered the brink like so many meditative frogs. Though I saw them for the first time in the flesh, I recognized them at once. Here were the identical fisherfolk who have sat for centuries in the paintings of Tsunenobu, not a whit more immovable in *kakemono* than in real life. I almost looked to find the master's seal somewhere in the corner of the landscape.

The worthy souls were, I was told, *inkyōs;* a social, or rather unsocial state, which in their case may be rendered unwidowed dowagers, since, in company with their husbands, they had renounced all their social titles and estates. Their daughters-in-law now did the domestic drudgery, while they devoted their days thus to sport.

Whether it were the dames, or the canal, or, more likely still, some touch of atmosphere, I was reminded of Holland. Indeed, I know not what the special occasion was. It is a strange fabric we are so busy weaving out of sensations. Let something accidentally pick up an old thread, and behold, without rhyme or reason, we are treated to a whole piece of past experience. Stranger yet when but the background is brought back; for we were unconscious of the warp while the details were weaving in. Yet reproduce it and all the woof starts suddenly to sight. For atmosphere, like a perfume, does ghostly service to the past.

There is something less mediate in my remembrance of Anamidzu. The place has to me a memory of its own that hangs about the room made mine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for an hour. It was certainly a pretty room; surprisingly so, for such an out-of-the-way spot. I dare say it was only that to my fellow-voyager of the steamer, hurrying homeward to Wakamatsu. I could hear him in the next apartment making merry over his midday meal. To him the place stood for the last stage on the journey home. But to me it meant more. It marked both the end of the beginning and the beginning of the end; for I had fixed upon this spot for my turning-point.

It was high noon in my day of travel, like the high noon there outside the open shōji. The siesta of sensation had come. Thus far, the coming events had cast their shadows before, and I had followed; now they had touched their zenith here in mid-Noto. Henceforth I should see them moving back again toward the east. The dazzling sunshine without pointed the shade within, making even the room seem more shadowy than it was. I began to feel creeping over me that strange touch of sadness that attends the supreme moment of success, though fulfillment be so trifling a thing as a journey's bourne. Great or little, real or fancied, the feeling is the same in kind. The mind is strangely like the eye. Satisfy some emotion it has been dwelling on, and the relaxed nerves at once make you conscious of the complementary tint.

Then other inns in Japan came up regretfully across the blue distance of the intervening years, — midday halts, where an hour of daydream lay sandwiched in between two half days of tramp. I thought of the companions now so far away. Having heard the tune in a minor key, these came in as chords of some ampler variation, making a kind of symphony of sentiment, where I was brought back ever and anon to the simple *motif*. And the tea-house maidens entered and went out again like mutes, in my mind's scene.

I doubt not the country beyond is all very commonplace, but it might be an Eldorado, from the gilding fancy gave it then. I was told the hills were not high, and that eighteen miles on foot would land the traveler at Wakamatsu on the Sea of Japan, fronting Korea, but seeing only the sea, and I feel tolerably sure there is nothing there to repay the tramp. When a back has bewitched you in the street, it is a fatal folly to try to see the face. You will only be disillusioned if you do.

Percival Lowell.

THE NEW ENGLAND MEETING-HOUSE.

I.

When the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, they at once assigned a Lord's Day meeting-place for the Separatist church, — "a timber fort both strong and comely, with flat roof and battlements;" and to this fort, every Sunday, the men and women walked reverently, three in a row, and in it they worshiped until they built for themselves a meeting-house in 1648.

As soon as each successive outlying settlement was located and established, the new community built a house for the purpose of assembling therein for the public worship of God; this house was called a meeting-house. Cotton Mather said distinctly that he "found no just ground in Scripture to apply such a trope as church to a house for public assembly." The church, in the Puritan's way of thinking, worshiped in the meeting-house, and he was as bitterly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opposed to calling this edifice a church as he was to calling the Sabbath Sunday. His favorite term for that day was the Lord's Day.

The settlers were eager and glad to build their meeting-houses; for these houses of God were to them the visible sign of the establishment of that theocracy which they had left their fair homes and had come to New England to create and perpetuate. But lest some future settlements should be slow or indifferent about doing their duty promptly, it was enacted in 1675 that a meeting-house should be erected in every town in the colony; and if the people failed to do so at once, the magistrates were empowered to build it, and to charge the cost of its erection to the town. The number of members necessary to establish a separate church was very distinctly given in the Platform of Church Discipline: "A church ought not to be of greater number than can ordinarilie meet convenientlie in one place, nor ordinarilie fewer than may conveniently carry on church-work." Each church was quite independent in its work and government, and had absolute power to admit, expel, control, and censure its members.

These first meeting-houses were simple buildings enough: square log houses with clay-filled chinks, surmounted by steep roofs thatched with long straw or grass, and often with only the beaten earth for a floor. It was considered a great advance and a matter of proper pride when the settlers had the meeting-house "lathed on the inside, and so daubed and whitened over workmanlike." The dimensions of many of these first essays at church architecture are known to us, and lowly little structures they were. One, indeed, is preserved for us under cover at Salem. The first meeting-house in Dedham was thirty-six feet long, twenty feet wide, and twelve feet high "in the stud;" the one in Medford was smaller still; and the Haverhill edifice was only twenty-six feet long and twenty wide, yet "none other than the house of God."

As the colonists grew in wealth and numbers, they desired and built better sanctuaries, and the rude early buildings were converted into granaries or storehouses, or, as was the Pentucket meeting-house, into a "house of shelter or a house to sett horses in." As these meeting-houses had not been consecrated, and as they were town halls, forts, or court-houses as well as meeting-houses, the humbler uses to which they were finally put were not regarded as profanations of holy places.

The second form or type of American church architecture was a square wooden building, usually unpainted, crowned with a truncated pyramidal roof, which was surmounted (if the church could afford such luxury) with a belfry or turret containing a bell. The old church at Hingham, the "Old Ship" which was built in 1681, is still standing, a well-preserved example of this second style of architecture. These square meeting-houses, so much alike, soon abounded in New England; for a new church, in its contract for building, would often specify that the structure should be "like in every detaile to the Lynn meeting-house," or like the Hadley, Milford, Boston, Danvers, or New Haven meeting-house. This form of edifice was the prototype of the fine great First Church of Boston, a large square brick building, with three rows of windows and two galleries, which stood from the year 1713 to 1808, and of which many pictures exist.

The third form of the Puritan meeting-house, of which the Old South Church of Boston is a typical model, has too many representatives throughout New England to need any description, as have also the succeeding forms of New England church architecture.

The first meeting-houses were often built in the valleys, in the meadow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lands; for the dwelling-houses must be clustered around them, since the colonists were ordered by law to build their new homes within half a mile of the meeting-house. Soon, however, the houses became too closely crowded for the most convenient uses of a farming community; pasturage for the cattle had to be obtained at too great a distance from the farmhouse; firewood had to be brought from too distant woods; nearness to water also had to be considered. Thus the law became a dead letter, and each new-coming settler built on outlying and remote land, since the Indians were no longer so deeply to be dreaded. Then the meeting-houses, having usually to accommodate a whole township of scattered farms, were placed on remote and often highly elevated locations; sometimes at the very top of a long, steep hill, — so long and so steep in some cases, especially in one Connecticut parish, that church attendants could not ride down on horseback from the pinnacled meeting-house, but were forced to scramble down, leading their horses, and mount from a horse-block at the foot of the hill. The second Roxbury church was set on a high hill, and the story is fairly pathetic of the aged and feeble John Eliot, the glory of New England Puritanism, that once, as he toiled patiently up the long ascent to his dearly loved meeting, he said to the person on whose supporting arm he leaned (in the Puritan fashion of teaching a lesson from any event and surrounding): "This is very like the way to heaven; 't is uphill. The Lord by His grace fetch us up."

The location on a hilltop was chosen and favored for various reasons. The meeting-house was at first a watch-house, from which to keep vigilant lookout for any possible approach of hostile or sneaking Indians; it was also a landmark, whose high bell-turret, or steeple, though pointing to heaven, was likewise a guide on earth, for, thus stationed on a high elevation, it could be seen for miles around by travelers journeying through the woods, or in the narrow, tree-obscured bridle-paths which were then almost the only roads. In seaside towns, it could be a mark for sailors at sea; such was the Truro meeting-house. Then, too, our Puritan ancestors dearly loved a "sightly location," and were willing to climb uphill cheerfully, even through bleak New England winters, for the sake of having a meeting-house which showed off well, and was a proper source of envy to the neighboring villages and the country around. The studiously remote and painfully inaccessible locations chosen for the site of many fine roomy churches must astonish any observing traveler on the byroads of New England. Too often, alas! these churches are deserted, falling down, unopened from year to year, destitute alike of minister and congregation. Sometimes, too, on high hilltops, or on lonesome roads leading through a tall second growth of woods, deserted and neglected old graveyards — the most lonely and forlorn of all sad places — by their broken and fallen headstones, which surround a half-filled-in and uncovered cellar, show that once a meeting-house for New England Christians had stood there. Tall grass and a tangle of blackberry brambles cover the forgotten graves, and perhaps a spire of orange tiger-lilies, a shrub of southernwood or of winter-killed and dying box, may struggle feebly for life under the shadow of the "plumed ranks of tall wild cherry," and prove that once these lonely graves were cared for and loved for the sake of those who lie buried in this now waste spot. No traces remain of the old meeting-house save the cellar and the narrow stone steps, sadly leading nowhere, which once were pressed by the feet of the children of the Pilgrims, but now are trodden only by the curious and infrequent passer-by, or the epitaph-seeking antiquary.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is difficult often to understand the details in the descriptions of these early meeting-houses, the colonial spelling is so widely varied and so cleverly ingenious. Uniformity of spelling is a strictly modern accomplishment. "A square roofe without Dormers, with two Lucoms on each side," means, I think, without dormer windows, and with luthern windows. Another church paid a bill for the meeting-house roof and the "Suppolidge." They had "turritts" and "turetts" and "turits" and "turyts" and "tyrryts" and "toryttes" and "turiotts" and "chyrits," which were one and the same thing; and one church had orders for "juyces and rayles and nayles and bymes and tymber and gaybels and a pulpyt, and three payr of stayrs," in its meeting-house, — a liberal supply of the now fashionable *y*'s. We read of "pinakles" and "pyks" and "shuthers" and "scaffills" and "bimes" and "lynters" and "bathyns" and "chymbers" and "bellfers;" and often in one entry the same word will be spelt in three or four different ways. Here is a portion of a contract in the records of the Roxbury church: —

"Sayd John is to fence in the Buring Plas with a Fesy ston wall, sefighiattly don for Strenk and workmanship as also to mark a Doball gatt 6 or 8 fote wid and to hing it." "Sefighiattly" is "sufficiently;" but who can translate "Fesy"?

The church-raising was always a great event in the town. Each citizen was forced by law to take part in or contribute to "raring the Meeting hows." In early days nails were scarce, — so scarce that unprincipled persons set fire to any buildings which chanced to be temporarily empty, for the sake of obtaining the nails from the ruins; so each male inhabitant supplied to the new church a certain "amount of nayles." Not only were logs, and lumber, and the use of horses' and men's labor given, but a contribution was also levied for the inevitable barrel of rum and its unintoxicating accompaniments. "Rhum and Cacks" are frequent entries in the account books of early churches. No wonder that accidents were frequent, and that men fell from the scaffolding and were killed, as at the raising of the Dunstable meeting-house. When the Medford people built their second meeting-house, they provided for the workmen and bystanders five barrels of rum, one barrel of good brown sugar, a box of fine lemons, and two loaves of sugar. As a natural consequence, two thirds of the frame fell, and many were injured. Sometimes, as in Pittsfield in 1671, the sum of four shillings was raised on every acre of land in the town, and three shillings a day were paid to every man who came early to work, while one shilling a day was apportioned to each worker for his rum and sugar. At last no liquor was allowed to the workmen until after the day's work was over, and thus fatal accidents were prevented.

The earliest meeting-houses had oiled paper in the windows to admit the light. A Pilgrim colonist wrote to an English friend about to emigrate, "Bring oiled paper for your windows." Higginson, however, writing in 1629, asks for "glasse for windowes." When glass was used, it was not set in the windows as now. We find frequent entries of "glasse and nayles for it," and in Newbury, in 1665, the church ordered that the "Glasse in the windows be . . . look't to if any should happen to be loosed with winde to be nailed close again." The glass was in lozenge-shaped panes set in lead in the form of two long narrow sashes, opening in the middle from top to bottom, and it was many years before oblong or square panes came into common use.

These early churches were destitute of shade, for the trees in the immediate vicinity were always cut down on account of dread of the fierce fires

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which swept often through the forests and overwhelmed and destroyed the towns. The heat and blazing light in summer were as hard to bear in these unshaded meeting-houses as was the cold in winter.

"Old house of Puritanic wood,
Through whose unpainted windows streamed,
On seats as primitive and rude
As Jacob's pillow when he dreamed,
The white and undiluted day."

We have all heard the theory advanced that it is impossible there should be any true religious feeling, any sense of sanctity, in a garish and bright light, — "the white and undiluted day," — but I think no one can doubt that to the Puritans these seething, glaring, pine-smelling hothouses were truly God's dwelling-place, though there was no "dim, religious light" within.

Curtains and window blinds were unknown, and the sunlight streamed in with unabated and unbroken rays. Heavy shutters for protection were often used, but to close them at time of service would have been to plunge the church in utter darkness. Permission was sometimes given, as in Haverhill, to "sett up a shed outside of the window to keep out the heat of the sun there," — a very roundabout way to accomplish a very simple end. As years passed on, trees sprang up and grew apace, and too often the churches became overhung and heavily shadowed by dense solemn spruce, cedar, and fir trees. A New England parson was preaching in a neighboring church which was thus gloomily surrounded. He gave out as his text, "Why do the wicked live?" and as he peered in the dim light at his manuscript, he exclaimed abruptly, "I hope they will live long enough to cut down this great hemlock-tree back of the pulpit window." Another minister, Dr. Storrs, having struggled to read his sermon in an ill-lighted, gloomy church, said he would never speak in that building again while it was so overshadowed with trees. A few years later he was invited to preach to the same congregation; but when he approached the church, and saw the great tree still standing, he rode away, and left the people sermonless in their darkness. The chill of these sunless, unheated buildings in winter can well be imagined.

Strange and grotesque decorations did the outside of the earliest meeting-houses bear, — grinning wolves' heads nailed under the windows and by the side of the door, while splashes of blood, which had dripped from the severed neck, reddened the logs beneath. The wolf, for his destructiveness, was much more dreaded by the settlers than the bear, which did not so frequently attack the flocks. Bears were plentiful enough. The history of Roxbury states that in 1725, in one week in September, twenty bears were killed within two miles of Boston. This bear story requires unlimited faith in Puritan probity and confidence in Puritan records to credit it, but believe it, ye who can, as I do! In Salem and in Ipswich, in 1640, any man who brought a living wolf to the meeting-house was paid fifteen shillings by the town; if the wolf were dead, ten shillings. In 1664, if the wolf-killer wished to obtain the reward, he was ordered to bring the wolf's head and "nayle it to the meeting-house and give notis thereof." In Hampton, the inhabitants were ordered to "nayle the same to a little red oake tree at northeast end of the meeting-house." One man in Newbury, in 1665, killed seven wolves, and was paid the reward for so doing. This was a great number, for the wary wolf was not easily destroyed either by musket or wolf-hook. In 1723 wolves were so abundant in Ipswich that parents would not suffer their children to go to and from church and school without the attendance of some grown person. In 1718 the last public reward was paid in Salem for a wolf's head,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but so late as the year 1779 the howls of wolves were heard every night in Newbury, though trophies of shriveled wolves' heads no longer graced the walls of the meeting-house.

All kinds of notices and orders and regulations and "bills" were posted on the meeting-house, often on the door, where they would greet the eye of all who entered: prohibitions from selling guns and powder to the Indians, notices of town meetings, intentions of marriage, copies of the laws against Sabbath-breaking, messages from the Quakers, warnings of "vandoos" and sales, lists of the town officers, and sometimes scandalous and insulting libels, and libels in verse, which is worse, for our forefathers dearly loved to rhyme on all occasions. On the meeting-house green stood those Puritanical instruments of punishment, the stocks, whipping-post, pillory, and cage; and on lecture days the stocks and pillory were often occupied by wicked or careless colonists, or those everlasting pillory replenishers, the Quakers. It is one of the unintentionally comical features of absurd colonial laws and punishments in which the early legal records so delightfully abound that the first man who was sentenced to and occupied the stocks in Boston was the carpenter who made them. He was thus fitly punished for his extortionate charge to the town for the lumber he used in their manufacture. This was rather better than "making the punishment fit the crime," since the Boston magistrates managed to force the criminal to furnish his own punishment. In Shrewsbury, also, the unhappy man who first tested the wearisome capacity and endured the public mortification of the town's stocks was the man who made them. He "builded better than he knew." Pillories were used as a means of punishment until a comparatively recent date; in Salem until the year 1801, and in Boston till 1803.

Great horse-blocks, rows of stepping-stones, or hewn logs further graced the meeting-house green; and occasionally one fine horse-block, such as the Concord women proudly erected, and paid for by a contribution of a pound of butter from each housewife.

The meeting-house not only was used for the worship of God and for town meetings, but it was a storehouse as well. Until after the Revolutionary War it was universally used as a powder magazine; and indeed, as no fire in stove or fireplace was ever allowed within, it was a safe enough place for the explosive material. In Hanover the powder room was in the steeple, while in Quincy the "powder-closite" was in the beams of the roof. Whenever there chanced to be a thunderstorm during the time of public worship, the people of Beverly ran out under the trees, and in other towns they left the meeting-house if the storm seemed severe or near; still they built no powder houses. Grain, too, was stored in the loft of the meeting-house for safety; hatches were built, and often the corn paid to the minister was placed there. "Leantos," or "linters," were sometimes built by the side of the building for use for storage. In Springfield, Mr. Pyncheon was allowed to place his corn in the roof chamber of the meeting-house; but as the people were afraid that the great weight might burst the floor, he was forbidden to store more than four hundred bushels at a time, unless he "underpropped the floor."

Within the meeting-house all was simple enough: raftered walls, sanded floors, rows of benches, a few pews, and the pulpit, or the "scaffold," as John Cotton called it. The bare rafters were often profusely hung with dusty spiders' webs, and were the home also of countless swallows, that flew in and out of the open bell-turret. Sometimes, too, mischievous squirrels, attracted by the corn in the meeting-house loft, made their homes in the sanctuary; and they were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so prolific and so omnivorous that the Bible and the pulpit cushions were not safe from their nibbling attacks. On every Sunday afternoon the Word of God and its sustaining cushion had to be removed to the safe shelter of a neighboring farmhouse or tavern, to prevent total annihilation by these Puritanical, Bible-loving squirrels.

The pulpits were often pretentious, even in the plain and undecorated meeting-houses, and were usually high desks, to which a narrow flight of stairs led. In the churches of the third stage of architecture, these stairs were often inclosed in a towering hexagonal mahogany structure, which was ornamented with pillars and panels. Into this the minister walked, closed the door behind him, and invisibly ascended the stairs; while the children counted the seconds from the time he closed the door until his head appeared through the trap-door at the top of the pulpit. The form known as a tub-pulpit was very popular in the larger churches.

As the ceiling and rafters were so open and reverberating, it was generally thought imperative to hang above the pulpit a great sounding-board, which threatened the minister like a giant extinguisher, and was really as devoid of utility as it was curious in ornamentation. This great sound-killer was decorated with carved and painted rosettes, as in the Shrewsbury meeting-house; with carved ivy leaves, as in Farmington; with a carved bunch of grapes or pomegranates, as in the Leicester church; with letters indicating a date, as M. R. H. for March, in the Hadley church; with cords and tassels, with hanging fringes, with panels and balls; and thus formed a great ornament to the church, and a source of honest pride to the church members. The clumsy sounding-board was usually hung by a slight iron rod, which looked smaller still as it stretched up to the high raftered roof, and always appeared to be entirely insufficient to sustain the great weight of the heavy machine. In Danvers, one of these useless though ornamental structures hung within eighteen inches of the preacher's nose, on a slender bar thirty feet in length; and every Sunday the children gazed with fascinated anticipation at the slight rod and the giant hexagonal extinguisher, thinking and hoping that on this day the sounding-board would surely drop, and "put out" the minister. In fact, it was regarded by many a child, though this idea was hardly formulated in the little brain, as a visible means of possible punishment for any false doctrine that might issue from the mouth of the preacher.

Another source of interest to the children in many old churches was the study of the knots and veins in the unpainted wood of which the pews and galleries were made. Age had developed and darkened and rendered visible all the natural irregularities in the wood, just as it had brought out and strengthened the dry-woody, close, unaired, penetrating scent which permeated the meeting-house and gave it the distinctive "church smell." The children, and perhaps a few of the grown people, found in these clusters of knots queer similitudes of faces, strange figures and constellations, which, though conned Sunday after Sunday until known by heart, still seemed ever to show in their irregular groupings a puzzling possibility of the discovery of new configurations and monstrosities.

The dangling, dusty spiders' webs afforded, too, an interesting sight and diversion for the sermon-hearing, but not sermon-listening, young Puritans, who watched the cobwebs swaying, trembling, forming strange maps of imaginary rivers with their many tributaries, or outlines of intersecting roads and lanes. And if little Yet-Once, Hate-Evil, or Shearjashub chanced, by good fortune, to be seated near a window where a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crafty spider and a foolish buzzing fly could be watched through the dreary exposition and attempted reconciliation of predestination and free will, that indeed were a happy way of passing the weary hours.

II.

Perhaps no duty was more important and more difficult of satisfactory performance in the church work in early New England than "seating the meeting-house." Our Puritan forefathers, though bitterly denouncing all forms and ceremonies, were great respecters of persons; and in nothing was the regard for wealth and position more fully shown than in designating the seats in which each person should sit during public worship. A committee of dignified and influential men was appointed to assign irrevocably to each person his or her seat, according to rank and importance. Whittier wrote of this custom: —

"In the goodly house of worship, where in order due and fit,
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people sit;
Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire before the clown.
From the brave coat, lace embroidered, to the gray frock shading down."

In many cases the members of the committee were changed each year or at each fresh seating, in order to obviate any of the effects of partiality through kinship, friendship, personal esteem, or debt. A second committee was also appointed to seat the members of committee number one, in order that, as Haverhill people phrased it, "there may be no Grumbling at them for picking and placing themselves."

This seating committee sent to the church the list of all the attendants and the seats assigned to them, and when the list had been twice or thrice read to the congregation, and nailed on the meeting-house door, it became a law. Then some such order as this of the church at Watertown was passed: "It is ordered that the next Sabbath Day every person shall take his or her seat appointed to them, and not go to any other seat where others are placed: And if any one of the inhabitants shall act contrary, he shall for the first offence be reproved by the deacons, and for a second pay a fine of two shillings, and a like fine for each offence ever after." This town's order was very lenient. In many towns the punishments and fines were much more severe. Two men of Newbury were in 1669 fined £27 4*s.* each for "disorderly going and setting in seats belonging to others." They were dissatisfied with the seats assigned to them by the seating committee, and openly and defiantly rebelled.

In all the Puritan meetings, as then and now in Quaker meetings, the men sat on one side of the meeting-house and the women on the other; and they entered by separate doors. It was a great and much-contested change when men and women were ordered to sit together "promiscuoslie." In front, on either side of the pulpit (or very rarely in the foremost row in the gallery), was a seat of highest dignity, known as the "foreseat," in which only the persons of greatest importance in the community sat.

Sometimes a row of square pews were built on three sides of the ground floor, and were each occupied by separate families, while the pulpit was on the fourth side. If any man wished such a private pew for himself and family, he obtained permission from the church and town, and built it at his own expense. Immediately in front of the pulpit was either a long seat or a square inclosed pew for the deacons, who sat facing the congregation. This was usually a foot or two above the level of the other pews, and was reached by two or three steep, narrow steps. On a still higher plane was a pew for the ruling elders, when ruling elders there were. What we now con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sider the best seats, those in the middle of the church, were in olden times the free seats.

Usually, on one side of the pulpit was a square pew for the minister's family. When there were twenty-six children in the family, as at least one New England parson could boast, and when ministers' families of twelve or fourteen children were far from unusual, it is no wonder that we find frequent votes to "inlarge the ministers wives pew the breadth of the alley," or to "take in the next pue to the ministers wives pue into her pue." The seats in the gallery were universally regarded in the early churches as the most exalted, in every sense, in the house, with the exception, of course, of the dignity-bearing foreseat and the few private pews.

It is easy to comprehend what a source of disappointed anticipation, heart-burning jealousy, offended dignity, unseemly pride, and bitter quarreling this method of assigning seats, and ranking thereby, must have been in those little communities. How the goodwives must have hated the seating committee! Though it was expressly ordered, when the committee rendered their decision, that "the inhabitants are to rest silent and sett down satysfyed," who can still the tongue of an envious woman or an insulted man? Though they were Puritans, they were first of all men and women, and complaints and revolts were frequent. Judge Sewall records that one indignant dame "treated Captain Osgood very roughly on account of seating the meeting house." To her the difference between a seat in the first and one in the second row was immeasurably great. It was not alone the scribes and Pharisees who desired the highest seats in the synagogue.

It was found necessary at a very early date to "dignify the meeting," which was to make certain seats, though in different localities, equal in dignity; thus could peace and contented pride be partially restored. For instance, the seating committee in the Sutton church used their "best discresing," and voted that "the third seat below be equal in dignity with the foreseat in the front gallery, and the fourth seat below be equal in dignity with the foreseat in the side gallery," etc., thus making many seats of equal honor. Of course wives had to have seats of equal importance with those of their husbands, and each widow retained the dignity apportioned to her in her husband's lifetime. We can well believe that much "discresing" was necessary in dignifying as well as in seating. Often, after building a new meeting-house with all the painstaking and thoughtful judgment that could be shown, the dissensions over the seating lasted for years. The pacificatory fashion of "dignifying the seats" clung long in the Congregational churches of New England. In East Hartford it was not abandoned until 1824.

Many men were unwilling to serve on these seating committees, and refused to "medle with the seating," protesting against it on account of the odium that was incurred, but they were seldom "let off." Sometimes the difficulty was settled in this way: the entire church (or rather the male members) voted who should occupy the foreseat or the highest pew, and the voted-in occupants of this seat of honor formed a committee, who in turn seated the others of the congregation.

In the town of Rowley, "age, office, and the amount paid toward building the meeting-house were considered when assigning seats." Other towns had very amusing and minute rules for seating. Each year of the age counted one degree. Military service counted eight degrees. The magistrate's office counted ten degrees. Every forty shillings paid in on the church rate counted one degree. We can imagine the ambitious Puritan adding up his degrees, and paying in forty shillings more in order to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sit one seat above his neighbor who was a year or two older.

In Pittsfield, as early as the year 1765, the pews were sold by "vandoo" to the highest bidder, in order to stop the unceasing dissensions over the seating. In New London, two women, sisters-in-law, were seated side by side. Each claimed the upper or more dignified seat, and they quarreled so fiercely over the occupation of it that they had to be brought before the town meeting.

In no way could honor and respect be shown more satisfactorily in the community than by the seat assigned in meeting. When Judge Sewall married his second wife, he writes with much pride: "Mr. Oliver in the names of the Overseers invites my Wife to sit in the foreseat. I thought to have brought her into my pue. I thankt him and the Overseers." His wife died in a few months, and he reproached himself for his pride in this honor, and left the seat which he had in the men's foreseat. "God in his holy Sovereignty put my wife out of the Fore Seat. I apprehended I had Cause to be ashamed of my Sin and loath myself for it, and retired into my Pue," which was of course less dignified than the foreseat.

Often, in thriving communities, the "pues" and benches did not afford seating room enough for the large number who wished to attend public worship, and complaints were frequent that many were "obliged to sit squeased on the stairs." Persons were allowed to bring chairs and stools into the meeting-house, and place them in the "alleys." These extra seats became often such encumbering nuisances that in many towns laws were passed abolishing and excluding them, or, as in Hadley, ordering them "back of the women's seats." In 1759 it was ordered in that town to "clear the Alleys of the meeting-house of chairs and other Incumbrances." Where the chairless people went is not told; perhaps they sat in the doorway, or, in the summer time, listened outside the windows. One forward citizen of Hardwicke had gradually moved his chair down the church alley, step by step, Sunday after Sunday, from one position of dignity to another still higher, until at last he invaded the deacons' seat. When, in the year 1700, this honored position was forbidden him, in his chagrin and mortification he committed suicide by hanging.

The young men sat together in rows, and the young women in corresponding seats on the other side of the house. In 1677 the selectmen of Newbury gave permission to a few young women to build a pew in the gallery. It is impossible to understand why this should have roused the indignation of the bachelors of the town, but they were excited and angered to such a pitch that they broke a window, invaded the meeting-house, and "broke the pue in pessis." For this sacrilegious act they were fined £10 each, and sentenced to be whipped or pilloried. In consideration, however, of the fact that many of them had been brave soldiers, the punishment was omitted when they confessed and asked forgiveness. This episode is very comical; it exhibits the Puritan youth in such an ungallant and absurd light. When, ten years later, permission was given to ten young men, who had sat in the "foure backer seats in the gallery," to build a pew in "the hindermost seat in the gallery behind the pulpit," it is not recorded that the Salem young women made any objection. In the Woburn church, the four daughters of one of the most respected families in the place received permission to build a pew in which to sit. Here also such indignant and violent protests were made by the young men that the selectmen were obliged to revoke the permission. It would be interesting to know the bachelors' objections to young women being allowed to own a pew, but no record of their reasons is given. Bachelors were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so restricted and governed in the colonies that perhaps they resented the thought of any freedom being allowed to single women. Single men could not live alone, but were forced to reside with some family to whom the court assigned them, and to do in all respects just what the court ordered. Thus, in olden times, a man had to marry to obtain his freedom. In Haverhill, in 1708, young women were permitted to build pews, provided they did not "damnify the Stairway." This somewhat profane-sounding restriction they heeded, and the Haverhill maids occupied their "pue" unmolested. Medford young women, however, in 1701, when allowed only one side gallery for seats, while the young men were assigned one side and all the front gallery, made such an uproar that the town had to call a meeting, and restore to them their "woman's rights" in half the front gallery.

Infants were brought to church in their mothers' arms, and on summer days the young mothers often sat at the meeting-house door or in the porch, — if porch there were, — where, listening to the word of God, they could attend also to the wants of their babes. I have heard, too, of a little cage, or frame, which was to be seen in the early meeting-houses, for the purpose of holding children who were too young to sit alone, — poor Puritan babies! Little girls sat with their mothers or elder sisters on "crickets" within the pews, or on three-legged stools and low seats "in the alley without the pues."

But the boys, the Puritan boys, those wild animals who were regarded with such suspicion, such intense disfavor, by all elderly Puritan eyes, and who were publicly stigmatized by the Duxbury elders as "ye wretched boys on ye Lords Day," were herded by themselves. They usually sat on the pulpit and gallery stairs, and constables or tithingmen were appointed to watch over them and control them. In Salem, in 1676, it was ordered that "all ye boyes of ye towne are and shall be appointed to sitt upon ye three pair of stairs in ye meeting house on ye Lords Day, and Wm. Lord is appointed to look after ye boyes yt sitte upon ye pulpit stairs. Reuben Guppy is to look and order soe many of ye boyes as may be convenient, and if any are unruly, to present their names, as the law directs." Nowadays we should hardly seat boys in a group if we wished them to be orderly and decorous, and I fear the man "by the name of Guppy" found it no easy task to preserve order and due gravity among the Puritan boys in Salem meeting. In fact, the rampant boys behaved thus badly for the very reason that they were seated together instead of with their respective families; and not until the fashion was universal of each family sitting in a pew or group by itself did the boys in meeting behave like human beings rather than like mischievous and unruly monkeys.

In Stratford, in 1660, a tithingman was "appointed to watch over the youths or disorderly carriage, and see that they behave themselves comelie, and use such raps and blows as in his discretion meet."

I like to think of those rows of sober-faced Puritan boys seated on the narrow, steep pulpit stairs; clad in knee-breeches and homespun flapped coats, and with round cropped heads, miniature likenesses in dress and countenance (if not in deportment) of their grave, stern, God-fearing fathers. Though they were of the sober Puritan blood, they were boys, and they wriggled and twisted, and scraped their feet noisily on the sanded floor; and I know full well that the square-toed shoes of one in whom "original sin" waxed powerful thrust many a sly dig in the ribs and back of the luckless soul who chanced to sit in front of and below him on the pulpit stairs. Many a dried kernel of Indian corn was surreptitiously snapped at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

head of an unwary neighbor, and many a sly word was whispered and many a furtive but audible "snicker" elicited when the dread tithingman was "having an eye-out" and administering "discreet raps and blows" elsewhere.

One of these wicked youths in Andover was brought before the magistrate, and it was charged that he "Sported and played and by Indecent Gestures and Wry Faces caused laughter and misbehavior in the Beholders." Those who laughed at any such misdemeanors were fined as well. Deborah Bangs, a young girl, in 1755 paid a fine of five shillings for "Larfing in the Wareham Meeting House in time of Public Worship," and a boy at the same time, for the same offense, paid a fine of ten shillings. Perhaps he laughed louder and longer. In a law book in which Jonathan Trumbull recorded the smaller cases which he tried as justice of the peace was found this entry: "His Majesties Tithing man entered complaint against Jona. and Susan Smith, that on the Lords Day during Divine Service, they did *smile*." They were found guilty, and each was fined five shillings and costs, — poor smiling Susan and Jonathan.

Those wretched Puritan boys whittled, too, and cut the woodwork and benches of the meeting-house in those early days, just as their descendants have ever since hacked and cut the benches and desks in country school-houses (though how they ever eluded the vigilant eye and ear of the ubiquitous tithingman long enough to whittle will ever remain an unsolved mystery of the past). This early forerunning evidence of what has become a characteristic Yankee trait and habit was so annoyingly and extensively exhibited in Medford in 1729 that an order was passed to prosecute and punish "all who cut the seats in the meeting house."

Few towns were content to have one tithingman and one staff, but ordered that there should be a guardian set over the boys in every corner of the meeting-house. In Hanover it was ordered "That there be some sticks set up in various places in the meeting house, and fit persons by them and *to use them*." I doubt not that the sticks were well used, and Hanover boys were well rapped in meeting.

The Norwalk people come down through history shining with a halo of gentle clemency, for their tithingman was ordered to bear a short small stick only, and he was "Desired to use it with clemency." However, if any boy proved "incoridgable," he could be "presented" before the elders; and perhaps he would rather have been treated as were Hartford boys by cruel Hartford church folk, who ordered that if "any boye be taken playing or misbehaving himself, he shall be punished presently before the assembly depart." Parson Chauncey, of Durham, when a boy misbehaved in meeting, and was "punched up" by the tithingman, often stopped in his sermon, called the godless young offender by name, and asked him to come to the parsonage the next day. Some very gentle and beautiful lessons were taught to these Durham boys at these Monday morning interviews, and have come down to us in tradition; and the good Mr. Chauncey stands out a shining light of Christian patience and forbearance at a time when every other New England minister, from John Cotton down, preached and practiced the stern repression and sharp correction of all children, and chanted together in solemn chorus, "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child."

One vicious tithingman invented, and was allowed to exercise on the boys, a punishment which was the refinement of cruelty. He walked up to the laughing, sporting, or whittling boy, took him by the collar or the arm, led him ostentatiously across the meeting-house, and seated him by his shamefaced mother on the women's side. It was as if one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grandly proud in kneebreeches should be forced to walk abroad in petticoats. Far rather would the disgraced boy have been whacked soundly with the heavy knob of the tithingman's staff, for bodily pain is soon forgotten, while mortifying abasement lingers long.

The tithingman could also take any older youth who misbehaved or "acted unsivill" in meeting from his manly seat with the grown men, and force him to sit again with the boys; "if any over sixteen are disorderly, they shall be ordered to said seats." Not only could these men of authority keep the boys in order during meeting, but they also had full control during the nooning, and repressed and restrained and vigorously corrected the luckless boys during the midday hours. When seats in the galleries grew to be regarded as inferior to seats and pews on the ground floor, the boys, who of course must have the worst seats in the house, were relegated from the pulpit stairs to pews in the gallery, and these square shut-off pews grew to be what Dr. Porter called "the Devil's play-houses," and turbulent outbursts were frequent enough.

The fashion of seating the boys in pews by themselves was slow of abolishment in many of the churches. In Windsor, Connecticut, "boys pews" were a feature of the church until 1845. As years rolled on, the tithingmen became restricted in their authority: they could no longer administer "raps and blows;" they were forced to content themselves with loud rappings on the floor, and pointing with a staff or with a condemning finger at the misdemeanant. At last the deacons usurped these functions, and if rapping and pointing did not answer the purpose of establishing order (if the boy "psisted") led the stubborn offender out of meeting; and they had full authority soundly to thrash the "wretched boy" on the horse-block. Rev. Dr. Dakin tells the story that, hearing a terrible noise and disturbance whilst he was praying in a church in Quincy, he felt constrained to open his eyes to ascertain the cause thereof; and he beheld a red-haired boy firmly clutching hold of the railing on the front edge of the gallery, while a venerable deacon as firmly clutched the boy. The young rebel held fast, and the correcting deacon held fast also, until at last the balustrade gave way, and boy, deacon, and railing fell together with a resounding crash. Then, rising from the wooden débris, the thoroughly subdued boy and the triumphant deacon left the meeting-house to finish their little affair; and unmistakable swishing sounds, accompanied by loud wails and whining protestations, were soon heard from the region of the horse-sheds. Parents never resented such chastisings; it was expected, and even desired, that boys should be whipped freely by every school-master and person of authority who chose so to do.

In some old church orders for seating, boys were classed with negroes, and seated with them; but in nearly all towns the negroes had seats by themselves. The black women were all seated on a long bench or in an inclosed pew labeled "B. W.," and the negro men in one labeled "B. M." One William Mills, a jesting soul, being asked by a pompous stranger where he could sit in meeting, told the visitor that he was welcome to sit in Bill Mills' pew, and that it was marked "B. M." The man, who chanced to be ignorant of the local custom of marking the negro seats, accepted the kind invitation, and seated himself in the black men's pew, to the delight of Bill Mills, the amusement of the boys, the scandal of the elders, and his own disgust.

Sometimes a little pew or short gallery was built high up among the beams and joists over the staircase which led to the first gallery, and was called the "swallows nest," or the "roof pue," or the "second gallery." It was reached by a steep, ladder-like staircase, and was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often assigned to the negroes and Indians of the congregation.

Often "ye seat between ye Deacons seat and ye pulpit is for persons hard of hearing to sett in." In nearly every meeting a bench or pew full of aged men might be seen near the pulpit, and this seat was called, with Puritan plainness of speech, the "Deaf Pew." Some very deaf church members (when the boys were herded elsewhere) sat on the pulpit stairs, and even in the pulpit, alongside the preacher, where they disconcertingly upturned their great tin ear-trumpets directly in his face. The persistent joining in the psalm-singing by these deaf old soldiers and farmers was one of the bitter trials which the leader of the choir had to endure.

The singers' seats were usually in the galleries; sometimes upon the ground floor, in the "hind-row on either side." Occasionally the choir sat in two rows of seats that extended quite across the floor of the house, in front of the deacons' seat and the pulpit. The men singers then sat facing the congregation, while the women singers faced the pulpit. Between them ran a long rack for the psalm-books. When they sang they stood up, and bawled and fugued in each other's faces. Often a square pew was built for the singers, and in the centre of this inclosure was a table, on which were laid, when at rest, the psalm-books. When they sang, the singers thus formed a hollow square, as does any determined band, for strength.

One other seat in the old Pilgrim meeting-house — a seat of gloom — still throws its darksome shadow down through the years, the stool of repentance. "Barbarous and cruel punishments" were forbidden by the statutes of the new colony, but on this terrible soul-rack the shrinking, sullen, or defiant form of some painfully humiliated man or woman sat, crushed, stunned, stupefied, by overwhelming disgrace, through the long Christian sermon; cowering before the hard, pitiless gaze of the assembled and godly congregation, and the cold rebuke of the pious minister's averted face; bearing on the poor sinful head a deep-branding paper inscribed in "Capitall Letters" with the name of some dark or mysterious crime, or wearing on the sleeve some strange and dread symbol, or on the breast a scarlet letter.

Let us thank God that these soul-blasting and hope-killing exposures, — so degrading to the criminal, so demoralizing to the community, — these foul, inhuman blots on our fair and dearly loved Puritan Lord's Day, were never frequent, nor did the form of punishment obtain for a long time. In 1681 two women were sentenced to sit during service on a high stool in the middle alley of the Salem meeting-house, having on their heads a paper bearing the name of their awful crime. This is the latest record of this punishment that I have chanced to see.

Thus, from old church and town records, we plainly discover that each laic, deacon, elder, criminal, singer, and even the ungodly boy had his allotted place as absolutely assigned to him in the old meeting-house as was the pulpit to the parson.

Much has been said in semi-ridicule of this old custom of "seating" and "dignifying," yet it did not in reality differ much from our modern way of selling the best pews to whoever will pay the most. Perhaps the old way was the better, since, in the early churches, age, education, dignity, and reputation were considered as well as wealth.

Alice Morse Earle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XVIII.

AN ILLEGIBLE WORD.

EVERY morning there seemed to be some reason or other why I should anticipate with an animated interest the coming of my secretary, and on the morning after what I might call her "strike" the animation of said interest was very apparent to me, but I hope not to any one else. Over and over I said to myself that I must not let my nun see that I was greatly pleased with Walkirk's intervention. It would be wise to take the result as a matter of course.

As the clock struck nine, she and Sister Sarah entered the anteroom, and the latter advanced to the grating and looked into my study, peering from side to side. I did not like this sister's face; she looked as if she had grown unpleasantly plump on watered milk.

"Is it necessary," she asked, "that you should smoke tobacco during your working hours?"

"I never do it," I replied indignantly, — "never!"

"Several times," she said, "I have thought I perceived the smell of tobacco smoke in this sister's garments."

"You are utterly mistaken!" I exclaimed. "During the hours of work these rooms are perfectly free from anything of the sort."

She gave a little grunt and departed, and when she had locked the door I could not restrain a slight ejaculation of annoyance.

"You must not mind Sister Sarah," said the sweet voice of my nun behind the barricade of her bonnet; "she is as mad as hops this morning."

"What is the matter with her?" I asked, my angry feelings disappearing in an instant.

"She and Mother Anastasia have had a long discussion about the message you sent in regard to my keeping on with the story. Sister Sarah is very much opposed to my doing your writing at all."

"Well, as she is not the head of your House, I suppose we need not trouble ourselves about that," I replied. "But how does the arrangement suit you? Are you satisfied to continue to write my little story?"

"Satisfied!" she said. "I am perfectly delighted;" and as she spoke she turned toward me, her eyes sparkling, and her face lighted by the most entrancing smile I ever beheld on the countenance of woman. "This is a thousand times more interesting than anything you have done yet, although I liked the rest very much. Of course I stopped when I supposed it was against our rules to continue; but now that I know it is all right I am — But no matter; let us go on with it. This is what I last wrote," and she read: "'Tomaso and the pretty Lucilla now seated themselves on the rock, by a little spring. He was trying to look into her lovely blue eyes, which were slightly turned away from him and veiled by their long lashes. There was something he must say to her, and he felt he could wait no longer. Gently he took the little hand which lay nearest him, and' — There is where I stopped," she said; and then, her face still bright, but with the smile succeeded by an air of earnest consideration, she asked, "Do you object to suggestions?"

"Not at all," said I; "when they are to the point, they help me."

"Well, then," she said, "I would n't have her eyes blue. Italian girls nearly always have black or brown eyes. It is hard to think of this girl as a blonde."

"Oh, but her eyes are blue," I said;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"it would not do at all to have them anything else. Some Italian girls are that way. At any rate, I could n't alter her in my mind."

"Perhaps not," she replied, "but in thinking about her she always seems to me to have black eyes; however, that is a matter of no importance, and I am ready to go on."

Thus, on matters strictly connected with business, my nun and I conversed, and then we went on with our work. I think that from the very beginnings of literature there could have been no author who derived from his labors more absolute pleasure than I derived from mine; never was a story more interesting to tell than the story of Tomaso and Lucilla. It proved to be a very long one, much longer than I had supposed I could make it, and sometimes I felt that it was due to the general character of my book that I should occasionally insert some description of scenery or instances of travel.

My secretary wrote as fast as I could dictate, and sometimes wished, I think, that I would dictate faster. She seldom made comments unless she thought it absolutely necessary to do so, but there were certain twitches and movements of her head and shoulders which might indicate emotions, such as pleasant excitement at the sudden development of the situation, or impatience at my delay in the delivery of interesting passages; and I imagined that during the interpolation of descriptive matter she appeared to be anxious to get through with it as quickly as possible, and to go on with the story.

It was my wish to make my book a very large one; it was therefore desirable to be economical with the material I had left, and to eke it out as much as I could with fiction; but upon considering the matter I became convinced that it could not be very long before the material which in any way could be connected with the story must give out, and that therefore it would have to come to an end. How I wished I had spent more time in Sicily! I would have liked to write a whole book about Sicily.

Of course I might take the lovers to other countries; but I had not planned anything of this kind, and it would require some time to work it out. Now, however, a good idea occurred to me, which would postpone the conclusion of the interesting portion of my work. I would have my secretary read what she had written. This would give me time to think out more of the story, and it is often important that an author should know what he has done before he goes on to do more. We had arrived at a point where the narrative could easily stop for a while; Tomaso having gone on a fishing voyage, and the middle-aged innkeeper, whose union with Lucilla was favored by her mother and the village priest, having departed for Naples to assume the guardianship of two very handsome young women, the daughters of an old friend, recently deceased.

When I communicated to my nun my desire to change her work from writing to reading, she seemed surprised, and asked if there were not danger that I might forget how I intended to end the story. I reassured her on this point, and she appeared to resign herself to the situation.

"Shall I begin with the first page of the manuscript," said she, "or read only what I have written?"

"Oh, begin at the very beginning," I said. "I want to hear it all."

Then she began, hesitating a little at times over the variable chirography of my first amanuensis. I drew up my chair near to the grating, but before she had read two pages I asked her to stop for a moment.

"I think," said I, "it will be impossible for me to get a clear idea of what you are reading unless you turn and speak in my direction. You see, the sides of your bonnet interfere very much with my hearing what you say."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a few moments she remained in her ordinary position, and then she slowly turned her chair toward me. I am sure she had received instructions against looking into my study, which was filled with objects calculated to attract the attention of an intelligent and cultivated person. Then she read the manuscript, and as she did so I said to myself, over and over again, that for her to read to me was a thousand times more agreeable than for me to dictate to her.

As she read, her eyes were cast down on the pages which she held in her hand; but frequently when I made a correction they were raised to mine, as she endeavored to understand exactly what I wanted her to do. I made a good many alterations which I think improved the work very much.

Once she found it utterly impossible to decipher a certain word of the manuscript. She scrutinized it earnestly, and then, her mind entirely occupied by her desire properly to read the matter, she rose, and came close to the grating, holding the page so that I could see it.

"Can you make out this word?" she asked. "I cannot imagine how any one could write so carelessly."

I sprang to my feet and stood close to the grating. I could not take the paper from her, and it was necessary for her to hold it. I examined the word letter by letter. I gave my opinion of each letter, and I asked her opinion. It was a most illegible word. A good many things interfered with my comprehension of it. Among these were the two hands with which she held up the page, and another was the idea which came to me that in the House of Martha the sisters were fed on violets. I am generally quite apt at deciphering bad writing, and never before had I shown myself so slow and obtuse at this sort of thing.

Suddenly a thought struck me. I glanced at the clock in my study. It wanted ten minutes of twelve.

"It must be," said I, "that that word is intended to be 'heaven-given,' — at any rate, we will make it that; and now I think I will get you to copy the last part of that page. You can do it on the back of the sheet."

She was engaged in this writing when Sister Sarah came in.

XIX.

GRAY ICE.

During the engagement of my present secretary, a question had frequently arisen in my mind, which I wished to have answered, but which I had hesitated to ask, for fear the sister should imagine it indicated too much personal interest in her. This question related to her name, and now it was really necessary for me to know it. I did not wish any longer to speak to her as if she were merely a principle; she had become a most decided entity. However harsh and gray and woolly her name might be, I wanted to know it and to hear it from her own lips. The next morning I asked her what it was.

She was sitting at the table arranging the pages she was going to read, and at the question she turned toward me. Her face was flushed, but not, I think, with displeasure.

"Do you know," she said, "it has seemed to me the funniest thing in the world that you have never cared the least bit to know my name."

"I did care," I replied, "in fact it was awkward not to know it; but of course I did not want to — interfere in any way with the rules of your establishment."

"Ah," she said, "I have noticed your extreme solicitude in regard to our rules, but there is no rule against telling our names. Mine is Sister Hagar."

"Hagar!" I exclaimed. "You do not mean that is your real name?"

"It is the name given me by the House

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Martha," she answered. "There is a list of names by which the sisters must be called, and as we enter the institution we take the names in their order on the list. Hagar came to me."

"I shall not call you by that," said I, "and we may as well go on with our work."

I was anxious to have her read, and to forget that she was called Hagar.

She was a long time arranging the manuscript and putting the pages in order. I did not hurry her, but I could not see any reason for so much preparation. Presently she said, still arranging the sheets, and with her head bent slightly over her work: "I don't know whether or not I ought to tell you, but I dislike to be called Hagar. The next name on the list is Rebecca, and I am willing to take that, but the rules of the House do not allow us to skip an unappropriated name, and permit no choosing. However, Mother Anastasia has not pressed the matter, and, although I am entered as Sister Hagar, the sisters do not call me by that name."

"What do they call you?"

"Oh, they simply use the name that was mine before I entered the House of Martha," said she.

"And what is that?" I asked quickly.

"Ah," said my nun, pushing her sheets into a compact pile, and thumping their edges on the table to make them even, "to talk about that would be decidedly against the rules of the institution; and now I am ready to read."

Thus did she punish me for what she considered my want of curiosity or interest; I knew it as well as if she had told me so. I accepted the rebuff and said no more, and she went on with her reading.

On this and the following day I became aware how infinitely more pleasant it was to listen than to be listened to, — at least under certain circumstances. I considered it wonderfully fortunate to be able to talk to such an admirable listener as Walkirk; but to sit and hear my nun read; to watch the charming play of her mouth, and the occasional flush of a smile when she came to something exciting or humorous; to look into the blue of her eyes, as she raised them to me while I considered an alteration, was to me an overwhelming rapture, — I could call it nothing less. But by the end of the third morning of reading my good sense told me that this sort of thing could not go on, and it would be judicious for me to begin again my dictation, and to let my secretary confine herself to her writing. The fact that on any morning I had not allowed her to read until the hour of noon was an additional proof that my decision was a wise one.

The story of Tomaso and Lucilla now went bravely on, with enough groundwork of foreign land for the characters to stand on, and I tried very hard to keep my mind on the writing of my book and away from its writer. Outwardly I may have appeared to succeed fairly well in this purpose, but inwardly the case was different. However, if I could suppress any manifestations of my emotions, I told myself, I ought to be satisfied.

A few mornings after the recommencement of the dictation I was a little late in entering my study, and I found my secretary already at the table in the anteroom. In answer to my morning salutation she merely bowed, and sat ready for work. She did not even offer to read what she had last written. This surprised me. Was she resenting what she might look upon as undue stiffness and reserve? If so, I was very sorry, but at the same time I would meet her on her own ground. If she chose to return to her old rigidity, I would accept the situation, and be as formal as she liked.

More than this, I began to feel a little resentment. I would revert not only to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my former manner, but to my former matter. I would wind up that love-story, and confine myself to the subject of foreign travel.

Acting on this resolution, I made short work of Tomaso and Lucilla. The former determined not to think of marriage until he was several years older, and had acquired the necessary means to support a wife; and Lucilla accepted the advice of her mother and the priest, and obtained a situation in a lace-making establishment in Venice, where she resolved to work industriously until the middle-aged innkeeper had made up his mind whether or not he would marry one of the handsome girls to whom he had become guardian.

To this very prosaic conclusion of the love-story I added some remarks intended as an apology for introducing such a story into my sketches of travel, and showing how the little narrative brought into view some of the characteristics of the people of Sicily. After that I discoursed of the present commerce of Italy as compared with that of the Middle Ages.

My secretary took no notice whatever of my change of subject, but went on writing as I dictated. This apathy at last became so annoying to me that, excusing myself, I left my study before the hour of noon.

It is impossible for me to say how the events, or rather the want of events, of that morning disturbed my mind. By turns I was angry, I was grieved, I was regretful, I was resentful. It is so easy sometimes for one person, with the utmost placidity, to throw another person into a state of mental agitation; and this I think is especially noticeable when the placid party is a woman.

As the day wore on, my disquiet of mind and body and general ill humor did not abate, and, wishing that other people should not notice my unusual state of mind, I took an early afternoon train to the city; leaving a note for Walkirk, informing him that his services as listener would not be needed that evening. The rest of that day I spent at my club, where, fortunately for my mood, I met only a few old fellows who could not get out of town in the summer, and who had learned, from long practice, to be quite sufficient unto themselves. Seated in a corner of the large reading-room, I spent the evening smoking, holding in my hand an unread newspaper, and asking myself mental questions.

I inquired why in the name of common sense I allowed myself to be so disturbed by the conduct of an amanuensis, paid by the day, and, moreover, a member of a religious order. I inquired why the fates should have so ordered it that this perfectly charming young woman should suddenly have become frozen into a mass of gray ice. I inquired if I had inadvertently done or said anything which would naturally wound the feelings or arouse the resentment of a sister of the House of Martha. I inquired if there could be any reasonable excuse for a girl who, on account of an omission or delay in asking her name, would assume a manner of austere rudeness to a gentleman who had always treated her with scrupulous courtesy. Finally I asked myself why it was that I persisted, and persisted, and persisted in thinking about a thing like this, when my judgment told me that I should instantly dismiss the whole affair from my mind, and employ my thoughts on something sensible; and to this I gave the only answer which I made to any of the inquiries I had put to myself. That was that I did not know why this was so, but it was so, and there was no help for it.

Walking home from the station quite late at night, the question which had so much troubled me suddenly resolved itself, and I became convinced that the change in the manner of my secretary was due to increased pressure of the rules of the House of Martha. I would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not, I could not, believe that a fit of pique, occasioned by my apparent want of interest in her, could make her thus cold and even rude. She was not the kind of girl to do this thing of her own volition. It was those wretched rules; and if they were to be enforced in this way, the head of the House of Martha should know that I considered the act a positive discourtesy, if nothing more.

I was angry, — that was not to be wondered at; but it was a great relief to me to feel that I need not be angry with my secretary.

XX.

TOMASO AND I.

The next day my amanuensis bade me good-morning in her former pleasant manner, but without turning toward me seated herself quickly at the table, and took the manuscript from the drawer. "Oh, ho!" I thought, "then you can speak; and it was not the rules which made you behave in that way, but your own pique, which has worn off a little." I glanced at her as she intently looked over the work of the day before, and I was considering whether or not it would be fitting for me to show that there might be pique on one side of the grating as well as on the other, when suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by a burst of laughter, — girlish, irrepressible laughter. With the manuscript in her hands, my nun actually leaned back in her chair and laughed so heartily that I wonder my grandmother did not hear her.

"I declare," she said, turning to me, her eyes glistening with tears of merriment, "this is the funniest thing I ever saw. Why, you have actually separated those poor lovers for life, and crushed every hope in the properest way. And then all the rest about commerce! I would n't have believed you could do it."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"You showed no surprise when you wrote it."

Again she laughed.

"Wrote it!" she cried. "I never wrote a line of it. It was Sister Sarah who was your secretary yesterday. Did n't you know that?"

I stood for a moment utterly unable to answer; then I gasped, "Sister Sarah wrote for me yesterday! What does it mean?"

"Positively," said she, pushing back her chair and rising to her feet, "this is not only the funniest, but the most wonderful thing in the world. Do you mean truly to say that you did not know it was Sister Sarah who wrote for you yesterday?"

"I did not suspect it for an instant," I answered.

"It was, it was!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in her earnestness, and stepping closer to the grating. "When we came here yesterday, and found you were not in your room, a sudden idea struck her. 'I will stay here myself, this morning,' she said, 'and do his writing. I want to know what sort of a story this is that is being dictated to a sister of our House;' and so she simply turned me out and told me to go home. You don't know how frightened I was. I was afraid that, as we dress exactly alike, you might not at first notice that Sister Sarah was sitting at the table, and that you might begin with an awfully affectionate speech by Tomaso; for I knew that something of that kind was just on the point of breaking out, and I knew too that if you did it there would be lively times in the House of Martha, and perhaps here also. I fairly shivered the whole morning, and my only hope was that she would begin to snap at you as soon as you came in, and you would then know whom you had to deal with, and that you would have to put a lot of water into your love-making if you wanted any more help from the sisters. But if I had known that you would not find

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out that she was writing for you, I should certainly have died. I could n't have stood it. But how in the world could you have kept on thinking that that woman was I? She is shorter and fatter, and not a bit like me, except in her clothes; and if you thought I was writing for you, why did you dictate that ridiculous stuff?"

I stood confounded. Here were answers to devise.

"Of course the dress deceived me," I said presently, "and not once did she turn her face toward me; besides, I did not imagine for a moment that any one but you could be sitting at that table."

"But I cannot understand why," she pursued, "if you did n't know it was Sister Sarah, you made that sudden change in your story."

For a moment I hesitated, and then I saw I might as well speak out honestly. When a man sees before him a pair of blue eyes like those which were then fixed upon me, the chances are that he will speak out honestly.

"The fact is," I said, "that I 'm a little — well, sensitive; and when you, or the person I thought was you, did not speak to me, nor look at me, nor pay any more heed to me than if I had been a talking-machine worked with a crank, I was somewhat provoked, and determined that if you suddenly chose to freeze in that way I would freeze too, and that you should have no more of that story in which you were so interested; and so I smashed the loves of Tomaso and Lucilla and took up commerce, which I was sure you would hate."

At this there was a quick flash in her eyes, and the first tremblings of a smile at the corners of her mouth.

"Oh!" she said, and that was all she did say, as she returned to the table and took her seat.

"Is my explanation satisfactory?" I asked.

"Oh, certainly," she answered; "and if you will excuse me for saying so, I think you are a very fortunate man. In trying to punish me you protected yourself, — that is, if you care to have secretaries from our institution."

As I could not see her face, I could not determine what answer I should make to this remark, and she continued as she turned over the sheets: —

"What are you going to do with the pages which were written yesterday?"

"Tear them up," I replied, "and throw them into the basket. I wish to annihilate them utterly."

She obeyed me, and tore Sister Sarah's work into very small pieces.

"Now we will go on with the original and genuine story," I said. "And as the occurrences of yesterday are entirely banished from my mind, and as all recollection of the point where we left off has gone, will you kindly read two or three pages of what you last wrote?"

Several times I had perceived, or thought I had perceived, symptoms of emotion in the back of my secretary's shawl, and these symptoms, if such they were, were visible now. She occupied some minutes in selecting a suitable point at which to begin, but when she had done this she read without any signs of emotion, either in her shawl or in her face.

The story of the Sicilian young people progressed slowly, not because of any lack of material, but because I was anxious to portray the phases as clearly and as effectively as I could possibly do it; and whenever I could prevent myself from thinking of something else, I applied my mind most earnestly to this object. I flatter myself that I did the work very well, and I am sure there were passages the natural fervor of which would have made Sister Sarah bounce at least a yard from her chair, had they been dictated to her, but my nun did not bounce in the least.

Before the hour at which we usually

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stopped work I arose from my chair, and stated that that would be all for the day. My secretary looked at me quickly.

"All for to-day?" she asked, a little smile of disapprobation upon her brow. "It cannot be twelve o'clock yet."

"No," I answered, "it is not; but it is not easy to work out the answer which Lucilla ought now to make to Tomaso, and I shall have to take time for its consideration."

"I should n't think it would be easy," said she, "but I hoped you had it already in your mind."

"Then you are interested in it?" I asked.

"Of course I am," she answered, — "who would n't be? And just at this point, too, when everything depends on what she says; but it is quite right for you to be very careful about what you make her say," and she gathered her sheets together to lay them away.

Now I wanted to say something to her. I stopped work for that purpose, but I did not know what to say. An apology for my conduct of the day before would not be exactly in order, and an explanation of it would be exceedingly difficult. I walked up and down my study, and she continued to arrange her pages. When she had put them into a compact and very neat little pile, she opened the table drawer, placed them in it, examined some other contents of the drawer, and finally closed it, and sat looking out of the window. After some minutes of this silent observation, she half turned toward me, and without entirely removing her gaze from the apple-tree outside, she asked: —

"Do you still want to know my name?"

"Indeed I do!" I exclaimed, stepping quickly to the grating.

"Well, then," she said, "it is Sylvia."

At this moment we heard the footsteps of Sister Sarah in the hall, at least two minutes before the usual time.

When they had gone, I stood by my study table, my arms folded and my eyes fixed upon the floor.

"Horace Vanderley," I said to myself, "you are in love;" and to this frank and explicit statement I answered, quite as frankly, "That is certainly true; there can be no mistake about it."

XXI.

LUCILLA AND I.

A Saturday afternoon, evening, and night, the whole of a Sunday and its night, with some hours of a Monday morning, intervened between the moment at which I had acknowledged to myself my feelings toward my secretary and the moment at which I might expect to see her again, and nearly the whole of this time was occupied by me in endeavoring to determine what should be my next step. To stand still in my present position was absolutely impossible; I must go forward or backward. To go backward was a simple thing enough; it was like turning round and jumping down a precipice; it made me shudder. To go forward was like climbing a precipice with beetling crags and perpendicular walls of ice.

The first of these alternatives did not require any consideration whatever. To the second I gave all the earnest consideration of which I was capable, but I saw no way of getting up. The heights were inaccessible.

In very truth, my case was a hard one. I could not make love to a woman through a grating; and if I could, I would not be dishonorable enough to do it, when that woman was locked up in a room, and could not get away in case she did not wish to listen to my protestations. But between the girl I loved and myself there was a grating compared with which the barrier in the doorway of my study was as a spider's web.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This was the network of solemn bars which surrounded the sisters of the House of Martha, — the vows they had made never to think of love, to read of it or speak of it.

To drop metaphors, it would be impossible for me to continue to work with her and conceal my love for her; it would be stupidly useless, and moreover cowardly, to declare that love; and it would be sensible, praiseworthy, and in every way advantageous for me to cease my literary labors and go immediately to the Adirondacks or to Mount Desert. But would I go away on Saturday or Sunday when she was coming on Monday? Not I.

She came on Monday, surrounded by a gray halo, which had begun to grow as beautiful to my vision as the delicate tints of early dawn. When she began to read what she had last written, I seated myself in a chair by the grating. When she had finished, I sat silent for a minute, got up and walked about, came back, sat down, and was silent again. In my whole mind there did not seem to be one crevice into which an available thought concerning my travels could squeeze itself. She sat quietly looking out of the window at the apple-tree. Presently she said: —

"I suppose you find it hard to begin work on Monday morning, after having rested so long. It must be difficult to get yourself again into the proper frame of mind."

"On this Monday morning," I answered, "I find it very hard indeed."

She turned, and for the first time that day fixed her eyes upon me. She did not look well; she was pale.

"I had hoped," she said, with a little smile without any brightness in it, "that you would finish the story of Tomaso and Lucilla; but I don't believe you feel like composing, so how would you like me to read this morning?"

"Nothing could suit me better," I answered; and in my heart I thought that here was an angelic gift, a relief and a joy.

"I will begin," she said, "at the point where I left off reading." She took up a portion of the manuscript, she brought her chair within a yard of the grating, she sat down with her face toward me, and she read. Sometimes she stopped and spoke of what she was reading, now to ask a question, and now to tell something she had seen in the place I described. I said but little. I did not wish to occupy any of that lovely morning with my words, — words which were bound to mean nothing. As she read and talked, some color came into her face; she looked more like herself. What a shame to shut up such a woman in a House where she never had anything interesting to talk about, never anybody interested to talk to!

After the reading of half a dozen pages, during which she had not interrupted herself, she laid the manuscript in her lap, and asked me the time. I told her it wanted twenty minutes to twelve. She made no answer, but rose, put the manuscript in the drawer, and then returned with a little note which she had taken from her pocket.

"Mother Anastasia desired me to give you this," she said, folding it so that she could push it through one of the interstices of the grating; "she told me to hand it to you as I was coming away, but I don't think she would object to your reading it a little before that."

I took the note, unfolded it, and read it. Mother Anastasia wrote an excellent hand. She informed me that it had been decided that the sister of the House of Martha who had been acting as my amanuensis should not continue in that position, but should now devote herself to another class of work. If, however, I desired it, another sister would take her place.

I stood unable to speak. I must have been as pale as the white paint on the door-frame near which I stood.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You see," said Sylvia, and from the expression upon her face I think she must have perceived that I did not like what I had read, "this is the work of Sister Sarah. I might as well tell you that at once, and I am sure there is no harm in my doing so. She has always objected to my writing for you; and although the morning she spent with you would have satisfied any reasonable person that there could be no possible objection to my doing it, she has not ceased to insist that I shall give it up, and go to the Measles Refuge. That, however, I will not do, but I cannot come here any more. Mother Anastasia and I are both sure that if I am not withdrawn from this work she will make no end of trouble. She has consented that I should go on until now simply because this day ends my month."

I was filled with amazement, grief, and rage.

"The horrible wretch!" I exclaimed. "What malignant wickedness!"

"Oh," said Sylvia, holding up one finger, "you must n't talk like that about the sister. She may think she is right, but I don't see how she can; and perhaps she would have some reason on her side if she could see me standing here talking about her, instead of attending to my work. But I determined that I would not go away without saying a word. You have always been very courteous to us, and I don't see why we should not be courteous to you."

"Are you sorry to go?" I asked, getting as close to the grating as I could. "If they would let you, would you go on writing for me?"

"I should be glad to go on with the work," she said; "it is just what I like."

"Too bad, too bad!" I cried. "Cannot it be prevented? Cannot I see somebody? You do not know how much I — how exactly you" —

"Excuse me," said Sylvia, "for interrupting you, but what time is it?"

I glanced at the clock. "It wants four minutes to twelve," I gasped.

"Then I must bid you good-by," she said.

"Good-by?" I repeated. "How can you bid me good-by? Confound this grating! Is n't that door open?"

"No," she replied, "it 's locked. Do you want to shake hands with me?"

"Of course I do!" I cried. "Good-by like this! It cannot be."

"I think," she said quickly, "that if you could get out of your window, you might come to mine and shake hands."

What a scintillating inspiration! What a girl! I had not thought of it! In a moment I had bounded out of my window, and was standing under hers, which was not four feet from the ground. There she was, with her beautiful white hand already extended. I seized it in both of mine.

"Oh, Sylvia," I said, "I cannot have you go in this way. I want to tell you — I want to tell you how" —

"You are very good," she interrupted, endeavoring slightly to withdraw her hand, "and when the story of Tomaso and Lucilla is finished and printed I am going to read it, rules or no rules."

"It shall never be finished," I exclaimed vehemently, "if you do not write it," and, lifting her hand, I really believe I was about to kiss it, when with a quick movement she drew it from me.

"She is coming," she said; "good-by! good-by!" and with a wave of her hand she was gone from the window.

I did not return to my study. I stood by the side of the house, with my fists clenched and my eyes set. Then, suddenly, I ran to the garden wall; looking over it, I saw, far down the shaded village street, two gray figures walking away.

Frank R. Stockton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEXT STAGE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF PUBLIC PARKS.

A COMMUNITY must, in the existing state of our civilization, pass through many different stages and become populous and rich before the needs of those minds that have capacity for the higher sphere of professional labor can properly be answered. The log-cabin stage in the evolution of a city calls for a schoolhouse, and nearly always has one; but the wilderness must perforce furnish the young inquirer born near this schoolhouse with all the higher quality of mental food he is likely to get. In a large and growing city, even an elaborate school system, although supplemented by public libraries, colleges, and a university, has been found inadequate for the needs of its citizens. There have been added museums of natural history, art, historical, and archæological museums, and other institutions of similar exalted character, each testifying to the manifold and divergent mental development necessary for the successful growth of a centre of civilization.

It is while this complex growth of a city is going on that sanitary precaution and a due regard for the health and recreation of an increasing population demand more and larger spaces in the forest of chimneys than those furnished by the playgrounds of the early days; and in due time these considerations become so pressing that more or less extensive parks are planned and laid out. Although the rivalry of cities or the generosity of individuals may sometimes lead to an early provision for such open spaces in our newer centres of population, the park is really one of the latest signs of civilization. It is only after we have grown familiar with what museums can do that we arrive at any hearty appreciation of what Nature can also do for us, if we will wait upon her; and thus at last it comes about that no city can claim a high place until it has actually inclosed and guarded a good bit of the open country.

The improvement of sanitary conditions and the culture of the eye and mind through pleasing natural effects are not all that ought to be looked for in these parks. Their mission as instruments of public culture is not fulfilled until they are placed in correlation with the educational system of the city, to the end that both may be made more effective in their influence upon the citizen. Trees and shrubs in the public grounds should be billeted with their proper popular and scientific names, and exhibitions of plants should be arranged in their natural relations, or in accordance with their association and distribution in different climates and countries. So much will readily be granted as belonging to the park regarded as an aid in education, and so far we have already gone in our best parks and gardens. But this is only the beginning, and my object in this paper is to call attention to the higher possibilities in the use of city parks. Just as the park is to give to the denizen in the city that free intercourse with nature which he lost when he built the city, so the acquaintance with the creatures of pasture, woodland, and pond which the country boy enjoys is to be given to the city youth, in a necessarily more formal fashion, and with special reference to the serious study of these creatures.

In a word, the city park, if developed to its highest power, should give the necessary space for zoölogical gardens containing collections of living animals, — objects less known than plants, but capable of attracting the regard both of young and old. Such gardens furnish materials for the study of life, and supply the comparative anatomist with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

examples otherwise very difficult to obtain. The artist, also, uses the collections for his studies of animal life, and in treating some subjects must rely on them as his only source of original information. The well-instructed teacher makes them available for exciting his pupils to more earnest attention and better comprehension of problems in physical geography and other studies. He knows that the direct way to a child's mind lies through its eyes, and that natural history is interesting to all if presented at a proper time in the development of the mind, when the budding senses are beginning to demand explanations of the impressions made by their surroundings.

Zoölogical gardens, as such, are of comparatively recent origin, and, as a rule, have limited their exhibits largely to the higher forms, those that have been called the vertebrates; that is, fishes, frogs, reptiles, birds, and mammals. We look vainly in some of the largest gardens for insects, creatures undoubtedly of humbler structure, but many of them of great beauty, and of so much consequence to the world that but for their activity in carrying pollen from flower to flower a large proportion of plants would bloom in vain, and soon cease to exist. There is the same erroneous neglect of myriads of other so-called lower organisms, whose functions in the economy of nature are so important that their sudden disappearance would fundamentally disturb all the relations of the plants and vertebrates not only to each other, but in large part to their physical surroundings. These branches of the animal kingdom, called by naturalists the invertebrates, have long seemed to be of less interest and importance because they were so far removed from the exalted personality of man, and were in part surrounded by traditions which more or less obscured their true relations to him.

Of late years, however, great attention has been given to the study of minute forms, resulting in a demonstration of the intimate association and probable causative relation existing between many microscopical organisms and a large proportion of human diseases. Modern governments have also assisted the advancement of knowledge in this direction by sending out expeditions to gather all the evidence that could throw light upon the nature and composition of the oceans and the characteristics of their beds, and have thus discovered new and surprising faunas living in the darkness of oceanic abysses. They have also supported researches upon the habits and food of edible fishes, in order to prevent their extinction; and these have been found to be largely dependent on coast faunas, which consist in great part of invertebrates. The water supplies of our great cities have often suffered contamination from the sudden death of abundant growths of these invertebrates, and even municipal governments have been forced to take into account dark problems of biology in which algæ and sponges play important rôles. The attention of mankind has been thoroughly awakened, and ideas have undergone a revolution which has placed nature in a new light. It has been demonstrated that life is continuous and unbroken, and that in the blood and tissue of man himself there are irrefutable proofs of the existence of organic bonds that link him to the lowest forms of living things. The invertebrates are, consequently, no longer subjects of remote importance to the public, and an intelligent man should be in some measure familiar with them and their life histories. When it is remembered that the bulk of invertebrates live in the water, it will be seen that for their proper exhibition and study we need scientifically equipped aquaria. Wherever these have been established it can hardly be said that the lower animals have been neglected; but it has often happened even in these institu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions that marine vertebrates, fishes and seals, have been permitted to occupy more space than was necessary.

There have been several respectable attempts in this country to maintain aquaria well stocked for popular exhibition with attractive marine animals; but although they prospered for a time, financial reverses finally overtook them, in spite of the effort to capture popularity with all sorts of sensational adjuncts and side shows. There is no more occasion for discouragement in the history of these enterprises than if an art museum or a natural history society should fail, as it most assuredly would, if it undertook to provide amusement mingled with instruction for the public, and expected to pay interest on its outlays and its running expenses with money taken at the doors. Such establishments should have high standards of excellence to maintain, and these cannot be lowered to the level of a show without loss of character. If, like an art museum, for instance, they have invested funds and receive assistance in voluntary labor from those interested in their work, they can count upon constituencies which will insure success; without such aid they would, we think, be generally regarded as somewhat hazardous investments. In reckoning, too, upon the real success of such an enterprise as an aquarium, its situation is an important consideration. The number of those who would visit it is not wholly determinable, as has been generally supposed, by the number who pass its entrance. The minds of persons on a populous street, for example, are not in harmony with such entertainments; these passers-by are too intent on business or absorbed with other cares to pause at a place of this kind after the novelty of its first announcements has disappeared. Such institutions are most favorably situated where there are other attractions, like the public parks, which bring a current of people past their gates, whose main object for the time being is recreation in the open air, a leisurely occupation predisposing them to observe what is curious in nature if it be placed in their way.

It is a common mistake, derived from the time when all collections were merely aggregates of natural curiosities, to think and talk about public museums and gardens as if their principal function were to amuse people rather than instruct them. The progress of science within the past few years has, however, made possible a kind of public exhibition which, while not losing its capacity to entertain the people, may be also in the highest degree instructive; it may readily be made to demonstrate some of those laws of general importance which have long been the common property of naturalists, but are not often mentioned, either in textbooks or other literature. The investigator, occupied with work on some particular problem or series of forms, seldom expresses his ideas with regard to such laws, and the public consequently hears little about them. They have been more or less used to govern the arrangement of collections in museums, and it is extremely desirable that the principle should be extended, and that zoölogical and aquarial gardens should adopt the results of modern research and illustrate them carefully. They deal with living things, and should endeavor to bring clearly before the eye and mind the dynamic agencies that have moulded the structures of organisms into what they are at the present stage of the world's history.

The usual modes of arrangement show what may be called the statical relations of organisms to each other. All mammals of a collection are marshaled in line, and all the birds and examples of other classes of the animal kingdom are assembled in adjoining inclosures. The most important subjects taught under these conditions of association are the characteristics of the class

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or group to which the animals belong, the great range in modification of their structures and parts within any one group, and other interesting and instructive lessons of a similar fixed character. Their habits of life may also be shown, if the inclosures are large enough and attention is paid to this object, and in so far as this is done the garden deals with the dynamics of natural history. But, after all, the main aim of a systematic arrangement by groups is the exposition of the structural relations and classification of the organisms exhibited, and these are purely statical.

In museums, where only preservations of various kinds can be employed, such an aim is both commendable and appropriate, because lifeless things can be set up effectively, and can most appropriately be used in teaching such problems. With living things, however, this cannot be done with the same success; gaps continually occur through death and changes of various kinds, and the difficulty of obtaining and keeping certain important types of form and structure always on hand is almost insuperable. In aquaria, these obstacles are increased by the fact that every tank usually contains, in addition to the peculiar animal to which it may be appropriated, a host of plants and other organisms, which give a heterogeneous character to the exhibit, and cause the plan continually to be modified or abandoned. Living things, again, are more attractive than preparations, because they are all the while acting and doing something in accordance with their strange structures, and thus often excite curiosity by the contrast which they afford with more familiar creatures. This feeling of curiosity is a lever which ought to be used to the utmost in any institution having an earnest purpose in education.

Fortunately, there is no lack of dynamical laws of universal importance which can be demonstrated in collections of living things. The distribution of organisms upon the earth is limited by the four grand regions in which they live, — the salt waters, the fresh waters, the dry land, and the air. The structure of natural groups accords sufficiently with these, and with the many habitats into which these regions may be divided, to make it perfectly feasible to adopt the law of distribution, and the correlations of structure and habit with that law, as the guiding principle of arrangement. If animals are indigenous to the salt waters, they breathe, as a rule, by means of organs like those so familiar to us as gills, or else possess some other form of breathing organ, divided into floating plumes or plates; and they also have additional modifications which allow their bodies to be permeated by water. If they live in the fresh waters, they have similar organs for breathing; and there are among them many that can pass from salt water to fresh and back again without inconvenience. Others are confined exclusively to the region of fresh water, and salt water acts upon them like a strong poison, occasioning sudden death. Nevertheless, even these often possess certain characteristics which show that their ancestors came originally from the ocean. On the other hand, those that cannot pass from the sea to the fresh waters without similar disastrous effects, and most of those that can do so without injury, have originated in the salt waters. This region must therefore be considered the primitive home of the larger part of all water-breathers. If organisms live altogether on dry land, they are apt to possess baglike organs more or less similar to our lungs, which are suitable structures for breathing air. Their limbs and bodies also present definite modifications, as directly correlated to walking upon land as are the fins and paddles of fishes and whales to progression through the dense medium of waters. If they fly in the fourth region, the air, their wings, their curious air-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sacs, and often hollow bones assist in making their bodies lighter, and are plainly adaptations for active existence in this thinner medium. Many such structures are hidden within the body, but other characteristics are external, like the fins and outlines of the form in fishes, the legs and port of mammals, the wings and poise of the body in birds. It is evident, therefore, that collections of living animals, brought together and arranged to demonstrate such obvious correlations, would give intellectual value to all that could be shown with regard to their life histories.

A marine aquarium based upon these principles would include some things not usually admitted into such establishments. Besides the strictly marine vertebrates and invertebrates, there should also be provision for the exhibition of those birds that may be said to live habitually on the sea, and those that frequent the shores to feed upon marine animals or plants. Most of these would require exposure in the open air on the shores of suitable ponds, while some, like the guillemot and penguin, would be better shown in suitable aquaria. These birds do not swim in passing under water, but fly through that element. The motion of the guillemots' wings and also the paddles of the penguins, as they dart about in the waters of a glass tank, could be used to teach a most valuable lesson with regard to the causes which have probably produced this wonderful suitability for action in a medium so different from air. The guillemot, with its highly developed wings, is able to fly in both media; while the penguin, whose wings are really paddles covered by feathers which are reduced to the semblance of scales, has become so changed that it cannot fly in the air, and is graceful and thoroughly at home only when in the water.

There are insects, also, which live habitually upon and in the sea. These have remarkable modifications which make them of equal interest with the true water-breathers, and should be exhibited when they can be obtained. The plants which show obvious adaptations in their forms and structures to the necessities of existence under water should be ranked as coequal in importance with animals, and should have as much space as might be necessary. They would doubtless find accommodations most naturally in the tanks devoted to the exhibition of the animals, but in some cases it might be found advantageous to give certain forms tanks by themselves.

A fresh-water exhibition, either under the same roof as the marine or on a separate foundation, could be organized upon the same principles. The attempt to plan a distinct establishment of this nature, which would be approximately equal to the marine division in interest and attractiveness, seems at first hopeless; and indeed this would be the case if there were not an educational intention to work with, and educational principles at the basis of the whole design. A fresh-water aquarium should not, however, be limited to the strictly fresh-water fauna, but should include within its field of work all inland waters as distinguished from the open seas. With this enlarged scope it would be able to illustrate what we have considered one of its most important objects, the derivation of its flora and fauna from the salt waters. Many of the animals exclusively confined to fresh water have been derived from the seas, and the transformation of structures made in the passage of their ancestors from that denser medium through the intermediate brackish waters to the lighter one of fresh water can be shown in a proper series of aquaria. Thus it is entirely practicable to repeat the famous experiments of Schmankewitsch, who several times reproduced in his aquaria the series of forms through which a marine shrimp became transformed into a dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinct species in the evaporated and dense salt waters of salt-pans, and finally transformed the same shrimps into a genus very different from either of these two in purely fresh water. Other experimental work could be carried on in such establishments which would harmonize with the plan, greatly increase the efficiency of the exhibits, and supply opportunities for research not as yet offered by any institutions in this country.

The inland rivers and lakes contain, besides, some forms which most nearly among living organisms approximate the armored fishes of geologic seas, and also a multitude of other fishes endowed with extraordinary structures. There is one fish which lives a divided life, often swimming with half of the head and part of the back exposed. It needs, therefore, to be guarded from being made the prey of some submerged hunter while itself watching the air. This double function is provided for by a double modification, the upper half of the eyes being divided from the lower half, so that their owner can use them equally well both above and below the surface.

Reptiles like alligators could be kept in large floor tanks, under cover during the winter, and in summer they would find congenial surroundings in suitable ponds. Frogs, with their host of allies in the tritons, mud-puppies, and other amphibia, have many forms remarkable in their coloring and habits, and are useful in illustrating the modifications of structure which occur in water-breathing animals during their migration from life under water to a habitat on the land. The huge hippopotamus, if exhibited in the summer time in a deep pond, would excite not less interest than the whale, and is much easier to secure as well as much hardier, even breeding in captivity, under favorable conditions. There are also many mammals, like shrews and muskrats, and especially beavers, which last, in proper inclosures, would build their dams and curious habitations.

Many salt-water fishes come into fresh water to lay their eggs, and the young are reared in the comparative shelter of inland lakes and rivers; artificial fish-hatching is therefore carried on for the most part in fresh water, and this is a most instructive subject for illustration.

An insectary is an important department, and should consist of aquaria in which could be shown the life histories of insects, like the dragon flies, that pass through their earlier stages in the water. At the proper season, the ugly, masked, water-breathing larvæ of these could be seen climbing up the plants, or in shallow places near the surface, preparing to burst their dark-colored armor; and at opportune moments one would be able to observe the casting off of the shells, and the slow emergence of the azure-winged dragon flies, one of the most rapid fliers among aerial animals.

The birds that frequent the shores of rivers and lakes, either habitually or for temporary breeding purposes, should be shown, and the fact that many of them were found in favorable situations on the seashore, and were represented in the marine aquarium, would add to their usefulness.

The fresh-water plants, or algæ, are not so favorable for exhibition in aquaria as their marine relatives, but they are always associated in the same tank with the animals; and the only change we would propose, from what is ordinarily done in such aquaria, would be to treat them as important parts of the exhibit, naming the species and describing the forms. The flowering plants, on the other hand, which grow in fresh water are not surpassed by any that adorn our gardens or conservatories. The pretty lilies of our own country, the superb floating flowers of the tropics, like the Victoria Regia, and others, not as large,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but equally beautiful in color, lying upon the reflecting surface of a pool, are doubly interesting on account of their strange surroundings. A pond like this is in successful operation in the Zoölogical Garden of Chicago, and is one of the most attractive of its exhibits. The area required for such an establishment as we have outlined would not be so extensive as that essential for a zoölogical garden, but would have to be large enough to afford room for several ponds, of different depths and sizes, and the out-of-door exhibits would be more important than in the marine aquarium.

A zoölogical garden containing the terrestrial and aerial animals arranged according to this plan, as an educational exhibition, would present greater difficulties than any mentioned above. The idea would of course be a faunal arrangement, the arctic and the great areas of distribution of the temperate and tropic zones being mapped out, and the principal animals of each of these assembled in distinct parts of the garden. A proper representation of the flora of each great area or country in the shape of some characteristic trees and flowers should be maintained in conjunction with the animals, in order to furnish them appropriate surroundings, and give scientific and artistic completeness to these illustrations of the faunas. This mode of carrying out the plan is open to serious objections on the score of expense. Extensive grounds would be required, and the number of houses for the protection of animals and plants in the winter necessarily would be large. These, together with the construction of drains, the water supply, and the cost of attendance, would require a larger capital than one could reasonably expect to obtain unless the garden were supported by the national government.

Such difficulties can, however, be successfully met, as has been suggested by a scientific friend, by illustrating mainly the fauna of one selected area of distribution, or country, and restricting the selection of animals from localities outside of these limits. If, for example, the northern temperate zone of America were chosen, we could admit only those animals "which in other faunas specially represent our indigenous animals. Thus, to instance one or two points, we would exhibit side by side with the Rocky Mountain goat the chamois, structurally allied, adapted for and dwelling in similar mountain regions, characteristic of the Old as our own is of the New World; beside the cougar, or American panther, we would display the jaguar of South America; beside the black, the brown bear; while, to correspond with the opossum, we would seek a relative, not in the more nearly allied marsupials of South America, but in the distinctive home of marsupials, among the strange forms which occur in Australia. As it would not be necessary to seek this counterpart for each animal, but in many cases only one for an entire series, as with the mice, hares, foxes, and so on, it will be seen that the collection would not be much enlarged, while its increase would be strictly limited and its educational value greatly enhanced." Within the zone of distribution or fauna which might be selected, it would be necessary, if such a plan were adopted, to give ample exercising space for each species, and make strenuous efforts to furnish them as natural surroundings as practicable, so that their peculiar habits might be shown.

The aerial animals, the birds, could be limited in the same way, and associated groups could be placed in inclosures of sufficient size containing trees and shrubberies. An insectary would form a more important department in this establishment than in the fresh-water aquarium, and would be exceedingly instructive. Colonies of bees and ants, although so familiar, are really not at all commonly understood, and if their habits were explained would seem

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stranger to most visitors than the tiger or elephant. The transformations of many insects, like the butterflies for example, of which every one has heard in various ways, but with regard to which very few persons have definite ideas, could be easily shown, since insects breed readily in confinement.

A few fishes would be requisite to make a contrast between the strictly terrestrial and aerial animals and the inhabitants of the waters, but a sufficient number for this purpose would probably be kept in ponds on the ground, to serve as food for some of the animals and birds. In addition to these true water-breathers there should be a group of seals, for comparison with their nearest allies, the terrestrial carnivora; and also a small number of aquaria devoted to the exposition of a few of those forms among invertebrates whose terrestrial air-breathing ancestors migrated into the waters and became more or less modified, like the seals, until their existing descendants are at home only in that element. These limited exhibits would not be expensive, nor would they require much space; and their function in bringing the full relations of the terrestrial and aerial animals before the eyes of the visitor is obvious.

A criticism often made upon public museums and gardens in all parts of the world is that they fail to give any rational explanation of the interesting and instructive laws which govern the relations of animals to their surroundings. A short paragraph in a printed guide-book, perhaps, names the country to which a group of interesting forms belongs, and adds a few words about their habits; but no notice is taken of the wonderful adaptations of their structures to the work they have to do, and the effective parts they perform in the great drama of existence. Museums and gardens cannot afford, it is said, to print works giving such facts properly. Although not disposed to believe this to be wholly impracticable, we may still grant it for the moment in order to suggest a simple remedy. For a book, which at best can never adequately be kept up to an equality with a living collection, and whose pages can never be ample enough to make all the replies that every visitor looks for in its necessarily brief descriptions, we would substitute an educated man. This officer could not only satisfy all reasonable curiosity, but at the same time would awaken interests and make impressions that would be of permanent benefit.

This is no idle suggestion, but one based upon observations made in a museum where educated young men, who had been previously taught how to explain the collections, were placed in this position. The increased interest such guides excited was evident at the beginning, and experience has left us confident that good results can more easily be obtained than one is apt to suppose. Take, for instance, an earthworm: it is a very familiar and unattractive object; nevertheless, its life history, properly handled, makes it teach one of the most remarkable lessons in natural history, and finally shows it to be a tiller of the soil, whose labor man himself could not afford to lose. No popular lectures are so effective as a well-ordered series of talks made with the objects before the hearers; especially if, as in a garden, these should be living and acting in sentient demonstration of the lecturer's words. We believe, also, that an office of this kind would more than repay the salary of an educated young man to act as guide in any large public garden, by reason of the great additional interest such careful and intelligent exposition would create.

The scientific reader need not be told that all we have written in this article is simply a suggestive sketch of lines of work for the benefit of public education, and not a finished plan of operations; but a word or two more as to whether

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it be worth doing seems to be needed. So far as the ordinary visitor is concerned, such gardens, while furnishing him with agreeable recreation, would hardly fail to turn his attention to the fact that natural history is a science full of thought, and with a mission in the world over and above his momentary amusement. The benefits to the schools would be of the most solid description. Natural history is beginning to be taught everywhere, and intelligent teachers often take their pupils to museums, even making excursions some distance by rail for that purpose. Whether persons regard this tendency as desirable or the reverse is not a question that one need consider. The fact cannot be safely denied that throughout the civilized world the study of natural history has been introduced into private and public schools. The benefit of this policy is shown by the constantly increasing demand for instruction of this kind, and the yearly increase in the number of pupils and teachers who visit museums. Gardens based upon such plans as the above would be very much more useful to them than those governed by the older modes of arrangement, especially if there were organic connection between them and the schools as integral parts of the educational system of the city in which they were situated. This connection could be acknowledged by definite privileges of admission to the collections free of expense on certain convenient days, together with other concessions, if necessary, to secure the fullest use of these privileges.

Books have occupied, and perhaps always will occupy, a very important place in education, but it must be remembered that all instruments with which humanity has done its work have suffered change, and have either been greatly modified or wholly replaced by others. Books are instruments for recording mental conceptions, and can, as a rule, convey only such ideas of the things they treat of as may be possessed by the author at the time of writing.

Possibly, having seen what he has described, he may have definite conceptions and write well; but the reader, on the other hand, has not had the same advantages, and the impressions made upon his mind are necessarily fainter, and these may be, owing to defects in the author's mode of treatment or his own inability, very slight and transient. Books used in the schools have long been considered unsatisfactory by many of the best teachers. They recognize that printed pages cannot convey knowledge in sufficiently definite and impressive form unless used in connection with pictures, or models, or, preferably, the things themselves. In other words, the visual element in education is becoming more and more important every day, and in many of the finest European and American schools objective methods are extensively used. Teachers, however, are not specialists, and cannot keep their knowledge abreast of the always advancing lines of research, especially in natural history. They lose in this way many advantages, or, if energetic enough to seek them, do so at great expense of time and labor, and often at the sacrifice of their holidays and consequent injury to strength and health.

Public museums and gardens should therefore aim to supply, as has already been done in some European countries, loan and consulting collections for the use of teachers, and possibly for other persons who may have proper claims for such assistance. It does not require prophetic insight to predict that these institutions will some day be required to do for the public much the same service as that now performed by libraries, but their circulating medium for the diffusion of knowledge will be things themselves, and not books. Natural objects are nature's books, the only ones that hold within themselves the infinite

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sources of knowledge, and never need reissue in improved editions. They can furnish food for study to all minds, however large their capacity, and the time is coming when the advance of human learning will create even a greater demand for them than there is now for what is written about them.

Alpheus Hyatt.

HESTERNÆ ROSÆ.

BETWEEN the bounds of night and day,
Far out into the west they lie,
More sweet than any song may say,
The red rose-gardens of the sky.

Beyond the sunset wrack forlorn,
Of tower and temple overthrown,
Of fallen fort and banner torn,
Burns the red flame of roses blown.

Through jeweled jalousies ajar,
That ruddy lustre shines aslant
From terraced vistas stretching far, —
The mellow light of old romaunt.

'T is there the vanished roses blow
In splendor of eternal prime,
That graced the summers long ago,
The royal revels of old time.

The faded pageants' flush and bloom,
The pomp and pride of all things fair,
Like golden censers of perfume
Exhale upon that haunted air.

The rainbow fountains plash and play,
The falling water gleams and pales,
While echoes every cloistered way
With piping of the nightingales.

And who are they whose happy feet
May thread that petal-clustered maze,
Of all who found the roses sweet,
Of all who sang the summers' praise?

What fair and stately shadows stray
Between the blossoms dewy wet?
Omar or Ronsard? Who shall say?
Or Aucassin and Nicolette?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We know not of their name or kin,
So far those garden alleys seem!
For there no living man may win
Save on the light wings of a dream.

The brazen mountains tower between,
With crag, and peak, and sheer abyss,
And many a shadow-hung ravine,
And many an airy precipice.

Oh, deep into the west they lie,
Beyond the swiftest swallow's flight,
The red rose-gardens of the sky,
Between the bounds of day and night.

Graham R. Tomson.

JOHN RUTLEDGE.

THE conditions of society in South Carolina during the latter part of the eighteenth century were well adapted to the nurture of a ruling class. A few families, some of them of superior English stock, had early acquired and continuously retained the richer lands near Charleston. On their large estates, by reason of the abundance of slave labor, they had been on the one hand relieved from the drudgery of agriculture, and on the other nourished by its fruits and disciplined in its management; while in their leisure they had turned readily to the various pursuits of social, religious, and political life. As lords of the soil they had naturally become upholders of the Church and rulers of the State; and it is not surprising that at the approach of the Revolution South Carolina discovered in her opulent planters such efficient versatile leaders as the Lynches, Charles and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and the Middletons, father and son.

From this class, the Charleston aristocracy, came also the brothers Edward and John Rutledge. Their father, Andrew Rutledge, was a physician in Charleston, who had emigrated from Ireland in 1735; and their mother, Sarah Hext, belonged to an old and wealthy colonial family. She was evidently a woman of extraordinary virtues; for, left a widow at the age of twenty-six, with seven children and a diminished fortune, she was able largely to retrieve her paternal estate without neglecting her household. Aided by her exertions and self-denial, John Rutledge was well prepared for his future career. He had not, indeed, the advantage of a liberal education. His early training, first with a clergyman and later with a master, was brief; but his subsequent study of the law was thorough and systematic. After several years in a law office, he passed three years in London, at the inns of court; and when, in 1761, at the age of twenty-two, he returned to practice at Charleston his success was already anticipated.

He surpassed all expectations. Even before he reached home he was retained in an important suit by the defendant, who, in his eagerness, had gone out in the pilot-boat to meet the ship. Rutledge conducted his case with so much skill and eloquence, says Ramsay, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"he astonished all who heard him." He won a verdict for his client, and received a fee of a hundred guineas. He soon became attorney-general of South Carolina, and for ten years enjoyed a lucrative practice. Josiah Quincy, Jr., who visited Charleston in 1773, wrote in his diary that John Rutledge was then one of the three first lawyers in the province.

Such immediate and decided success was the more creditable because of the high character of the members of the bar among whom it was achieved. Many of his associates, like himself, had traveled abroad and studied at the inns of court. As a class, they were perhaps the best educated and the most influential men in the community. Their number at that time did not much exceed twenty; and they were not less dignified than select. Attired in wigs and gowns, they bore out well the strict formalities of the courts, whether they were engaged in dispensing justice, or were conducted by the sheriff in solemn procession from the court-house to hear the sessions sermon in the neighboring church.

Rutledge had not been long in his profession when his attention was drawn to politics. He entered the provincial legislature, and exhibited marked capacity in dealing with the pending disputes. In fact, he soon became the leader of the legislature. It was due to his exertions mainly that South Carolina was the first colony south of New England to elect delegates to the Stamp Act Congress; and in that Congress itself, though he was the youngest member, he was excelled by few in usefulness. He represented his province also in the Continental Congresses of 1774 and 1775, in each case acquitting himself with great credit. Indeed, the political situation more and more absorbed his energy, and finally rendered the practice of law impossible. By 1775 the people of South Carolina had become so exasperated at the attempts of Great Britain to exact a colonial revenue that they resorted to arms. The royal governor, Lord William Campbell, took refuge on a British man-of-war. The courts were closed, and royal government was at an end.

On hearing of this crisis, Rutledge obtained leave of absence from the Continental Congress, and hastened to Charleston. His arrival was timely. Since the departure of the royal authorities, the Whig, or patriot, party had attempted to direct public affairs through an improvised committee of safety and provincial congress, but with little success. They had summoned a convention, accordingly, to consider the emergency; and Rutledge, chosen a delegate in his absence, returned just in time to participate in its deliberations. He became the guiding spirit. Unlike Christopher Gadsden, he did not yet favor a total separation from the mother country. On the other hand, he would not oppose the institution of a popular government. Standing thus between the two extremes of opinion, with his long and varied experience in the Continental Congress, he naturally found great favor with the conservative aristocratic planters. Their ardent desire was, their grievances redressed and their rights acknowledged, to resume, under the British connection, that supremacy in provincial politics which they had from the first enjoyed. They would hardly tolerate the idea of a permanent rupture.

In accordance with this policy the convention fashioned the new government outwardly after the old, and declared, in the preamble written by Rutledge, that it should continue only "until an accommodation of the unhappy differences between Great Britain and America can be obtained." Yet practically the existing alienation necessitated radical and significant innovations. All political functions hitherto exercised by the Crown were now transferred to the people. Notably, the colonial governor,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who had usually been a favorite of the king, was superseded by an elective president, who should thenceforth be the agent and representative of the people. Thus South Carolina was the first of the Southern colonies fully to realize the idea of a popular government.

Evidently the most important officer in the new government was the president. He represented the power and dignity of the State, and possessed full executive authority, military as well as civil. In the great emergencies that were already apprehended, though but dimly foreseen, he would be the leader about whom the people would rally, whether to repel foreign invasion or to quell internal strife. It was, therefore, a great tribute to the character and talents of John Rutledge that, in a convention containing so many trusted patriots, he was the one selected to be the first president of South Carolina.

The action of the convention was enthusiastically ratified by the people. They made the day of the inauguration memorable in the history of the State. Marking as it did the beginning of the first government constituted and conducted throughout by the people, it was celebrated with extraordinary pomp and rejoicing. The occasion is graphically described by Drayton in his Memoirs of the American Revolution: "The two houses, preceded by the president and vice-president, and the sheriff bearing the sword of state, made a solemn procession from the State-House to the Exchange, in front of the line of troops; and on their arrival at the Exchange the president was proclaimed by the sheriff, amidst the heart-cheering plaudits of the people: which was immediately responded to by thirteen discharges from the cannon of the artillery, a *feu de joye* from the line of troops, and the cannon of the Prosper, ship-of-war, and other armed vessels in the harbor."

The anticipations of the people were not disappointed. Immediately the new government went into operation, order was enforced, justice administered, and confidence restored. The legislature, having enacted such laws as the circumstances required, presented to the president an address, congratulating him on the public welfare, and pledging to his support their fortunes and their lives. Rutledge replied in a tone equally spirited and patriotic. He urged them, on returning home, to acquaint their constituents with the rights and grievances in dispute, and with the necessity, nature, and benefits of the new government. In conclusion he said: "The eyes of all Europe — nay, of the whole world — are on America. The eyes of every other colony are on this, — a colony whose reputation for generosity and magnanimity is universally acknowledged. I trust, therefore, it will not be diminished by our future conduct; that there will be no civil discord here; and that the only strife amongst brethren will be, who shall do most to serve and to save an oppressed and injured country." This speech contained such a succinct, vigorous statement of the Whig views that the General Assembly ordered it, together with the constitution, to be published throughout the State. Then it adjourned to the next autumn, leaving the conduct of affairs in the hands of the president.

Rutledge soon found his hands more than full. Indeed, for a time there rested, as it were, within his grasp the fate not of South Carolina alone, but of the whole thirteen colonies. From the collapse of the royal authority, Lord William Campbell, the fugitive governor, and his Tory sympathizers had been urging upon the British ministry an invasion of South Carolina. Only a small British force was needed, they insisted, in addition to the royal adherents, to effect the capture of Charleston and to restore South Carolina to the Crown. At last the ministry were persuaded. About the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beginning of the year 1776, they fitted out land and naval forces sufficient in strength, they believed, to bring the American colonies to submission, and directed a large division to operate against the Carolinas. At the same time, General Howe, the British commander in America, dispatched Sir Henry Clinton with a small force from Boston, with orders to effect a union with the contingent from England, and to take command of the Southern expedition.

Meanwhile, rumors of these intentions and movements had reached Charleston, and President Rutledge had made strenuous efforts to fortify the city. All available laborers, including a large force of negroes from the country, were employed incessantly in strengthening the works. Expresses were sent throughout the State to urge forward the militia; and the scanty supply of ammunition was increased by stripping lead from the windows of dwellings and churches. All ranks of the people caught the bold and determined spirit of their president, and imitated his indefatigable energy. Believing in the justice of their cause, they awaited with confidence the impending attack.

They had not long to wait. Just inside the bar and at the entrance of Charleston harbor lies a long, low, narrow strip of land called Sullivan Island. At its southwestern extremity, commanding the narrow approach from the sea to the town, a fort had been hastily constructed of soft palmetto logs embanked with sand; and, rude and unfinished though it was, it constituted an insurmountable barrier to the advance of the British fleet. Its reduction was a condition precedent to the bombardment of the town. Accordingly, on the morning of the 28th of June, 1776, the hostile ships, weighing anchor, bore down upon the apparently insignificant structure.

In reality the fort was not much stronger than it seemed. Square in form, with a bastion at each angle, it was finished only on the two sides most exposed, and, situated at the bend of the island, it was exposed on the right flank to the fire of any ship that should round the point. This defect was deemed fatal by Major-General Charles Lee, who, entrusted by the Continental Congress with the Southern department, had hastened to Charleston and assumed command. He took great pains, therefore, to secure the retreat of the garrison to the mainland, and even gave orders that when the powder, of which the supply was scanty, should be exhausted they should spike their guns and retire to the mainland.

But Colonel William Moultrie, the commander of the fort, and his little band — four hundred and thirty-five in all — were not of the retreating sort. They had determined to hold their position or perish in the attempt; and in this they were encouraged by President Rutledge. The latter, in order to avoid any conflict of authority, had, with great moderation and discretion, relinquished to Major-General Lee the supreme command of the state militia, including the garrison, but he would not countenance a retreat. "Gen. Lee wishes you to evacuate the fort," he wrote to Moultrie. "You will not without an order from me. I would sooner cut off my hand than write one." In the midst of the action he sent out to the fort five hundred pounds of powder, with the laconic suggestion: "Do not make too free with your cannon. Cool and do mischief."

The advice had been anticipated. Firing at longer intervals as the supply of powder ran low, and training their guns upon the larger ships, the plucky untrained militiamen not only maintained their position from morning till night, but also inflicted such damage that with the rise of the tide the hostile ships slipped their anchors and dropped out of range. The first victory at the South had been won, and Charleston saved. Nay, more: coming as it did at the be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ginning of the war, the affair gave courage and confidence to the patriots everywhere; while it so disabled and dispirited the British that they abandoned the Southern expedition, and the Southern States enjoyed a period of repose.

Hardly had the British ships disappeared below the horizon when news reached Charleston of the declaration of independence. It was gladly received. The people, exasperated by the recent attack, were now prepared for this decisive step. It was celebrated in a noteworthy manner. An official proclamation of independence was followed by a public procession of the state officers, both civil and military, headed by President Rutledge; and later in the day there was a parade of the troops in a field adjoining the town.

The assertion of a common independence was soon followed by an assimilation of the forms and principles of government in the several States. The democracy, having severed all external bonds, now began to assert itself, and South Carolina early responded to the movement. In 1777 the constitution was greatly modified: the church establishment was abolished, the office of president was superseded by that of governor, and a senate elected by the people was substituted for the legislative council chosen by the Assembly. The people thus secured equality before the law among the different religious bodies, and a more direct, efficient control of their own representatives. But they antagonized the clergy, whose ancient privileges were revoked, and the aristocratic planters, whose political supremacy was threatened. Among the latter, both in association and in sympathy, was President Rutledge. When the new constitution was submitted to him, he returned it with his veto. He objected chiefly to its democratic spirit and tendency. "However unexceptionable democratic power may appear at the first view," he frankly stated, "its effects have been found arbitrary, severe, and destructive." Like Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris, and other contemporary leaders, he had little faith in government by the masses. These men believed that what they had thus far accomplished was due largely to their bold assumption and ready exercise of liberal powers, encouraged by the generous confidence of the people. As for John Rutledge, he was ever impatient of restraint. He could not approve the new constitution, so he withdrew from the head of affairs.

His retirement was of short duration, for his services soon became indispensable for the safety of the State. Toward the close of 1778 the repose that South Carolina had been enjoying was seriously interrupted. After many efforts, the English armies had failed to subdue America by invading New England and the Middle States. Now they changed their plans. They resolved to conquer the colonies in detail, attacking first those more infused with Tory sentiment and less accessible to Whig support. Accordingly they attempted the subjugation of Georgia and the Carolinas; and at first with astonishing success. Three thousand men, dispatched from New York by Sir Henry Clinton, landing near Savannah, speedily routed the American forces and seized the town. Thence reinforced and commanded by General Prevost, they proceeded to capture Augusta and the stations along the Savannah River. Within a month they had conquered all Georgia and restored her to the Crown. Sir James Wright, the former royal governor, was reinstated, and, by kind treatment and liberal promises, the people were induced to enter the British service in large numbers.

In South Carolina, this invasion, so sudden, yet so decisive, reaching to her very borders, caused great alarm. Her delegates in the Continental Congress obtained the appointment of General Lincoln, who had distinguished himself at Saratoga, to the command of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Southern department; and her legislature, which fortunately was then in session, exerted itself to the utmost to strengthen the public defenses. It provided for filling the Continental regiments, for impressing boats, wagons, and other conveyances, and for apprehending suspected persons. Above all, in its anxiety for the public welfare, it turned again to the man who two years before, as president, had done so much to ward off invasion and ruin. At this crisis it would trust no one but John Rutledge at the head of affairs. Having elected him governor, it voluntarily clothed him and his council with almost unlimited discretionary power. Once for all it authorized them "to do everything that appeared to him and them necessary for the public welfare."

Such confidence was no more than the emergency required. The State was menaced at once by a British fleet from the sea, by hostile Indians from the interior, and by the victorious General Prevost from the south; while in several quarters the Tories, encouraged by the English success, were organizing for active service. In order to be prepared in any event, Rutledge in person established a camp at Orangeburgh, in the middle of the State, making it a rendezvous for the militia and a centre of operations; while he entrusted the fortification of Charleston to the lieutenant-governor and the council. He also coöperated with General Lincoln, and promptly yielded him precedence when a conflict of authority arose.

Encouraged and strengthened by these vigorous measures, the patriots determined to act on the offensive. With a considerable army General Lincoln crossed into Georgia, in the hope of ejecting General Prevost and regaining the State. But the latter was too wary and alert. He eluded the attack by a counter invasion. Crossing the Savannah, he advanced boldly and swiftly in the direction of Charleston, driving before him General Moultrie, who, with an inferior force, had been left to cover the town. In a moment all was confusion and consternation. Aroused by expresses from Moultrie, Rutledge hastened to Charleston by forced marches and with all available troops, and Lincoln, already far on his way toward Augusta, began to retrace his course with all possible expedition. The latter could not overtake Prevost, but hoped to cut off his retreat should the town hold out.

An immediate assault was expected by the townsmen, and that with grave forebodings. Rutledge and Moultrie had barely brought their scanty forces into the terror-stricken place, and stationed them along its unfinished defenses, when the enemy were at hand demanding a surrender. Should the demand be refused and the assault be made, great loss of life and destruction of property must result, while victory seemed almost certain to the British. On the other hand, to give up the town without an effort to defend it would scarcely become the men who two years before, though poorly disciplined and equipped, had bravely faced superior numbers and achieved a glorious victory.

In this dilemma Governor Rutledge and his council tried to procrastinate. Could the assault be deferred, they believed that General Lincoln, who was already expected, might arrive and turn the scale. Accordingly they sent a flag to General Prevost, asking what terms he would grant in case of capitulation; and when he replied that such as should not accept his offers of peace and protection must surrender as prisoners of war, they sent again, objecting to the terms, and requesting a conference. Thus in messages and counter messages the day was nearly spent, but without any agreement. Finally, as a last resort, Rutledge and his council sent "to propose a neutrality during the war between Great Britain and America, and the question whether the State shall

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

belong to Great Britain or remain one of the United States be determined by the treaty of peace between these two powers." This proposition also being rejected on the one side, and capitulation being at last refused on the other, an assault now seemed inevitable. But at this point Prevost gained news of Lincoln's rapid advance, and, fearing capture, drew off his army and made his escape.

One would fain believe that this offer of neutrality also was made simply to gain time, and so it has been suggested by at least one historian, and by a distinguished descendant of Rutledge; but it is hard to find any evidence to support the suggestion. On the other hand, it would not be just to accuse Rutledge of treason. At that time the States were indeed acting in common, but they did so mainly on grounds of expediency, — in order the better to promote their common interests. As yet they did not admit an organic union by which they were indissolubly bound to one another, but each maintained the right to act independently of the rest, at least when necessary for self-preservation. For this reason, if for no other, the proposition of neutrality, which now appears heinous, may then have seemed justifiable. In effect, whatever was its intent, it added to the delay; and, however admirable was the spirit with which Moultrie, Gadsden, and others urged a vigorous defense, caution and procrastination were, under the circumstances, more expedient. Virtually they saved the town.

But the fate of Charleston was decreed, and no temporary delay could prevent its fulfillment. The expedition against Georgia had been an experiment, and it had, on the whole, succeeded so well that it warranted a more serious effort. In December, 1779, Sir Henry Clinton himself sailed from New York against Charleston with over five thousand men. At this time the legislature of South Carolina was in session. When it heard of the impending peril it turned again to Rutledge, and delegated, "till ten days after their next session, to the governor, John Rutledge, Esquire, and such of his council as he could conveniently consult, a power to do everything necessary for the public good, except the taking away the life of a citizen without a legal trial." Evidently, the proposition of neutrality had not diminished Rutledge's popularity. Probably it had increased it, as an evidence of his regard for life and property and of his devotion to the State.

His energy and resources were equal to the emergency. He ordered forthwith a general rendezvous of the militia; and when there was no considerable response, he made a proclamation, "requiring such of the militia as were regularly drafted, and all the inhabitants and owners of property in the town, to repair to the American standard, and join the garrison immediately, under pain of confiscation." But he met with discouragement at every turn. Within the town and the State were greater enemies than there were without. The smallpox in a virulent form had recently appeared, and from the terror that it caused was a serious obstacle to the assembling of the militia. Worse than all, food and other necessaries of life were both dear and scarce, and the paper currency was almost worthless. It is not strange, therefore, that when Sir Henry Clinton and his powerful armament appeared the people fell into much despondency, and Governor Rutledge was almost in despair.

Yet he made strenuous efforts to save the town. Before Clinton had completed his lines of investiture, Rutledge was induced by General Lincoln and others to go out into the country in order to rally the people and maintain the civil authority; and though he was unable finally to prevent the fall of Charleston, he performed most valuable services. They are best described by Gen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eral Moultrie in his Memoirs. "It was very fortunate," he says, "for the province that the governor was not made a prisoner in town. His presence in the country kept everything alive; and it gave great spirits to the people to have a man of such great abilities, firmness, and decision amongst them. He gave commissions, raised new corps, embodied the militia, and went to Philadelphia to solicit reinforcements. He returned and joined the army. He stayed by them, enforced the laws of the province, called the legislature; in short, he did everything that could be done for the good of the country."

It is difficult adequately to describe or to estimate the services of Rutledge to the American cause at this time. Never was that cause in such desperate straits. During the two years succeeding the fall of Charleston the Carolinas were the principal theatre of the war; for here was put to a thorough trial the chief and final scheme for subduing America, and for a long time it seemed about to succeed. From Charleston as a base of operations the British forces pressed steadily northward, while far and near, on either side, the swift and daring Tarleton spread terror and desolation. Nothing availed to check the tide. When General Gates was overwhelmed in the disaster of Camden, the reduction of the whole South appeared inevitable.

But there now arose elements of resistance upon which the English had not counted. They had not reckoned on the indomitable spirit and manifold resources of the patriot leaders. Sumter, Pickens, and Marion! What visions of valor and romance attend the mention of their names! With their little bands of fellow-fugitives and refugees, miserably clad and poorly equipped, yet resolute and devoted, they crept stealthily from their hiding-places in swamps and morasses, and surprised now a detached body of regulars, now a roving company of Tories. If repulsed, they disappeared as suddenly into their mysterious retreats, and eluded all pursuit; but if successful, they supplied themselves with the arms and clothing of the fallen enemy, and pushed on to new enterprises. They inflicted so much damage and inspired so great terror that the British army was obliged not only to check its northward course, but also to secure its line of retreat.

With these men Governor Rutledge was in constant communication and cooperation. As commander-in-chief of the South Carolina militia, he exercised a general direction over their movements, and gave them assistance, encouragement, and reward. He made Sumter brigadier-general of militia in recognition of gallant attacks on Rocky-Mount and Hanging-Rock; and later he promoted Marion and Pickens to the same rank for similar services. His aid was equally constant and efficient to General Greene, who, as the successor of General Gates in the command of the Southern department, completed the work the militia had so well begun, and drove the British back to Charleston.

In thus promoting active military operations, Governor Rutledge exercised his dictatorial power with promptness and discretion. For example, he suspended for a time the act of the legislature making the paper currency a legal tender, and he authorized the impressment of specie and horses in extreme cases. His scrupulous care embraced small matters as well as great. "It gives me pleasure," he declared, "to restore every encroachment on the liberties of the people." He was unwilling to retain his extraordinary power any longer than was absolutely necessary. Accordingly, so soon as the state of hostilities would permit, he issued writs for an election; and when a new legislature assembled in January, 1782, he was able at last to say that all of the State, save Charleston and its vicinity, was rid of the invaders, and "the legislative, ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ecutive, and judicial powers are in the free exercise of their respective authorities." For three weary years, the most calamitous and eventful in the history of South Carolina, he had borne almost alone the weight and responsibility of the military and civil authority; and now, his term having expired, he gave back, neither lessened nor misused, that authority with which he had been so generously clothed.

The legislature was not willing to dispense with his services. Almost at the same time that it tendered him its "most sincere and unfeigned thanks" for his "persevering, unabated, and successful exertions," it elected him a delegate from South Carolina to the Continental Congress; and to this body he now returned after the lapse of seven years, with a reputation greatly enhanced by the conspicuous part he had taken in the brilliant defense of the South. Few men had rendered such varied and important public services, and his views received corresponding consideration. As usual, they were outspoken and decided. For example, he urged, though in vain, that the American commissioners should be freed from the necessity of consulting the French regarding the terms of peace; and when they eventually did as he had desired, but contrary to instructions, he stoutly defended their conduct. Instructions should be disregarded, he declared, whenever the public good required it. In pressing the payment of the public debt occasioned by the war, the price of freedom, he was equally decided; and when the power to lay taxes required by Congress for this object was persistently and selfishly denied by the States, he recognized the essential weakness of the existing Confederation and the imperative necessity of a new political system.

In the framing of the Constitution of the United States John Rutledge took a memorable part. Influenced, doubtless, by his own experience as chief executive of South Carolina, he agreed with Wilson that the national executive should be a single person. But he could not sympathize nor coöperate with him in his persistent efforts to found the general government more directly upon the people. Rutledge preferred to keep it, as it was, based on the States. Hence he urged that the state legislatures should continue to choose the national legislature, and the latter in turn should appoint the national executive; and he especially denounced the proposition, advocated repeatedly, though in vain, by Madison, that the general government should have a negative on the legislative acts of the States. "Will any State ever agree," Rutledge asked, "to be bound hand and foot in this manner?" It is easy to infer that his views on government were cast in an aristocratic mould. He did not hesitate to approve the proposition of his fellow townsman and delegate, Charles Pinckney, that the possession of a fixed amount of property should be required of all candidates for the national executive, Supreme Court, and legislature.

With thorough consistency and frankness he was also the champion of slavery. When Luther Martin and George Mason eloquently pleaded that the Constitution should prohibit the slave trade, Rutledge replied: "Religion and humanity have nothing to do with the question. Interest alone is the governing principle with nations." "If the Convention thinks that North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia will ever agree to the plan, unless their right to import slaves be untouched, the expectation is vain." In this resolution he was inflexible. It was fortified by his training, his temperament, and his experience; and, what most influenced the Convention, it certainly was, as he said, the sentiment of the extreme South.

Yet Rutledge was not intentionally narrow or bigoted. Slavery and state supremacy aside, he had a firm grasp and a broad view of political questions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For example, foreseeing a wide extension of foreign commerce, he urged that the power given to Congress of regulating trade should be unrestricted, notwithstanding the suggestion that such power might be used to the relative disadvantage of the South. "As we are laying the foundation for a great empire, we ought," he declared, "to take a permanent view of the subject, and not look at the present moment only."

Though but little of the Constitution as it stands is traceable directly to Rutledge, nevertheless he greatly influenced its construction, and his work in the Convention materially increased his reputation. In the first election under the Constitution he was preferred to John Adams, in the choice of his native State, for the vice-presidency. He was the first of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States to be appointed by President Washington; but he soon resigned this position in order to accept that of chief justice of the court of common pleas and sessions in South Carolina; and he was not again drawn into national affairs till he was selected by President Washington, in 1795, to succeed John Jay as Chief Justice of the United States.

To have filled this position — in some respects the most eminent in public life — would fittingly have crowned his career; but such was not his destiny. The man that hitherto had uniformly been favored by fortune was now overtaken by misfortune and gloom; and the cause was partly in himself. About the time of his appointment by the President to the office of Chief Justice, the terms of the Jay treaty reached America. In Charleston they aroused great indignation and excitement; for they were thought to involve a surrender to England and an indignity to France. Jay and the treaty were burned in effigy, and the British flag was publicly insulted.

With the prevalent hatred of England and affection for France Rutledge deeply sympathized; and, notwithstanding his recent obligation to the federal administration, he allowed himself to be drawn into the popular demonstration against its obnoxious measure. At a public meeting in Charleston he gave full rein to his feelings, and denounced the treaty in severe terms. At once his speech was read throughout the country, and was hailed with delight by the party in opposition. Among the Federalists, on the contrary, it was received with surprise and indignation, and threats were openly made of preventing, in the Senate, the confirmation of Rutledge as Chief Justice.

But Providence now interposed, and turned all party passion into feelings of pity and regret. In the fall of 1795 Rutledge was suddenly attacked by a disease that affected his intellect and incapacitated him for the bench, and for this reason chiefly his nomination was rejected. "The Senate's refusal to confirm his appointment extinguished," it is said, "the last spark of sanity." After a lingering and pathetic illness, he died in July, 1800.

The conduct of Rutledge toward the Jay treaty illustrates his impetuous, impatient temperament. He was still bitter against England at the ravages of her arms in South Carolina, and it is not surprising. In the war he had lost his valuable library and a large part of his property, and his was a common misfortune. When, therefore, the Jay treaty, which he deemed to be infamous, recalled those outrages and calamities, he would not refrain from denunciation, even though he should sacrifice the honor of being Chief Justice of the United States.

Yet his impulses were generous, and his sense of justice was exact. On one occasion, when Charleston was anxiously awaiting an assault from General Prevost, Governor Rutledge observed that some militiamen were inattentive to duty. Impetuously riding up, he not only re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

primanded them severely, but actually struck one with his whip. On the following day he returned to the spot and gravely apologized for his act. Such qualities greatly endeared him to the people. Few public men in America have enjoyed in their day such unclouded, uninterrupted popularity. From the time when, a youth fresh from the inns of court, he began the practice of law at Charleston to the day when, at fifty-six years of age, selected for the highest judicial office in the United States, he became the victim of a melancholy disease, he was the favorite representative in intercolonial councils and the chief leader in local politics. For a considerable period he was the main, almost the only stay of public order and defense. He was repeatedly the dictator of South Carolina.

His power was not more ample than he desired, yet he uniformly exercised it with discretion and moderation; he often tempered it with clemency. It is difficult at the present time to realize the extent and bitterness of the fratricidal strife that divided and devastated the more southern colonies during the Revolution. American history at no other time affords any parallel, except in Indian warfare. Tories and Whigs assailed one another with almost savage ferocity, and the damage they mutually inflicted almost equaled what they received from invaders. The evil was so obstinate that it merited severe treatment, and such it did at times receive. But Rutledge was the rather inclined to conciliation. During intervals of repose he repeatedly offered pardon and protection to such Tories as should return to their homes and keep the peace. So far, indeed, did he carry his pacific policy that in several cases he was opposed by his friends.

Seldom, however, was his judgment or his conduct questioned, for he truly represented, while he ably directed, the ruling class of South Carolina. That class was high-spirited yet conservative, exacting of obedience but generous of favor, and such also was John Rutledge. At times, when he assumed his "gubernatorial air," he would brook no opposition nor denial. Had he not been clothed with dictatorial power, and was he not responsible for its exercise?

As in temperament, so in convictions, he was representative of the aristocracy of South Carolina. His political principles were drawn more from his own experience and environment than from either the observation of nations or the maxims and speculations of philosophers. Hence his limitations as compared with such men as Hamilton, Wilson, and Madison, who drew alike from all these sources. Within his range his knowledge was thorough and precise, for he excelled in acumen and force, if not in culture.

This fact was evident especially in his speech. As a writer he was neither fluent nor graceful, but as a speaker he possessed uncommon abilities. Terse, direct, and incisive, he delivered his thoughts with animation and skill. When his sympathies were evoked or his indignation aroused, he would win by his earnestness and sincerity, or he would overwhelm with his invective. In his manner at the bar he is said to have resembled Mr. Dunning, later Lord Ashburton, the most celebrated advocate of the time.

Perhaps the chief impression which he left upon the listener was that of earnestness, — an impression to which his personal appearance largely contributed. His form was tall, robust, and commanding, while his face wore an aspect of firmness and decision touched with severity. On the bench, his bearing shed dignity and exacted respect. His decisions evince a thorough and accurate knowledge of law, and also a tendency to control the absolute dictates of precedent by a liberal regard for justice. The fact most significant of his judicial

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capacity is his successive promotions on the bench of South Carolina, and his selection at last by Washington to preside in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Nevertheless, his services as a judge came late in life, and occupied but a small portion of his career. His chief claim to distinction is as an executive. Above all else, John Rutledge was a man of action, and as such he impressed himself deeply upon his time. In the early awakening and final revolt of the American colonies he played a part secondary in importance to few, if to any, of the patriots; for it was he more than any other who first brought the South promptly to unite with the North in the Stamp Act Congress, and afterwards held her in support of the successive measures adopted in Continental councils. When the war, which, in spite of his impetuous temperament, he had constantly endeavored to avert, was at last precipitated, no man of equal prominence at the time in civil affairs entered more deeply and more devotedly into the conflict, or displayed greater energy and persistence in the common defense. There is reason to doubt if, without his efforts, the South would have escaped conquest. Had the South been subjugated, could independence have been achieved?

Though he had been educated and accustomed to civil pursuits, the smell of powder did not lessen his ardor, nor did his contact with arms diminish his reputation. Indeed, from military men have come some of the warmest encomiums of his genius and his work. He is, said General Greene, "one of the first characters I ever met with;" while General Lee writes in his Memoirs, "An accomplished gentleman, a captivating orator, decisive in his measures, and inflexibly firm, he infused his own lofty spirit into the general mass."

Frank Gaylord Cook.

FELICIA.

XIV.

THE monotony of those November rains, dripping, dripping down the window, was broken at last, and one night the darkness was pervaded by indefinable murmurs, a vague sense of continuous movement, a soft, semi-metallic clicking as of crystal faintly responsive to crystal; and when morning broke, the ground was deeply covered with the first snow of the season.

Its advent was most welcome, to judge from the number of sleighs seen early on the streets. Toward noon these were even more frequent, and sleighing parties were rapidly organized, — on the principle, perhaps, of making hay while the sun shines. For so deep a "dry snow" was rare, and in this capricious climate the length of its continuance on the ground was a matter of the wildest conjecture.

On Kennett's return from rehearsal he brought suggestions of festivity. A certain Mr. Foxley, well known in social circles, ambitious to be considered particularly *au fait* in matters pertaining to music and the drama, and well up in worldly affairs in general, had invited the more notable members of the troupe to join him in a sleigh-ride and a subsequent refection, pledging himself to get them back to the theatre in time for the evening performance. Kennett had accepted the invitation, and hurried off before lunch.

Felicia consoled herself bitterly with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the reflection that a few lonely hours more or less were of little consequence, in a life made up of gradations of unhappiness.

After her solitary meal, as she stood at her window looking down at the street, she realized the tempting quality of the brilliant clear sunshine and the cheerful aspect of the thoroughfare. She glanced in indecision at the party-colored worsteds on the table, debating in her mind the value of fancy-work as a resource, this afternoon, in comparison with a stroll. Finally she put on her hat and wraps, and set out. Depressed as she was, the exhilaration of the air and the vivacity of the passing groups and vehicles had their tonic effect. Her mood lightened; she looked about with interest; she walked more briskly. The air was balmy, almost warm, although a thaw had not yet set in. The sky was intensely blue. Long shafts of yellow sunshine struck adown the street. The light clouds about the west were slowly growing crimson, and were flecked here and there with brilliant golden flakes. Much of this afternoon radiance, falling in a broad sheet upon the plate-glass windows, was reflected back in dazzling sheen; and as Felicia passed the establishment of a well-known dealer in pictures, she was only indefinitely conscious of something familiar in the look and attitude of a man who lounged against the nickel-plated railing and gazed at the engravings displayed within.

He turned suddenly, and as his eyes fell upon her he addressed her abruptly, making a somewhat negligent pretense of lifting his hat.

"You going to give me the cut, too?" he asked.

It was her natural kindly impulse to remove any discomfort he might experience because she had not recognized him. It was her grace of breeding that unluckily caused her apology to do this so efficiently and so cordially that Abbott, entirely placated, was moved to stroll along the sidewalk with her.

She found a certain bitterness in thus accepting his escort. She had always been fastidious as to her choice of associates. Under no circumstances would she have patiently endured his companionship, — to-day least of all; yet she was sensible of an excessive humiliation that she should experience so intense a panic lest her brother or his wife, or any of her few acquaintances in Chilounatti, should chance to meet her walking with her husband's most intimate friend. He was shabby, — shabbier than usual. His shoes were unblacked, his hat unbrushed. He had been drinking; his eyes were bloodshot. He was evidently in the state in which a man is both captious and plaintive.

"I 'll tell you what it is," he declared, thrusting his hands into his overcoat pockets, — "I 'll tell you what it is: if a man has got no money, he 'd better die. Prussic acid don't cost much, and the outlay for a coffin is a permanent investment. He don't have to be paying that every week, like the butcher's bill. There is no place in this world for a poor man. It 's a pretty big world, but there 's no room in it for the fellow with the empty purse. Look at that chap Foxley, for instance. What in the name of sense would he be without his money? And he knows it. He values himself for nothing but his money. He don't respect anything but money. What does he care for Kennett or Preston, do you suppose? But Preston is one by himself, and what he has he can afford to spend on himself, and wear good clothes, and cut a dash. And Kennett has married rich, and always looks about right. And Hallet is the manager, and makes money. That 's all Foxley cares for. He pretends to know something about music. He don't. He 's got no use for anything but money. And if a man 's got no money he may go hang, for all Mr. Henry Foxley cares."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Felicia understood his pitiful grievance. He had been neglected in the invitation to the afternoon festivity. It was hard for her to bear a part in a conversation like this. She attempted to evolve some commonplace to the effect that we have good authority for the belief that the love of money is the root of all evil. But he interrupted her, evidently valuing more the opportunity to air his woes than her consolation.

"I guess you don't know much about it," he said, sourly. "You 've had nothing but the soft side of life so far, — the roses, and the lilies, and all that sort of thing. It 's easy enough to be contented and smiling when you 've got everything heart can wish. But how do you suppose a man feels when he knows he 's looked down on and sat on by his inferiors? Oh, I tell you a man had better be dead than carry a flat pocket-book!"

He laughed, and scowled, and took out his purse, which was indeed rather flat, tossing it up and down and catching it with deftness as he walked.

"Bless you," he added, "sometimes I am actually minus a nickel for street-car fare."

She wondered if he were ever minus a nickel for a "schooner" of beer; she thought not, judging from the puffy appearance of his eyelids and cheeks, indicative of devotion to that sort of liquid consolation for the woes of life. She scorned herself that her heart should flutter as it did a moment later. She felt her breath come fast; her limbs trembled; her voice was unsteady.

"This is the library," she said, suddenly. "I am going in here." She turned sharply, and began to ascend the stairs. She had not intended to make a visit to the library an incident of the afternoon's excursion; but advancing toward her was one of the solid and stolid old gentlemen she had met at her brother's house. She felt almost sure that he would not remember her. She felt perfectly sure that she could not risk the possibility. To her chagrin, Abbott accompanied her into the building, and as they climbed the stairs together he remarked that he did n't know that strangers could go to this swell library. Apparently he considered the privilege very valuable, and seemed to felicitate himself on the accidental opportunity.

Felicia reflected in increased annoyance that it was more probable she would be recognized by the librarian or some of his assistants, as she had once been an *habitué* of the institution, than by the absent-minded old gentleman she had so anxiously avoided. Had it not come to a strange pass, she asked herself in extreme impatience, that she should skulk about; that she should seek to hide from the people she had once known, as if she had indeed something of which to be ashamed, — as if she merited the contempt that she feared?

She did not go into the reading-room, realizing that it would most likely be difficult to induce Abbott to comply with the regulations requiring silence. She threw herself into a seat in an alcove, and Abbott took the place beside her.

"Won't you catch cold here?" he asked. "Shall I close the window?"

The room had been overheated, and several of the windows had been put up, among them the one by which they sat. She replied that she preferred the air, reflecting that perhaps, on account of his voice, he would be alarmed by the possibility of taking cold himself, and leave her. He appeared, however, to have no such fear, as he lounged in his place and resumed his talk. It was much in the same vein as before, and she settled herself to endure it with what fortitude she might. Her absent eyes rested now on the silent, motionless figures, seen through the vistas of open doors, in the reading-room; now on the softly moving attendants coming and going; now on the pictures and groups of statuary near at hand; now on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wall of the building across the street. In this building there was a window on a level with the one by which she was sitting, and its sash also was thrown up. Felicia listened mechanically when a few keys were struck on a piano, very audible across the narrow street and through the open windows. There ensued some rapid and showy phrasing, a few resolving chords, the restful, determining effect of a tonic chord, and then a man's voice arose, — a rich, sonorous, impressive voice, under masterly control. In another moment a mezzo-soprano, which she also recognized, full, sweet, and brilliant, took up the complement of the melody, and a duet that was new to her pulsated on the air.

Abbott stopped abruptly in what he was saying, and looked at Felicia in surprise.

"How did Kennett happen to give up the sleigh-ride?" he asked.

In the sharp confusion which suddenly seized upon her she had but one distinct idea, — that she should preserve her self-command. She summoned all her faculties; she controlled her voice; she met his inquiring look with a casual, unflinching glance.

"He said something about going," she replied, "but I suppose he changed his mind. I haven't seen him since luncheon."

Abbott accepted the answer. She had played her part so well that he merely turned his eyes speculatively upon the window opposite, and remarked reflectively that he supposed old Verney — who was the musical director — had decided to substitute that duet, after all, and they had to go to work to get it up at the last minute.

"I suppose so," she said.

"Just like him," rejoined Abbott, sourly; "changing his mind, and making singers take the risk of a new number without a rehearsal with the orchestra."

In a certain way Felicia was scrupulous. Under ordinary circumstances she would have taken herself to task. She would have asked herself if she, who esteemed herself highly, had by implication told a falsehood to this man whom she esteemed so slightly. In her moral problems the difference in valuation would have been an element of consideration. Certainly she had created a false impression. Now she was only glad that the false impression was so complete.

It was well for her that Abbott, absorbed in his grievance, took no thought of her manner. He did not notice that she offered no observation, and responded rarely and at haphazard to his remarks. She rose to go presently, saying, with a shiver, that she was cold, after all, and that the open windows were making the room very chilly.

"Don't you want to get a book or something?" asked Abbott, in surprise.

No, she said; she did not care for anything to read. She only came up here sometimes to rest when she was out walking.

"Want to hear him practicing his pretty little songs with Mrs. Branner, hey?"

He broke into a disagreeable laugh, wrinkling the corners of his eyes satirically as he bent them upon her. Surely she was becoming well versed in the intricacies of a world of thought and feeling heretofore far enough from her ken. Once it would have seemed strange to contemplate the possibility of meeting and baffling such an adversary as this on his own ground.

"Mrs. Branner is very handsome," she said, easily. "Are those pleasant rooms she has? I have never been to see her here."

He had noticed at the time the cessation of her intimacy with Mrs. Branner, and had explained it to his own satisfaction by the theory that Kennett's wife was too "stuck up" to associate even with the "*bon ton*" of the troupe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Such as himself and his wife, he would say, with his bitter parade of humility, did n't expect any of her society, but Mrs. Branner ought to be "tony" enough for her. Men of his peculiar temperament, however, have no past and no future; his life had no perspectives, and the whole matter had slipped from his recollection along with many episodes, great and small. Thus it was that Felicia's management of a commonplace again effected the work of a prevarication. He only remembered that there had been an acquaintance, forgot that it had abruptly ceased, inferred that visits were often exchanged in other places besides "here," and relinquished as "no go" his vague idea of exciting a jealous distrust on Mrs. Branner's account.

"Well, moderately nice rooms," he said, diverted to another train of thought. "They would n't seem anything to you, you know, stopping at all the fine hotels and all that, as you do, but they are pretty well for Mrs. Branner; and, my Lord! they 'd be gorgeous to my wife and me."

In his curious aptness in being disagreeable, which almost amounted to a genius, was a certain capacity to make the possession of advantages and superior opportunities a lash for the lucky, — a sort of lash of two thongs; for he could lay on alternately his own deprivations and his friends' good fortune with such discrimination and acrimony that Kennett was often lost in doubt as to whether these friends would be more comfortable if less well off themselves, or if Abbott were more generously endowed with whatever he might esteem desirable.

He had drifted again into the wide current of worldly differences, — a felicitous subject enough, requiring little in the way of comment or reply. Thus Felicia was enabled to give her almost undivided mind to the consideration of the strange thing which had happened. In the very commencement of this episode of her life she had the strong support of a quality which, in her nature, took upon itself much of the high function of principle. To her intense pride of character she owed it that she was able to see and reason with a certain degree of fairness and composure. When she had collected her faculties sufficiently for consecutive thinking, she asked herself if it were possible that a man who possessed qualities which could secure and hold her heart was capable of trifling with her, deceiving her even in so slight a matter as this question of an afternoon engagement. Could *her* husband palm off an excuse upon her in order to conceal the fact that he desired to spend two or three leisure hours this afternoon in the society of another woman? Had she mistaken him like that? Did he care for her so little as that? She declared she owed it first to herself, then to him, to admit such a possibility only on the most irrefragable testimony; and the proof in this case was very flimsy. He had probably heard, after he left the hotel, that a new duet was to be substituted in the opera for a familiar one, or introduced, and felt compelled to relinquish the sleigh-ride in order to practice it. Nothing, she argued, could be more probable than this.

She had lost much, she said to herself, in worldly position, in opportunity, in peace of soul, but she was sure — and she dwelt on the stipulation with a sort of eager insistence — of her husband's good faith in every emergency, great and small; and she was sure of herself, — she could not harbor jealousy and suspicion on inadequate grounds. A moment later she was torn with humiliation, with unspeakable bitterness, that she should thus seek to reassure herself.

The attention she accorded Abbott became more and more perfunctory, but she could not get rid of him until she reached the ladies' entrance of the hotel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He seemed to wish to be asked in, and was disposed to linger at the door and make conversation about small matters. She found it necessary to infuse into her formal "Good-afternoon" something of the spirit of a dismissal, which he accepted rather sulkily, and with another negligent pretense of lifting his hat he slowly dawdled down the sidewalk.

She found her room suffused with the red glow of the sunset, and along the golden shaft which slanted through the half-open blind the yellow motes were drifting and dancing. The sound of a canary bird's shrilling in the next room rose and fell unintermittingly, and the jingle of sleigh-bells came up from the street. Still in her hat and wraps, she sank upon a chair, and attempted to quiet the tumult at her heart, — a tumult which was a question, a protest, and an intolerable pain. She could only go over the ground again by exactly the processes she had followed before. She could only say it was impossible that her husband could deceive her in any matter, great or small, and that no doubt he would of his own accord explain, when he should return, the circumstances that had caused the change in his plans.

He did nothing of the sort. The sunlight faded. Twilight came on, and filled the still room with vague violet shadows. Presently the electric light outside cast a lividly white similitude of the window on the dark wall. A star looked in.

Kennett came at last; not hurriedly, — he never hurried, — but absorbed and inclined to silence. And yet, more absorbed, more silent than usual? — she demanded of herself, holding desperately to the theory she deemed endurable, and resolved to make every phase of circumstance conform to it. He was naturally serious and composed of manner; of late his gravity had increased. As to his making no mention of his afternoon engagement, she reminded herself, fighting her growing dismay, that little was ever said nowadays touching his professional life, — as little as in the early time of their marriage, when she had persistently kept from herself all knowledge of its every detail. It was natural that he should not speak of the duet, of the sudden necessity to practice it, of the possibility of its pleasing at the evening performance (when had he spoken of duets, or rehearsals, or performances?); that he should talk instead, in their usual desultory dinner-time *tête-à-tête*, on any casual subject that might arise, — the great cattle convention, for instance, the value of some of the badges worn by the delegates, the large number of people coming in on every train, the gigantic growth of the cattle interest, the immense fortunes achieved if a man had luck and pluck. This subject exhausted, they drifted into a slight discussion of some changes that had been made in the lighting of the dining-room since they were here last, and compared the house with others at which they had sojourned. They even spoke of the weather, and he remarked that the thaw had not yet set in. Their talk was very languid, and was broken by long silences.

After their meal Kennett left her at the elevator, saying that he had more than usual on hand, and was pressed for time.

And so back into her own room, to review word by word all that had been said, to speculate on what had not been said and why he was silent, to reiterate her assurances, alternately to rebel and wince because she found those assurances of less and less avail, — thus she passed the next three hours. Sometimes she felt that it was an inexpressible cruelty that she could not have had speech with him, and saved herself this ordeal of pain; she might at least have asked him about the sleigh-ride, and have judged if he had intentionally misled her. Then she pulled herself up sharply. Ask her husband in effect if he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had told her a lie? Ah, life was hard at best, but what an intolerable burden it would be when *that* should become a possibility!

Again she strung her will to its utmost tension. She forced herself to believe that she was glad she had not mentioned the matter. She might have lost her self-control. She might have made a scene, with tears and reproaches, and have earned with her own self-contempt his bitter contempt, even his aversion. He would not be to blame for aversion in such case, she said. She could never forgive herself if she had asked him a question which would imply even to herself a moment's doubt of him.

Yet ten minutes after his return from the theatre she asked this question, — carefully, judicially, coolly. With a sort of impersonal amazement, she heard herself speak the words she had resolved not to speak. Her will seemed as totally out of her own control as if it appertained to another entity.

"You did n't tell me about the sleigh-ride, Hugh," she said.

"I did not go with them," he replied.

It seemed to her that he spoke simply, naturally, without hesitation or reserve. But — he could act. She knew how well he could act.

"Old Verney flew into a rage this morning," continued Kennett, "because the trio in the finale did not go to suit him, and declared he intended to substitute a duo by Neukomm; it is rather rare and new here. Nobody believed him, but just as I was about to start with Foxley's crowd a messenger came, on a dead run, with the score, and I had to go to Mrs. Branner and get it up."

How simple, how reasonable, how perfectly credible! Her heart was growing light again.

"Was n't it dangerous to attempt it without a rehearsal with the orchestra?" she asked.

"Well, yes, rather risky; it is a difficult, crabbed piece of instrumentation. The flutes came very near getting into the woods several times. The whole thing would have been a fiasco with any soprano I know except Mrs. Branner. She fairly controlled those fools in the orchestra with her eye and her voice. Old Verney himself was scared."

There was a pause. Kennett had risen, and was standing looking down into the fire. He had a sort of retrospective contemplation on his face.

"Intelligence is a wonderful force," he said suddenly, with something like enthusiasm, "and what a voice she has! A lovely voice, — a very rare voice."

He seldom criticised any of his associates; it was still more seldom, actuated perhaps by professional jealousy, perhaps by the high standard of excellence of the artist, that he accorded praise.

Felicia said nothing. As he glanced down at her, he was struck by something in her face. Not an expression so much as an absence of expression, — a certain blankness; from intense feeling, or lack of feeling? from repression, or emotion, or indifference, or objection? He did not interpret it.

"I beg pardon for talking shop," he said, in deference to its possible meaning. "I know you don't like shop."

What was this new torture which beset her, this piercing, sudden pang that had resolved itself into a heavy pain, and would not relax its hold?

It appeared to her now that her terror of this afternoon that he had willfully deceived her was a small grief in comparison with what she felt when she remembered how his face had lighted as he spoke of that woman and praised her intelligence and her voice.

This was jealousy. On its indefinite, malevolent power she had speculated vaguely and pitifully as on some far-away calamity, in the nature of things infinitely removed from her lot, — as a pestilence, a fatal tide-wave, an earth-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quake in a foreign land, wreaking woe. Vaguely and pitifully, but an infusion of contempt had been admixed in her contemplation of that convulsion of the human soul. And now it was upon her with its terrors, its sense of irremediability, of inevitability, its intolerable pain, its humiliation, its despair.

Being what she was, she could not offer herself explanations, reasons, questions, now. The fact, the one insuperable, undeniable fact, remained, how his face had lighted when he spoke of that woman and of her voice, — a fact seemingly vast enough, predominant enough, to fill a universe; to exclude all other thought, all other care, all other considerations. Yet, vast as it was, presently there came to be room enough in her consciousness, being what she was, for an added realization to slip in, — the realization that they were all three of the operatic world, a shabby world from the standpoint of her previous existence; excluded, set apart from ordinary rules and traditions. It was perhaps meet, she said bitterly to herself, that in this alien world his wife should see his face light up at the name of this woman, — of such a woman!

This was the position in which she was placed, — she who had once been Felicia Hamilton, a cherished daughter, a loved sister, an admired heiress; so fortunately endowed as to be out of the reach of detraction or envy, out of the possibility of slight or supersedure. This was what it had all come to, — this absurd calamity, this most contemptible tragedy.

In the anguish of her wounded love and her writhing pride, in this first bitter experience of the torture of jealousy, she could still see the matter in its social aspect.

XV.

In the distribution of complex and delicate forces which combine to make up an intellectual entity, are the functions of certain faculties capable of only a fixed amount of work, or perhaps of work only in certain directions, precluding activity in other than accustomed channels? For instance, when an appeal was made to Kennett's carefully cultivated artistic sensibilities, they responded readily enough. Given a dramatic situation, elements of rage, despair, love, revenge, remorse, his consciousness was instantly imbued with an adequate realization of those emotions; alert to assume them as a habit; adroit to fix upon them the medium of word, look, and action appropriate for vivid portrayal. In this sense of a keen artistic susceptibility he did not lack imagination. From another point of view he did. In the simple and prosaic machinery of his life off the stage he was not quick to interpret complications of feeling; he was clumsy in the analysis of shades of manner. His experience had been of simple natures, — of soul developments that lay close to the surface, easily accessible.

In these days he misinterpreted Felicia in contradictory ways: sometimes he thought her cold; sometimes he thought her sullen; sometimes he was vaguely impressed with the idea that she was deeply and secretly unhappy, — a theory he rejected when her composed eyes met his, and her mechanically cheerful voice fell on the air. If it had been on the stage, he might have recognized it as bad acting; as it was, he did not recognize it as feigning at all.

Thus it was that the next morning, as he was about to start for rehearsal, he hesitated at the door, and turned back into the room in uncertainty.

"You don't have fresh air enough, Felicia," he said, abruptly. "I know you dislike dictation, but I think I ought to insist that you should be more in the open air. Keeping so closely in these hot rooms is enough to kill you. You look anything but well to-day."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I have a headache," she said.

Her heart was thumping heavily; she was fighting with the emotion that strove to express itself in her voice, and so that voice seemed measured and cold.

"You would n't like to walk with me around to the theatre?" he asked, doubtfully, repulsed by her tone. "You need n't go in, you know, unless you choose."

"If you can wait a few moments," she replied, unexpectedly.

He came back into the room, threw himself into an armchair, still wearing his hat and overcoat, and resumed the morning paper.

She said to herself in scorn that it had come to a strange pass that a wife should be shaken, affected, agitated almost beyond control, if her husband condescended to notice that she was pale and asked her to walk with him; for as she adjusted her wraps her fingers were trembling with haste and eagerness.

An almost perfect physical organization, with its strong and subtle elasticity, its alert susceptibility to external conditions, has also intense endowments of hope and courage. It was strange to her that, under the influence of the sunshine, the air, and the motion, her heavy heart should grow lighter. She felt a sense of reassurance in the few words Kennett spoke; his very silence was all at once restful, so unstudied and natural did it seem. Her thoughts were slipping the leash of the subject which held them in thrall. She was half unconsciously noticing the circumstances about her, — the passing people, the vociferous English sparrows, the crisp sound of the crunching snow under their feet, the filmy lines of cirrus clouds drawing an almost imperceptible veil over the sky.

After she was seated in the semi-obscurity of the proscenium box, her thoughts went back to the efforts she had made six months before to share her husband's professional life. How hard she had tried! How completely she had failed! Was it her fault? In this unexpected lightening of her mood, she could review the stretch of time since she first sat looking on at a rehearsal with the determination to endure, to withstand, to concede. Was she right then? Was it a mistake to give up that resolve through fear of some ill to her precious ideals? Was not her happiness — and his — of more value than her standards? And if she could have done this, life would have been, perhaps, an easier thing; she would have been a happier woman. She could have taken her environment less tragically. She would have kept her hope, her spirit, her influence. In that case she might have met whatever charm was arrayed against her with conscious effort; with an intention to regain, to retain; with the potent countercharm of her own undismayed individuality. She looked across the stage at Mrs. Branner. She asked herself, Was a wife proposing the possible feasibility of entering the lists against another woman for the prize of her husband's heart, — of summoning the fascination of the coquette against another coquette? Under any circumstances, could she have so developed that that would be possible? Would it be well for her if she could? She said to herself, No. Love is a blessing or a curse, as fate wills; not a bauble to be auctioned off to the highest bidder. Never could she have come to such a pass as to truckle, to scheme, to bribe, to cajole.

Those members of the troupe whom she knew best came into the box, in the course of the rehearsal. Felicia noticed a certain change in their manner since the early days of her marriage, when she first visited the theatre. Then there had been a marked deference, even an evident awe, too sincere to be concealed. But she had become a familiar presence, and then had withdrawn herself. Perhaps something of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resentment was expressed in the sort of cavalier assertion she detected in them. Perhaps in her earlier acquaintance she had been too gentle, too conciliatory. She knew much of human nature through intuition, but she had not yet learned that the grace of concession is subject to misinterpretation. She had felt that she condescended in meeting them as on equal ground; they may have received her complaisance as admission of equality. Possibly it elicited in them, not appreciation, but self-aggrandizement; perhaps it had not lifted them, but had placed her on a lower plane in their estimation. *Après vous* is endurable only among social equals.

It may have been this feeling of resentment that influenced Mrs. Branner's manner when she too entered the box, with greetings and welcome. She in especial had been taken up on trial, as it were, in an effort to find her endurable, and dropped, — not an experience to be received patiently by a woman of pronounced vanity. The spark in her eyes, the ring in her voice, were not, however, so definite as to be distinctly discernible to normal sensibilities, but the delicate antennæ of Felicia's instincts, intensely on the alert, apprehended an antagonistic sentiment.

More vivacious than usual was Mrs. Branner; she had a fine color, and after the first few sentences of salutation she talked with fluency and eagerness, with lifting of her eyebrows and gestures of her ungloved hands, — large, soft, white, well-shaped, and delicately tended hands, that expressed some sort of supremacy and strength in their possessor, making merely pretty hands seem weak and ineffective.

A few moments after her entrance the conversation drifted from Felicia, and she found herself excluded, as she had no knowledge of the circumstances of which they spoke. She gathered that Mrs. Branner, having some time before received a small legacy, had invested it injudiciously, and was now disposed to sell out precipitately at a considerable loss. The others expostulated with varying degrees of earnestness. Once Felicia heard her husband quoted in Mrs. Branner's replies. She looked up quickly. Their eyes met. In that moment, replete with meaning, with the subtle forces of recognized and half-recognized emotions and antagonisms, whatever was the unexpressed thought that flashed from one to the other, it induced a sudden silence. The singer hesitated. Then, with a heightened flush and a quick change of expression, — a sort of indefinite lightening of look, — she went on: "Mr. Kennett says," and once, "Hugh thinks I had better take what I can get when I can get it."

Her lips were smiling, but there was a taunt in her eyes. The wife felt herself growing white; her eyes burned as they met that mocking glance. She rose slowly, saying nothing. To control her face; to make no sign which Abbott and Preston and Whitmore — all keen men, and alert by training to interpret minutiæ of manner as expressive of feeling — might detect; to remove herself from this plausible, mocking creature, with the smile upon her lips and cruelty in her eyes, — this was her one thought.

Rehearsal was over. The singers on the stage, invested with wraps and hats, lingered in groups, chatting or discussing the morning's work. The members of the orchestra were dispersing. Kennett was entering the box.

"You are ready to go?" he said to Felicia.

"Oh, Mr. Kennett, by the way!" cried Mrs. Branner, suddenly. "*Did* you stop at Cranlett's yesterday afternoon and get my photographs, as you promised? Of *course* you forgot. I *am* so sorry."

He thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat as if in sudden recollection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Of course I did not forget," he said. "Here they are."

He handed her the package, with a smile and a bow of exaggerated ceremoniousness. In the pleasantry was suggested much of the ease which characterizes two widely different states of feeling, — the superficial friendliness induced by a habit of constant and not disagreeable association, as well as the cordiality resulting from the more serious elements of congeniality.

Mrs. Branner was tall; her eyes were on a level with his. She looked straight at him with her own artless, dulcet smile.

"Oh, you dear boy!" she cried, vivaciously. "You never forget anything that *I* ask you."

He looked surprised. He moved away; he laughed constrainedly. As Mrs. Branner opened the package of photographs, he said again to Felicia, "You are ready to go? I am at your command."

"Wait one moment, only one moment," begged Mrs. Branner, "and see my pictures. Oh, how hideous!"

She distributed a number of cabinet photographs among the group, remarking that it was a shame to be so caricatured.

"What are you giving us?" said Abbott, scanning one of them. "It's perfectly dandy. You know you don't think they are hideous. You think they are particularly swell."

"Why didn't you get yourself taken in costume?" objected Preston. "You look like any other blonde woman in a black lace dress."

Felicia made no comment. Kennett observed that the likeness was good.

"I'll forgive you, Mr. Kennett," cried Mrs. Branner, coquettishly, as he was leaving the box, "if you have kept one of them! I don't intend to count them."

She tossed them gayly from one hand to the other.

"That's very good of you," declared Kennett, lightly.

Felicia looked over her shoulder as she went out. She it was who stealthily attempted to count them as they were shuffled by those smooth, shapely hands of Mrs. Branner's. How many did she hold? Preston had one; Whitmore held two, which he was comparing; Abbott had one; and had a dozen been taken, or half a dozen? Had Kennett one in his pocket? And the wife had caught herself trying to count them that she might know! The humiliation of it!

Added to those elements which had made her torture last night there had come to her now an ecstasy of anger that held her dumb. She might not speak lest she break all bounds of self-control.

As she and her husband retraced the way traversed only two hours ago with such different feelings, — with the dawning of hope, the possibility of courage, of endurance, of dispassionate reflection, — Felicia was perceiving vaguely that the most terrible phase of the passion which possessed her was its sharp alternations.

Kennett broke the silence as they neared the hotel.

"Did you notice," he said, with a reminiscent laugh, "how kittenish Mrs. Branner is to-day? Quite flirtatious."

He looked at her with smiling eyes, and she looked at him. Even her lips were white.

"I do not choose to talk about that woman," she said, icily.

He seemed at a loss. His smile faded, and his face wore an expression of surprise.

"Ah, well," he said, with a sudden depression of manner, "if you don't want to talk of her, I am sorry I mentioned her."

It was now Felicia's chief care to preserve her self-command. She looked forward with dread to the afternoon alone with Kennett. With her inflexi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ble sense of what she deemed due to herself, what she felt life and others owed her, she shrank with inexpressible repugnance from the thought that she might lose her hold upon herself and betray the torment of jealousy that she was enduring. Justifiable or unjustifiable, she felt that nothing could lighten the degradation that she should go through such an experience, and that he should know it.

Chance intervened to spare her the ordeal of an afternoon's tête-à-tête. Kennett asked, just after luncheon, if she would not make a call on Abbott's wife, who was ill and "blue."

"He told me he wished you would come. His family live here, you know. You won't mind it if it is a little distasteful to you? They live rather shabbily, I believe. Their expenses are pretty heavy. He says they are as poor as Job's turkey this year."

His tone was apologetic and a trifle anxious. He looked at her in uncertainty.

"It will give me pleasure to go," she replied, gravely. "He did not mention it to me, either to-day or yesterday afternoon. I had a long talk with him yesterday. I am sorry I did not know before that his wife is ill."

Then she said to herself in much bitterness of spirit: "Hugh thinks I am a most consummate snob, and perhaps I am; but it seems to me that I don't object to Mr. Abbott's poverty as to pocket, but as to soul."

She rose, and took from the wardrobe her cloak and bonnet.

"If you will order a carriage," she said, "I will go at once."

He looked at her, with strong impatience in his face. He spoke sharply. He so seldom let go his self-control that that which in another man might have seemed only irritability seemed in him extreme anger.

"Felicia, do you *desire* to be so extravagant?" he asked. "Is it through perversity that you spend money so foolishly? I have remonstrated again and again. You know how I am situated. We can't afford carriages for casual afternoon outings and shopping. The livery bill is already unreasonably high. Why not go in the horse cars, like other people?"

She returned his look fixedly. There was something in her face, difficult of interpretation, which made him sorry he had spoken so abruptly. Yet she did not appear hurt, and in her expression came a sort of indulgence; a dawning softness contended with the underlying pain.

"I will go in the horse cars," she replied, quietly. "I didn't remember the expense of a carriage."

He walked about the room in perturbation. Apologies did not come very easily to him. He was used to being in the right. Still he made an effort.

"I don't intend to be cross," he said, penitently, "but you seem very thoughtless, and I am worried to death about money."

She made no reply for a moment; then, as she tied her bonnet-strings under her chin, she gave a bitter little laugh.

"How happy a human being must be," she said, "to have for a *bête noire* only — money!"

He accompanied her downstairs, hailed a car, assisted her into it, and gave the conductor directions where she was to stop and change cars. The vehicle trundled on drearily through the murky streets; for the clouded and dense air, permeated with the thick smoke from the bituminous coal of many factories, was almost a tangible medium; though still early in the afternoon, twilight seemed already close at hand.

A sort of lethargy had succeeded the vividness of Felicia's emotions; her thoughts dwelt with the heaviness and inelasticity of a fatigued mind on the subject which absorbed her. She was only indefinitely conscious that her feet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were cold; that she shivered in the biting draught, as the door was opened for the admission or exit of passengers; that the straw in the bottom of the dingy car was spotted with tobacco juice; that her companions were for the most part old women with market baskets, and middle-aged men who diffused the odor of garlic as they animatedly conversed in guttural tones, with many an "ach" and "Gott," and the wild gesticulation of unbridled argument.

When the car stopped, and the conductor opened the door and signified that she had reached her destination, she descended into a region unfamiliar to her.

"Your car 'll be along torec'ly, lady," he said, as he gave the driver the signal to proceed. When he reached the next corner, he suddenly thumped the rail of the platform with his big glove in recollection. "Bless the Lord, if I did n't put her out on the wrong street!" he exclaimed. "The cars go *down* that street and *up* the next."

He laughed a little at the thought of her discomfiture, and stopped the car for a fat Irishwoman with a basket, — clothes, this time.

Felicia stood for some minutes on the corner, waiting for a car. Several passed going down, none going up. So little were sundry practical phases of life familiar to her that she did not notice that the track was a single one, and that no car could of necessity go in the direction she wished to take. The wind whistled around the corner on which she stood. She shivered as it struck her, and finally began to walk up the street; pausing now and then, and looking over her shoulder, in the hope of being overtaken by the big, lumbering vehicle. Her thoughts had been diverted into a new channel, and she became, as she walked, more and more alertly conscious of the unaccustomed phases of life suddenly presented to her view.

It was no doubt a serious misfortune to Felicia that whatever she deeemd objectionable angered as well as repelled her. She could not endure with indifference that people should be stupid or ill-natured, boorish, foolish, overdressed or inappropriately dressed; that they should not know what to say, and when and how to say it; that they should not move with ease and have good manners. Her respect for the proprieties, the decorous and seemly in life, had been cultivated until it was almost a religion. With all her mental scope and avidity of imagination, she had not enough of the poetic gift to see anything picturesque in poverty through its repulsiveness. She had known so little of lowly lives and their surroundings that she had slight sympathetic insight or appreciation of the woes, the heroism, the struggles; she saw only the grotesque exterior. To-day she was brought into closer contact with those sorry conditions than ever she had been before. Her own deep absorptions gave way to the contemplation of this unlovely status. Her way took her through one of the humbler retail arteries of the city, which, while respectable, were in their shabbiness far removed from the well-to-do, fashionable pathways. She saw frowzy, anxious, peevish women; noisy, neglected children; whistling, quarreling boys; coarse-faced men; shabby tenement houses, — all repeated *ad infinitum* along the vistas of the side streets. It was a positive offense to her that the shop windows should be filled with tawdry finery, — absurdly imitating the fashions, — placarded with figures far beyond their value, but indicative of marvelous cheapness; that forlorn feminine gulls should chaffer over the counters attaining these, or covetously gaze at them from without; that in front of the huckster shops crates of vegetables and coops containing restless live chickens and ducks should impede her way; that she should pass saloons with rough men

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lounging about. The din was deafening; great wagons laden with iron bars clanged by in continuous succession; the air was now and again pierced with the shrill tones of fruit-venders, the still more dissonant notes of the knife-grinder's bell, and the doleful cry of "Rags! rags! rags!"

By degrees she entered a quieter region. The shops were fewer and dwellings were more numerous. A series of vacant lots, with piles of ashes and tin cans, gave nevertheless a welcome sense of space and air, and in this vicinity she found the address that had been furnished her. It was a small brick dwelling, placed considerably back from the street, in a ragged front yard. The bell wire was broken, and it was only after a persistent knocking, which left her knuckles sore, that Felicia heard first a shrill voice calling peremptorily, then the sound of steps. They were strange, rattling, thumping, irregular steps, rising above a mingled chorus of loud exclamations, as of fright or anger, and convulsive laughter. After a few moments of fumbling at the bolt the door suddenly flew open, and revealed a tall, slim girl of twelve, wearing a dark calico dress and a white apron; she had a shock of curly brown hair, and was uncertainly balanced on a pair of roller skates. Two or three younger children, following her, had apparently impeded her progress. All were panting and flushed as if from a recent struggle.

"Mrs. Abbott?" she repeated, in answer to Felicia's inquiry, looking at her with a hard stare, at once curious and indifferent, from under her tousled bangs, and vigorously working her jaws upon an exceedingly obdurate piece of chewing-gum. "Come in," she added, shortly. Then she thrust her head into a door close at hand, and calling out, "Sister Jenny — lady wants to see you!" skated off; eluding the suddenly outstretched hands of her companions, balancing herself with her swaying arms, — she was evidently a novice, — and laughing wildly.

The sordidness, the shabby disarray, deepened Felicia's intense depression, as she stood hesitating in the dusty, unkempt hall, and she was not reassured when Mr. Abbott appeared at the open door. He was in his shirt sleeves; his waistcoat and trowsers were profusely and freshly wrinkled; his hair was tumbled, and his eyes were bloodshot and swollen. He was plainly just awake, and when, still somewhat dazed, he invited her in, she was sorry she had come. There was so evidently no preparation for the reception of visitors that, as she took the offered chair near the fire, she felt painfully that her call was an intrusion.

The woman in a faded calico wrapper, sitting in an easy-chair, supported by pillows and half enveloped in a blanket, wore on her sharp, thin features so many expressions that it was hard to say which predominated, — melancholy, physical suffering, discontent. The room was sparsely furnished, but in great disorder; the scattered articles giving it an overcrowded appearance.

Mr. Abbott did not have to be awake long to achieve his unreasoning perversity. With that sharp insight of hers, Felicia divined that he was pleased because she had come, and that, contradictory as usual, he resented it as patronage.

"You must take us as you find us," he said. "It 's not a very elegant way to live; but every man can't put up at the swell hotels, like Kennett. All of us were not so lucky as to marry heiresses."

He smiled with an air of amiable inadvertence, and reflected that this stroke would cut both Felicia and his wife, who was gazing at the visitor with a face of blank amaze.

Felicia realized that he had spoken to Kennett of the illness in his family in such a way as to make her husband feel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that she had been remiss in not coming before, but without the slightest desire that she should come at all. She usually had herself under good control, but now she was cruelly embarrassed. She had colored deeply; her voice faltered as she spoke to the wife. "I am sorry you are ill," she said.

"I never am well," returned Mrs. Abbott. "This is the meanest climate in the world."

She had a certain peculiar twang, caused apparently, to some extent, by pronouncing the letter *r* with a singular twist of intonation and in the roof of the mouth.

"The climate is very changeable," said Felicia, sympathetically.

"Say! you 're always putting it on something!" exclaimed Abbott to his wife, with sour jocoseness. "Yesterday 't was because the kids worried your life out."

"Well, they *are* a bother," retorted Mrs. Abbott.

"And none of them are worth the powder and lead 't would take to kill them, are you, Tom?" added Abbott, addressing a stout youngster of three years, who had come in from the back room and planted himself before Felicia, at whom he was gazing with sharp gray eyes. As his father spoke, he turned upon him for a moment his irregular, preternaturally intelligent features; then shaking off the half-caressing, half-teasing paternal hand from his head, which he had crowned with the remnants of an old blonde wig, that gave him an inexpressibly elfish and comical appearance, he again gravely addressed himself to staring at the visitor.

Felicia took the little boy's pudgy hand in hers and asked him his name, to which he vouchsafed no reply; then, as his attention was attracted to her muff, he passed his other hand along the fur, and looked up at her with a dawning smile.

"Are you going to take the rôle of Ludovic," said Felicia, "with your long lovelocks, like your papa?"

"No," said the child, promptly, "he sings ugly; he 's mean; I hate him."

Abbott burst out laughing. "That plucky little rascal ain't afraid of man or beast," he declared, pridefully. "Sometimes he is great friends with me. I don't know what ails him to-day."

He rose and went into the other room. "He 's got to have his snack," said his wife; "he always eats something when he wakes up. Nelly fixes it for him since I 've been sick so much."

Through the open door Felicia could see a young woman moving about; there was something vaguely familiar in her appearance, which presently was recognizable as the recollection of the chorus singer whom the manager had mimicked, on the occasion of that first attendance at rehearsal.

"Nelly 's my sister," said Mrs. Abbott, who seemed pleased with a new acquaintance, and glad of an opportunity to talk. "She stays with me when the troupe is here, and helps me a deal about my young ones. She 's in the chorus now, but she 'll get her chance some day. She 's quick an' smart, an' she 's understudied ever so many parts. I tell her to keep clear of marryin', if she knows what 's good for her."

The subdued roar of a gasoline stove was on the air, and presently the aroma of coffee arose, mingled with the odor of the burning gasoline and of broiling meat. The mantelpiece in the adjoining room, seen through the open door, was ornamented with a large assortment of tin tomato and fruit cans and some wooden butter-boats; a section of a table covered with a red lunch-cloth, and holding several plates, cups, and saucers, was also in full view. Soon there was heard the clatter of a knife and fork, above which was the sound of voices in subdued altercation. Suddenly, Abbott, tilted back in his chair, became visible in the doorway.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Nelly wants me to ask you to have something. Come in, if you think you can stand such snide cooking as hers," he said with a grin, "but I don't promise you much."

Nelly also appeared in the doorway, all trace of her pertness gone, flushed and confused.

"I can bring you something, — you need n't move," she said, diffidently.

There is some merit in Madame Sevier's system, after all, — or perhaps it was only inborn instinct that prompted Felicia. "I have just had dinner," she said, — she realized that Abbott would consider it "frills" if she called the meal luncheon, — "but I should be glad of a cup of coffee."

They were all pleased that she should take it, and Mrs. Abbott was perhaps pleased as well that it should be taken here, and that the dishevelment of the other room was not also fully on exhibition. The coffee was very bad and very badly made, but Felicia drank it heroically; and it is possible that her assertion that she enjoyed it will, on the day of final reckoning, meet with leniency, in view of extenuating circumstances.

Nelly had placed a plate on the floor beside two little girls, who addressed to her not one word, but mechanically and absently devoured their meal, while they did not cease to carry their respective dolls through the various episodes that presented themselves to apparently redundant imaginations. The half-grown sister, still on skates, walked noisily through the room, and seated herself at the table in the inner apartment. The boy climbed up to his chair beside her, and calmly disposed of whatever pleased him, feeding himself unceremoniously with his chubby fingers.

It was evident that this was the usual family life in the queer home. Was it necessarily, she wondered, so forlorn a home? Did it require all their time, and thought, and effort merely to live, to the exclusion of neatness, of beauty, of comfort, of the becoming and appropriate? At any rate, a little gentleness and tender consideration might inhabit it with them, instead of the husband's jeering pleasantries, and the wife's weak complainings, and Nelly's pettish temper, aroused more than once by Abbott's mocking sallies.

Felicia brought the visit to a close as soon as possible, without making merely a duty call. This was, however, the way Abbott chose to regard the incident.

"I 'm glad Kennett sent you," he said, as he accompanied her to the front door. "Jenny don't have many pleasures. Why," he broke off, in simulated surprise, looking down the street, "where 's your carriage? You came in the street cars? I should n't suppose you 'd condescend to ride in them, like any ordinary person. Is Kennett gettin' stingy to you? Ah, well, love's young dream is not what it 's cracked up to be, is it?" His face was deeply wrinkled with his mocking smile, particularly intense at this moment.

Bearing away this last sarcasm as a sort of flavor, giving a biting character to her other troublous emotions, Felicia left the house and walked up the street. What mistaken impulse controlled her that, in this mood, she should, instead of signaling the car going down town, turn her face in the direction of her brother's house!

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN OBJECT LESSON IN CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

DURING the last year the National Civil Service Commission has been able to do a piece of work which seems to me to deserve particular attention as an object lesson in practical civil service reform. For the first time since the Commission fairly began operations in 1883, we have succeeded in getting such a number of applicants from the Southern States to enter our examinations that these States have now received their full share of appointments in the departmental service at Washington; and the most gratifying feature about this is that the great bulk of the men and women thus appointed to positions in the government service from these States are politically opposed to the party in power.

The purpose of the Civil Service Commission is to secure an absolutely non-partisan public service; to have men appointed to and retained in office wholly without reference to their politics. In other words, we desire to make a man's honesty and capacity to do the work to which he is assigned the sole tests of his appointment and retention. In the departmental service at Washington we have succeeded in putting a nearly complete stop to removals for political purposes. Men are retained in the departments almost wholly without regard to politics. But it has been a matter of more difficulty to get them to come forward and enter the examinations without regard to politics.

The task set us is very difficult. We have to face the intense and interested hostility of the great mass of self-seeking politicians, and of the much larger mass of office-seekers, whose only hope of acquiring office rests in political influence, and is immediately cut off by the application of any, even the most modest, merit test. We have to overcome popular indifference or ignorance, and we have to do constant battle with that spirit of mean and vicious cynicism which so many men, respectable enough in their private life, assume as their attitude in public affairs.

Our chief difficulty, however, arises from the slowness with which the popular mind takes to any new theory, and from its inability, by no means wholly unnatural, to discriminate between the branches of the service where the law does apply and those where it does not. For over sixty years American citizens have grown accustomed to seeing the public service treated as so much plunder, to be parceled out among the adherents of the victorious party for the time being. No other cause during these sixty years has been so potent in effecting the degradation of public life and in working a real and serious harm to the national character. In the course of the last few years a portion of the public service, that known as the classified service, with which alone the Commission has to do, has been withdrawn from the degrading and demoralizing effects of this patronage system; but the greater portion still remains outside the classified service, and therefore in the hands of the spoilsmongers. There are about thirty thousand places in the classified service, and in the neighborhood of four times that number outside of it. Now, the average citizen does not draw any fine distinctions between classified and unclassified places, and can with difficulty be made to appreciate that the systems of entrance into and retention in the two branches of the service have absolutely nothing in common. When he sees a fourth-class postmaster turned out for purely political reasons, and an employee of the Census Bureau appointed only because he has influential political friends,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is hard for him to understand that politics has absolutely nothing to do with the appointment or retention of a government clerk in Washington or of a letter-carrier in one of the larger post offices. If political considerations enter into the one case, he cannot understand why they should not enter into the other. Of course there is a certain justification for this attitude. There can be no earthly reason for retaining the bulk of the civil service of the country under the old patronage system when the merit system has been applied to the remainder, including by far the most important places, and has been found to work admirably. There should be no more politics in the appointment of a fourth-class postmaster than in the appointment of a letter-carrier in a large city; and indeed I may go further, and say that there should be no politics in the appointment of any postmaster anywhere, or of any other governmental employee, save where his position is really political. However, at present we are confronted with a public service part of which is managed chiefly with regard to political considerations, and part of which is not, and the average outsider is inevitably somewhat confused by the contrast.

Again, the utter recklessness of the ordinary party newspaper and party orator, whether Republican, Democratic, or Independent, is a very serious drawback to creating a public belief in the honesty of the reform system. Each newspaper wishes to make a point against its foes, and so is loath to give the party to which it is opposed credit for honesty in anything. No matter what administration is in power, most of the newspapers politically opposed to it loudly proclaim that the civil service law is not faithfully observed; and they are always able to point to innumerable and flagrant instances where, outside the law, wholesale removals are being made for purely political reasons. Thus they create in the minds of the adherents of the party to which they belong a genuine disbelief in the honesty of the system, and a reluctance to come forward and take the examinations. When a man is told authoritatively by people of his own party that he will not have a fair show even if he does go into the examinations, he often believes the statement, and does not take the trouble to test it personally. To this cause more than to any other is attributable the difficulty of getting men who belong to the party out of power to come into the examinations.

All these and some other causes have been particularly active in the Southern States. Until very recently, the people in these States, as a whole, knew comparatively little about the workings of the law in Washington, while they have seen their local offices administered by every national administration purely on the patronage system. Moreover, the large majority of the men whose education and qualifications fit them for clerical positions at Washington belong to the party opposed to the present administration; and until a few months ago these men took it for granted that their political affiliations forbade them to hope for any appointment. Finally, there has been much less tendency among the Southerners than among the Northerners to try to enter the public service at Washington on any terms. Even during Mr. Cleveland's administration, when the Democratic party was in power, the Southern States fell steadily behind in their quotas.

When the present Commission took office, in May, 1889, it found that the Southern States stood at the foot of the list as regards the number of appointments they had received, the Gulf States in particular being very far behind. For over a year we worked in vain to remedy this inequality. We would hold examinations in the North for many hundreds of applicants, whereas in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

South it would be with the utmost difficulty we could gather a scant half dozen. At last a chance was given us which we seized eagerly. Congress passed a law authorizing the appointment of some six hundred additional clerks in the departments at Washington; and we took advantage promptly of this circumstance to get the Southern quotas level with the rest. Had we relied purely on the regular examinations advertised in the regular way, the North would have received an utterly disproportionate share of these six hundred appointments, and the South would have been left so far behind in the apportionment that it would have been practically impossible ever to get it up again. But as soon as the law was passed we arranged for two special series of examinations to be held in all the Southern States, notably the Gulf States. At the same time we advertised these examinations and the reasons for holding them in all the Southern papers; and, to call public attention to the subject, I held, at the office of the Commission, a meeting, at which a large number of the Congressmen from the different Southern States, together with many of the reporters of the various Southern papers, were present. To these Southern Congressmen and reporters I set forth the situation, laying especial stress upon the fact that a man's politics or creed had nothing to do with his entering the classified service, and adding that no "influence" of any kind would help an applicant, as I had requested the Congressmen to be present merely in order that they might advertise the facts in their several districts. I explained carefully that we could guarantee absolute impartiality as regards examining, marking, and certifying the candidates. I further explained that, under the law, the appointing officer had a certain liberty of rejection among the applicants certified which amounted to allowing him to reject two out of five, but that we were determined to get up the quotas of the Southern States to their proper level, and would certify these States first, and that I could therefore guarantee that of those standing highest on our lists from the Southern States sixty per cent. would be appointed. I added my firm belief that more than this number would be appointed, as my experience for a year and a half in the departments has convinced me that, in the great bulk of cases, the appointing officer knows nothing whatever of the politics of the men appointed from our lists, and even when he does know usually pays little heed to this consideration. He wishes a good clerk who will reflect credit on his office, and in most cases he is heartily glad to get rid of all political pressure in the matter.

Events made my guarantee more than good. The law was passed about midsummer, 1890. We began our examinations at the end of July, continuing them until the beginning of October. More men came into them from the Southern States than had come into the Civil Service Commission's examinations during any three years of its previous history. In July Louisiana was the farthest behind in its apportionment of all the States of the Union, having had only about half of the appointments she was entitled to. In November she stood among those States at the head of the list, having had two more than she was entitled to. In all, the South obtained nearly three hundred of the six hundred appointments, and the Southern States now stand almost exactly level with the Northern as regards their quotas. Every one was examined, marked, and certified without the least reference to anything but the record he himself made in the examination, and in nine cases out of ten the appointing officers chose the men in the order of their standing. Thus, among those entering the July, August, September, and early October examinations in the Southern States, of the two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hundred and sixty standing highest on the lists two hundred and thirty-one, or about eighty-nine per cent., were appointed, instead of the sixty per cent. which I had guaranteed. The men who were passed by were usually men standing practically on a level with the lowest of those who were appointed, the choice being evidently made for perfectly good and sound reasons. Not an instance of political discrimination came to our ears.

We of course knew nothing of the politics of any of the clerks until after they had been examined, marked, certified, and appointed; but since this was done much information has come to me as to the character and political leanings of the bulk of the Southern appointees. It had been freely asserted that we should not be able to get any but people of color and Northern emigrants to come into our examinations, but the direct reverse has proved true. Of the new appointees from the Southern States, a proportion — in the neighborhood of a fourth, I believe — were people of color; and indeed one merit of the system has been the utter disregard of color. The colored people thus appointed were mostly graduates of the different colored colleges; in very few instances did a colored politician of the stamp so well known to the ordinary dispensers of government patronage secure a place. Hardly any men who were Northern by birth got on the lists of these States, and over two thirds of the appointees were native-born Southern whites, who had lived practically all their lives in the districts from which they came. In the overwhelming majority of cases these native-born Southern whites were Democrats.

Recently I have talked with many of these new Southern appointees. Almost every one of the whites with whom I have come in contact has been a Democrat. So far as I could find out, they had never thought much about entering the civil service, until the facts were prominently brought to their eyes by the advertisements and interviews above mentioned. They had then decided to stand their chances. The successful applicant was, as a rule, some man trained in the common or high schools of the neighborhood, who did not see much opening for himself in his native town or village, and thought he should like to try the larger life at Washington. Often two or three came from the same town, or from the same small academy or agricultural college. They had talked the matter over among themselves, upon seeing the announcement of the examinations, and had decided to try their luck, though in most instances, as they frankly told me, they had little or no expectation of being appointed. They were usually people who had not taken any very active part in politics, and, moreover, they had no acquaintance or backing among politicians having influence with the administration at Washington. They rarely attempted to invoke any outside assistance whatever. My experience goes to show that those who did attempt to exert political influence were men of inferior ability, who, as a matter of fact, did not stand well in the examinations, and consequently were not appointed. Ordinarily, the first thing the successful applicants knew about their standing any chance for appointment was when they received the notice of the appointment itself. In almost every instance, among those I spoke to (and this applies to those from the Northern no less than to those from the Southern States), the appointee came on and took his position without having even mentioned the fact that he was an applicant for office to any politician in or out of Congress. Indeed, I have found it to be a general rule that those who rely on congressional influence are men whose abilities are too slender to give them any chance of getting the positions they seek, and who accordingly fail.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I am thus able to state authoritatively that, in a series of examinations for governmental positions at Washington, the bulk of the successful applicants — those who passed and were appointed — were men opposed in politics to the administration in power.

I have spoken of the Southern States in particular, because we know that most of the Southerners who came forward were Democrats, and therefore their appointment affords a striking instance of the good faith with which the law is being executed, and of the excellent results attained in consequence. I have every reason to believe that the appointments from the Northern States were made as absolutely without regard to politics, but the result is less striking as regards these States, because, so far as I can find out, the majority, though by no means all, of the applicants from them who entered our examinations were Republicans. Among the appointees from the great cities, however, there were plenty of Democrats. Thus, of the two hundred and fifty-eight applicants standing highest on the lists from Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota, two hundred and forty-seven were appointed. These figures afford very nearly positive proof that there has not been the slightest political discrimination in making the appointments from these various lists.

It is noteworthy that the men and women appointed in this manner have given entire satisfaction. I have heard nothing but praise of them from the officers under whom they are serving. Many have already been promoted. Of seven I am able to speak from personal experience, as they were appointed to our own office, and it would be impossible to wish for more zealous and efficient clerks.

Be it observed that this result was accomplished quietly and smoothly, by natural operation of law, without friction or scandal of any kind. No politician had to be consulted, nor a particle of "influence" secured. We advertised the examinations and furnished blanks to all applicants. All they had to do was to go to the place nearest their home where the examination was held and be examined; they were then graded, and if their mark warranted it were certified, and nine times out of ten were appointed. The prizes were thrown open to honest, manly competition, and the best men won; feeling, moreover, that they won because they deserved it, and not because they had been able to render service to some party chief.

Contrast this with what would have occurred had these six hundred appointments been made under the old patronage system. In that case, the instant the law authorizing the making of the appointments was passed shoals of office-seekers would have swarmed to Washington, and every department would have been filled with a clamorous crowd of politicians of every grade, each demanding his share of the spoil. For every one place it is safe to say there would have been twenty applicants, and probably double that number. The appointments would have been given to the men having the most political influence, and until they were made not a cabinet officer who had them in his gift would have been able to do a stroke of the work which he was appointed to do, or in fact anything but listen to and balance the representations and recommendations of Senators, Congressmen, and local party chiefs. Instead of simply taking an examination, and then going on with his usual work until, if at all, he was appointed, the average applicant would have come to Washington, where he would have wasted two or three months, very likely have failed to get an appointment, and have gone back to his home out of pocket, out of temper, sore, dispirited, and embittered. The papers would have been full of the contests

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between rival chiefs, engendered by the scramble for patronage. I am a strong Republican, and I say quite seriously that it is my belief that if, last summer, these six hundred appointments to office had been made under the patronage system instead of under the action of the civil service law, the already sufficiently slender Republican representation in the next Congress would have been still further decreased to the extent of at least half a dozen Congressmen. Half the factional fighting in any congressional district is due to squabbles over patronage. No matter how many places there are, they cannot begin to go around among the hungry expectants, and when they are all taken out of politics the benefit will be really immeasurable.

The quotas of the Southern States were thus raised by the appointment, under a non-partisan law, of nearly three hundred clerks, the majority of them being Democrats. The Commission did this at a time when the Republican party was absolutely dominant, the administration and both branches of the national legislature being under its control. It seems to me that no better proof could be desired of the honest non-partisanship with which the law is now being executed at Washington. We have been able to show clearly to the country at large that people can and do get appointments in the departmental service entirely without regard to politics. Incidentally, the vivid contrast between the methods that obtain in the classified departmental service and those that are followed in dealing with fourth-class postmasters offers an instructive commentary on the relative worth of the merit and spoils systems.

If the elections of 1892 retain the Republican party in control, I trust that, after the experience of last summer, applicants for departmental places from the Southern States will continue to come forward without regard to their politics. If in 1892 the Democratic party is reinstated in power, I trust that the Executive and Congress then elected, seeing that, at Washington, the law has been executed under a Republican administration so as to do justice to Democrats, will, from motives of pride no less than from every consideration of patriotic statesmanship, do all that is possible to keep the system on an absolutely non-partisan basis. At least those who desire the law to be upheld will be strengthened; for belief that such a law is not faithfully observed by one administration always renders it doubly difficult for the law's supporters to have it observed by the next administration.

In conclusion, I wish to state that all the proceedings of the Commission are open, and that any one who wishes can test for himself the truth of the statements I have made. Our registers are public. If any Democratic or Republican paper in the country wishes to look into the results of the examinations, the facts concerning which I have described, all it has to do is to instruct its Washington correspondent to come to the rooms of the Commission. We will at once show him our books, and he can see for himself who took the examinations from a given State, who passed, and who were appointed. In particular, the correspondent of a Southern newspaper can at any time get a list of all those appointed during the past few months, and can publish them in his paper, and thus the people of that locality can very easily find out whether partisanship has been shown in making the appointments. Many of the Southern newspapers helped us greatly by the interest they took in our efforts to get the quotas of their States up to the required level; the New Orleans Picayune especially rendering us very valuable aid.

Theodore Roosevelt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LONG-UNPAID DEBT.

At the last session of the United States Congress, an attempt was made to include in one of the appropriation bills a clause for the payment of a portion of what are known as the "French Spoliation claims." It was rejected by the House of Representatives, though favored in the Senate. The claimants are pressing their case again in the present session. They have behind them a public sentiment which demands the long-deferred payment of these debts, — debts which the nation has morally, if not legally, owed for ninety years.

Every child at school who studies American history is taught that the alliance with France was the turning-point of our War for Independence. What gave Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga its immense importance was the fact that it fixed the French king and his ministers in their determination to assist the revolting colonies, and by that means obtain revenge on England for the humiliating Peace of 1763. Two treaties of alliance and commerce between France and the United States were signed in 1778; and the astute statesmen who then directed the councils of Louis XVI. believed that they had virtually secured for France a dependent empire in America as valuable at least as that lost at the Peace of Paris. By these treaties, not only did the United States undertake to guarantee the integrity of the French possessions in America, but, as one element of the strict and perpetual alliance, admitted the French vessels to peculiar privileges in the ports of the United States in the event of a war with a third power.

So long as the reign of Louis XVI. lasted, and even into the early days of the French Revolution, these treaties had their sway, and the relations of the United States with France continued to be sympathetic and friendly, while those with England were proportionately hostile and uncomfortable. But with the rule of the Convention and the Jacobins an entire change took place. The impudent construction put by Genet on the treaty of alliance found no favor with Washington or his cabinet; and in the year 1793, when all law, municipal or international, was set at naught by the Convention, a variety of decrees were passed, by virtue of which American shipping was subjected to a series of outrages contrary not only to the treaty of alliance and commerce, but to any principles of maritime seizure recognized among civilized nations. Vessels were captured by French war-craft, often with circumstances of extreme insolence and cruelty; carried into port, on the most frivolous excuses, at a distance from any proper prize court; and the vessel and cargo disposed of without any proper adjudication, supposing they could have been fit subjects for a prize court at all.

There can be little doubt, if we read history as a whole, that these spoliations were part of that universal system of lawless plunder which characterized the whole career of the French Convention. In the terrific war that the Jacobins were waging, partly for national independence, partly for their fantastic theories of human rights, and partly to gratify their own malignity, they found themselves in a state of bankruptcy, in which they were bound to lay hands on anything and everything capable of filling their worse than empty treasury. Drawn as France was into a naval war with England, and straining every nerve to plunder British commerce, her sea-captains and admiralty judges, if such a name can be applied to those who pronounced judgment on American cap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tures, were not likely to make accurate distinctions between English and American vessels. Many of them did not know the difference, and many of those who did were too rapacious or too corrupt, too eager to make a valuable capture or to be paid for releasing it, to exercise any intelligent or honorable discretion.

Moreover, the French Convention was both surprised and disgusted with the attitude which the United States was rapidly assuming toward England. That the old French alliance should have lost its force, that the recent English insolence should be forgotten, that the young republic could possibly be more inclined to friendship with her old enemy than her old friend, and should hesitate to join heart and soul with Saint-Just and Robespierre in a holy war for the rights of man, was probably an incredible puzzle to most of the Convention who thought on the subject at all. This is shown by the singular way in which it vacillated backward and forward as to the decrees which authorized the spoliations; now declaring that the ships of the United States should be subject to them, and now exactly the reverse.

From the beginning the spoliations which our merchants were undergoing attracted the attention of the United States government. It was all important that our commerce should be saved. The only revenue to speak of which we had wherewith to carry on the nation came from the custom house; and if our trade was to be at the mercy of every French privateer our treasury would be depleted. Mr. Jefferson, as Secretary of State, issued in 1793 a special address to the merchants of the United States, assuring them that the administration of Washington would exert itself to obtain reparation for past and security against future spoliations. Morris and Monroe tried in vain to get from the wayward, selfish, impracticable agents of France any satisfaction for what must be regarded as violations of all common as well as all treaty rights by any one who pretended to be a civilized negotiator at all. The French constantly fell back on the contention that the United States had failed to carry out the view which France held of the treaty of alliance, and particularly after the negotiation of Jay's treaty, which admitted the vessels of England and America to almost identical privileges with those secured to French and Americans in the treaty of 1778. The fact of the spoliations was too obvious, and their variance with all international law too undoubted, to be seriously denied. At one time a fanciful ground of seizure had been trumped up that most American vessels were unprovided with a species of register called in French a *rôle d'équipage*, even when they were equipped with all lists and manifests demanded by United States law.

The misunderstandings went on, — the spoliations went on; the two countries seemed drifting faster and faster into war. Yet no war was declared. *Prima facie* the treaties of 1778 still remained in force, even though it might be held, on one or the other side, that they had been violated by the conduct of the French, or abrogated by Jay's treaty. The commerce of the United States was getting seriously crippled. On every account it became necessary to bring matters to some settlement. The celebrated commission of Pinckney, Marshall, and Gerry was appointed, and in their instructions it was most plainly mentioned that reparation was to be demanded for the spoliations by the organization of a proper body to review any complaints of the kind made by either nation.

It is well known how these commissioners were treated by the government of the Directory. Not only were they refused public recognition, but in the secret and tortuous communications which were opened with them it was put to them unmistakably that America could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obtain nothing from France except by bribery, — direct purchase both of the directors and of other persons.[1] Marshall and Pinckney soon returned in disgust; Gerry held out a little longer. The outrages continued. Congress in 1798 declared the treaty of 1778 abrogated by the action of the French; an army was organized, Washington was appointed lieutenant-general, letters of marque and of reprisal — not the same thing, though often spoken of as such — were issued to American merchantmen, and armed encounters, some of a very severe character, took place on the ocean between the ships of the United States navy and the predatory craft of the French. Still, war was not actually declared by Congress, the only power capable, by the Constitution, of such action. The specific and peculiar obligations of the treaties of 1778 might be at an end, so far as our own citizens went; but France had not recognized their termination, and not even that would have released her from the general obligations of international law. At last the advent of Buonaparte to power led to hopes of a peaceful and equitable settlement of difficulties, as it was well known that he was anxious to restore the international credit of France, so sadly shaken by the events of the preceding eight years. A new commission was sent, consisting of Oliver Ellsworth, William Richardson Davie, and William Vans Murray, to conclude some kind of a treaty that might arrest the course of a quarrel which had all the evil incidents of war with none of its open and definite character, and which it was clearly for the interests of both countries to stop.

The conferences were conducted intelligently enough, except when Joseph Buonaparte introduced some characteristically fatuous comment. But from the outset this alternative was pressed by the French commissioners: reparation for past injuries and the reinstatement of the old treaty, or a new treaty and a renunciation of all indemnity. Incidental propositions were made that sums of money should be paid on one or the other side, as a release from all obligations or claims, and limits of time were set within which these might be paid; but every such proposal fell through. With great difficulty a treaty was at last negotiated, making provision for future occurrences, including any possible spoliations on commerce after the signing and ratification, but containing as its second article a recognition that, certain points in dispute — namely, the treaty obligations and claims for spoliation — being yet undecided, their consideration should be transferred to a future date. The treaty in this form was signed by both parties, and understood to have the assent of Mr. Jefferson's administration, which had succeeded to that of Mr. Adams; but the Senate of the United States struck out the second article. The question of obtaining reparation from France for injuries to commerce before 1800 was thus silenced; and France seemed to sink forever all claims on the United States to carry out the tremendous obligations of the year 1778.

How did this action affect the position of those whose property had been destroyed by French vessels, and whose claims for indemnity the government of the United States has been constantly pressing? Washington, Jefferson, Morris, Monroe, Adams, Pickering, Pinckney, Marshall, Gerry, Ellsworth, Davie, Murray, had all pledged their energy, their intelligence, their honor, to secure to their countrymen reparation for millions of property captured, sold, lost, destroyed, at a time when the very existence of the United States and the prosperity of the citizens depended on commerce. They had been met by the corrupt and crafty managers of French diplomacy, not with denial, for that was

[1] "Mais, messieurs, vous ne dites rien de l'argent," was the oft-repeated phrase.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impossible, but by constant appeals to the tremendous obligations which the United States had entered into at a time when alliance with France was the salvation, one might almost say the creation, of national life. The country was again in a crisis, second only to that of the Revolution. A war with France had been, as far as might be, avoided even when Buonaparte was only the victor of Lodi, and Washington was alive; now he was the Buonaparte of Marengo, and Washington was gone.

A treaty must be had, a final, definitive treaty, closing the hopeless discussion of old obligations, contracted when the nation would have contracted anything. For the sake of burying forever the liens imposed by the old century, the Senate buried its claims in the same tomb, as far as indemnity from France was concerned.

It has been argued that France never had any intention of paying these claims, — that she never really acknowledged the obligations, and that no amount of future pressure would ever have got payment out of her; and the correspondence of some of Buonaparte's officials has been appealed to as proof. It is indeed difficult to assign any limits to what France would not have paid in the ten years preceding the Peace of Amiens. But throughout the negotiations of these years, abortive or successful, the pretext, real or fictitious, constantly held out by France was not that the claims were null, but that they were balanced or overbalanced by those under the treaty of 1778. The Senate, by striking out the article making the point one for further discussion, consented to buy the claims at the price of release from the treaty of 1778. Did this declare the claims worthless, or did it release them, and shut the mouths of the claimants? No; it transferred the responsibility of indemnity from France to the United States itself. The plundered merchants had a money claim on the French nation. The French nation pressed a claim on the United States government. The latter bought oblivion of its treaties; but it bought it not with its own money; it bought it with the property of the merchants. It owed them — it owes their representatives — compensation for taking their property, in accordance with the fundamental principles of public law, and, what concerns us still more deeply, with the fifth article of amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which declares that "private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation."

In fact, the idea that such claims had no real money value because France did not intend to pay them is refuted by what actually happened with reference to the claims on France for spoliations of an entirely similar character, occurring later than 1800, and to the claims on Spain for those of the earlier period; for both of which compensation was finally obtained, the money which we paid for the Louisiana and Florida purchases working in very opportunely for that purpose.

The claims, being now against our own country instead of against France, were from an early date pressed upon Congress, and reports in their favor were made during the presidency of Mr. Jefferson, who had originally, when in Washington's cabinet, assured the merchants of the United States that the government would make special exertions for the protection of their commerce. Notable among these reports is one in 1807 by Francis Marion, the son of the Revolutionary hero, who had himself seen the beginning of the spoliations in 1793–95.

And at this point a possible difficulty should be cleared up as to the nature of the claim of individuals on Congress for the restoration of property taken for public purposes. No one at all conversant with law imagines that by general

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public law the government of a country can be sued as an individual may in the courts, and that judgment can be obtained and executed against it. Compensation for such public seizure must be obtained, if at all, through a petition asking that right be done by the government to its subjects, or, in the phrase required by the change from monarchical to republican forms, to citizens. The law on this point is well shown in the Bankers' Case, in the reign of William III. The Cabal Ministry of Charles II. had, by a most infamous breach of public faith, appropriated £1,200,000 belonging to the bankers of London. As long as the Stuarts were on the throne it was impossible to obtain restitution. Under the Revolution settlement, the Barons of the Exchequer were petitioned to direct payment from the treasury; but Lord Somers held — and his judgment, though reversed by an intensely partisan House of Lords, has never had its authority disputed in calmer times — that the true remedy was by a petition of right to the king. If private property has been taken by authority of a king, a Parliament, a Convention, or a Congress, such bodies must be approached as by petitioners, and must be compelled to do right by the obligations of justice and equity and fundamental law, not because any process of execution can issue against them. But surely this makes the obligation only the stronger. It is preëminently a case of *noblesse oblige*. If ever right should be done because it is right, it is when those who by free choice of the people represent its whole power and sovereignty are approached by a number of the citizens pleading for restitution of that which the majesty of the nation cannot be made to restore because it is too great; but if too great to be compelled, for that very reason it should be not merely too great, but too good, to decline.

The days of Jefferson and Madison were unfavorable for granting such claims. The treasury was anything but full, and, as far as those in power cared for the sufferings of merchants at all, the operations of the Berlin and Milan Decrees and of the British Orders in Council were much more in their minds than those of the Convention of 1793. Various attempts were made to obtain justice, but none were properly organized; nor did they meet with any measure of success till prosperity was really restored; till the old debts were rapidly getting paid off; till the treasury was filling, and John Quincy Adams was directing the national councils as Secretary of State. Unquestionably, the activity of the claimants was then stimulated by the fact already mentioned, that out of the Florida purchase money the strictly analogous Spanish claims had been paid; and it is important that this point should be dwelt upon, because it is in connection with the claims on Spain that we find an opinion which cannot easily be overestimated as to the validity of those against France. In 1804, when Spain endeavored to resist the payment of claims against her, on the ground that there were French acts for which the United States had renounced indemnity, Mr. Madison wrote to Mr. Pinckney thus: "The claims, again, from which France was released were admitted by France, and the release was for a valuable consideration in a correspondent release of the United States from certain claims on them." This effectually disposes of an extraordinary argument against the payment of these claims, that the obligations of the United States to the claimants were not recognized by the generation contemporary with the spoliations, and that the claims were pressed only after the testimony of those who knew the circumstances could not be obtained. Mr. Madison's life was in many ways a blessing to his country, and especially in that it was prolonged to refute by his personal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

testimony assertions made about the first twenty-five years of our national existence by those who neither saw them nor were a great part of them, like him.

It is, however, in a measure true that contemporaries were less disposed to pay the debts of the nation to its earlier sufferers than were the men of its second half century. No claims were better known to the men of the first fifty years, or more deserved appreciation, than those of the Revolutionary officers; and a half century was suffered to elapse after the Declaration of Independence before any effective means were taken for their relief.

Toward the end of Monroe's administration the claims of the victims of spoliation were presented anew to the Senate of the United States, that body which, by its striking out of the second article of Ellsworth's treaty, had transferred the burden of their payment to the government. They called on the President to furnish copies of all the diplomatic correspondence relating to the subject during whatever government happened to bear sway in France. These were duly furnished by President Adams, and threw a flood of light upon the whole subject.

An attempt has been made to show that all these documents were well known to the earlier generation, and especially to those who prepared the Senate Report of 1802. This is simply nugatory. Whatever papers may have been in the hands of the Senate in Jefferson's administration, the correspondence had never been made public, and when afterwards the Senate, called upon to redress a great national wrong, asked for this correspondence, it asked for a thing of which the people at large knew nothing. The fact that, whereas there had been more than one report adverse to the claimants between 1815 and 1825, the tenor of all such reports was immediately changed shows how the publication of the diplomatic correspondence had affected the whole issue.

This series of reports, extending over a period of thirty years, and rendered in both houses of Congress, is most remarkable for its almost unbroken approval of the claims, and the distinguished names that have been appended to it. Clay, Everett, Livingston, Webster, Cushing, Clayton, and Sumner are among them; and the number of the reports should be counted by tens, and not by units. It is true that the claims have not been unopposed, and counter arguments have been presented against them by men prominent in the national councils, such as Silas Wright and John A. Dix. But it may be questioned whether, among all the active opponents of payment, there has been any one, except Forsyth, entitled to the name of an international lawyer, and capable of considering the question with a thorough understanding of that noble science which was so entirely familiar to those whose names have been mentioned above.

Twice has a bill passed both houses of Congress appropriating money from the treasury for the payment of these claims. One of these bills was vetoed by President Polk, chiefly on the ground that the expenses of the Mexican War had left the treasury in no fit state for the payment. A later bill was vetoed by President Pierce, but the grounds of this veto have not made much impression upon subsequent discussions. Both these bills were passed over the vetoes by the houses of Congress, but not by the requisite majority of two thirds.

But though President Pierce's administration failed to do justice to the claimants, it passed a memorable act which ought to be the means of doing them justice. The establishment of the Court of Claims, whereby the United States has consented to enter the court as defendant against its citizens as plaintiffs, must be considered as marking a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

real step in the science of government. The French Spoliation claims, belonging to a period long anterior to the establishment of the court, could of course come under its review only by a special act of Congress. Such an act was finally obtained in 1885, thirty years after President Pierce's veto of the bill for payment, sixty since the production of the diplomatic correspondence by President Adams, and more than ninety since the first depredations by the cruisers of the Jacobins. The reference to the court was carefully fenced by many provisos in the act. It was to pass on the validity of a large number of the claims, while others, about whose date and character there were modifying and invalidating circumstances, were withheld from its jurisdiction; and while its judgment might fairly be considered as decisive of the legal or equitable character of the claims, it was not to bind Congress to the appropriation of money for their payment.

Fenced by all these restrictions, the Court of Claims took up a large number of the most important cases presented to it. Its decision was delivered by Judge John Davis in 1886, and a supplementary one, covering various special points, was rendered in 1887. These rescripts go into a thorough and most masterly review of the whole subject, throwing out a variety of claims where the evidence was vague and insufficient, or where other peculiarities precluded a favorable judgment, but pronouncing on a great number of the more important cases, whether in the amount of damage claimed or the circumstances of the captures, *that they were fairly entitled to the compensation so long sought for.* It may be said that the history and rights of the subject are exhausted in the decision.[1]

One would think that after the natural tribunal, the chosen tribunal, had thus given judgment on the claims, there was nothing to do but for Congress to vote the money at once. But no! The claims have encountered opposition in the fiftieth Congress, and thus far in the fifty-first, characterized by a bitterness, a captiousness, a reviving of old and long-exploded doubts, an advancing of new and baseless charges, for which it is almost impossible to account without supposing some personal *animus* to be at work, which certainly ought never to enter into matters whose rights and wrongs belong to a period three generations removed from us. It is hard to see what element there can be in the case outside the merits of the claims themselves.

At one stage, indeed, in the history of the claims, — what may be called its middle period, — the question was made almost one of party, the Whigs advocating, and the Democrats opposing, the payment; but since the disappearance of the Whig party there can be traced no such division line. In the last and the present Congress, leading Republicans and leading Democrats have been found arrayed as prominent champions on either side of the question.

It would be more accurate, perhaps, to say that the strong feeling against the commercial interests of the Atlantic coast, and especially of New England, existing in some of the central States, which found its most pungent expression in Benton's speech on Foot's Resolution, has been at the bottom of much of the opposition to the payment of claims chiefly held in the Atlantic cities. It is hard to think that such an unworthy, such an un-American feeling should sway the minds of any considerable number of members of the national Congress. Whatever they may deem the shortcomings of New England and her capitalists in this century, they should remember how the proportions of the different sections of the Union have changed since the merchants of the

[1] Opinions of the Court of Claims delivered May 17 and 24, 1886, and November 7, 1887.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Atlantic seaboard were plundered by the French cruisers. If the seaboard States had been struck out of the Union in 1797, the remnant would have been weak indeed. These outrages on our commerce caused a loss of one seventh in that revenue whereby alone the national credit was sustained, and the then infant commonwealths of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio had a chance to develop themselves under the shield of their older sisters.

Some specious, but no effective arguments have been brought against these claims. Attempts have been made to show that they were worthless, because France never intended to pay them. The Senate of the United States, Washington, Jefferson, Morris, Pinckney, Ellsworth, Madison, did not consider them worthless when they balanced them against the enormous treaty obligations of 1778. There has also been an attempt to show that the two countries were in a state of war, and that the claims are ruled out on this ground. By no possible construction could war be held to exist before Congress repealed the treaties in 1798, and it is entirely misleading, to say no worse, to declare that the majority of the captures belong to the next two years. But no war ever was declared; the much-quoted opinion of Attorney-General Charles Lee that a general war existed was never acted on. The courts admitted the existence of a modified, limited state of war, in which outrages on one side had led to reprisals on the other; but the instructions and negotiations of Ellsworth and his brother commissioners with Buonaparte, Roederer, and Fleurieu are entirely incompatible with any theory of general, national war.

Most exaggerated statements, too, have been made of the amount of money which would be required to satisfy these claims. The opponents of them have piled up the estimates to thirty, forty, or even more, millions. Such statements cannot be called other than intentional perversions. The evidence of many of the original spoliations has been lost or destroyed; the fine sieve of the Court of Claims and the act which authorized a reference to it has still further excluded many which once swelled the mass. When the bill was before Congress, last year, it was in evidence that that court had adjudicated in favor of $1,600,000 only of $4,800,000 which had actually been judicially tried. There is not the least reason to fear that the payment would be any appreciable burden to the country.

It is said the claims are stale. They are stale if the Revolutionary War and the surrender of Saratoga are stale; if the alliance with France and the friendship of Vergennes and Lafayette are stale; if the rapacity and corruption of the Convention, repeated on the deck of hundreds of French privateers, are stale; if the dignity, the spirit, the patriotism, of Pinckney and Ellsworth, replying to the tricks and blusters of Talleyrand and Rewbell, are stale elements of our early national history. The evidence in the claims is as fair and fresh to-day as it was in 1800. The old documents, taken from the sleep of three generations, and laid before the Court of Claims, as indicating the rightful property of the great-great-grandchildren of the original claimants, are marked with a clearness and a precision, amounting to elegance, which no merchant of New York or Chicago can exceed in his last year's ledger. The charges of suppression or destruction of contrary evidence, not remotely hinted at before a committee of the House of Representatives, are baseless and cruel.

These claimants have waited long. Again and again the cup of justice has been held to their lips and snatched away. Statesman after statesman has studied their case and pronounced in their favor. One house after another,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twice both houses in united action, have voted to discharge the debt. Congress having referred them, as was every way fitting, to the Court of Claims, they have expended large sums in pleading at its bar, in full reliance on the national legislators to complete their work. That court has decreed for them. Their case has been attacked upon ever-shifting grounds. Payment has been evaded by every dilatory device known to our Congress, so well equipped for party legislation, so slow to execute right when party is not concerned. They are addressing Congress once more for justice. Shall they not have it? Shall not the property taken ninety years ago by the nation, in the time of its poverty and weakness, receive its constitutional compensation, and, to use the words of one of the most eloquent champions of the cause, "the last item in the debt contracted to secure our national independence be paid"?

William Everett.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

THE life of Mr. Dana falls naturally into two divisions, to which a nearly equal importance is given in his biography.[1] He was a traveler and a lawyer; and, although the years spent in seeing the world were few in comparison with those of his professional career, the large extracts from his journal with which these volumes are filled bring the former into the foreground. The early success of his only well-known book, the account of his two years' voyage before the mast, won for him a reputation as an observer and describer which seems to have misled his biographer. Mr. Adams indeed refers more than once to Mr. Dana's natural gifts as a writer with an enthusiasm which it is impossible for every one at least to sympathize with; he speaks of them as in their sphere well-nigh unrivaled; and because he thinks these entries in a traveler's diary show the same spirit, interest, and vivacity as does the young sailor's log he has been profuse in publishing descriptions of places and scenes so well known that only the most masterly and fresh delineation of them can longer hold our attention. The accounts of the English visit and of the journey round the world, though not without some striking passages, are the feeblest portion of the work, and less attractive, to our mind, than the shorter chapters of travel in this country, — the vacation rambles at the Isles of Shoals, in the Maine woods, and in the Middle States. In particular, whenever Mr. Dana approaches the sea, he gathers vigor, and shows his own great delight in its company. It is not a poet's or a painter's delight, not one of sentiment, or of beauty, or of sensibility to grand effects of nature; it is a physical delight, — a pleasure in inhaling salt air, in handling an oar, in sailing a boat under stress of weather, in adventure and the sense of life and health; but on this ground he is at his best, and writes with an effect of "out-of-doors" which is wholly charming. Occasionally, too, as in his chance meeting with John Brown in the Adirondacks, there is an adventitious interest which helps the narrative. In his foreign journeys, on the contrary, he sees old things without freshness, and feels the emotions natural to an educated American, and long

[1] *Richard Henry Dana.* A Biography. By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

familiar to us; and besides, in England he exhibits too much of a sort of liking for things aristocratic, which is not creditable to an American, and is repugnant to the reader. Of Japan and China he had only a glimpse, of Egypt and Italy even less; and from so rapid a journey nothing valuable was to be expected. The only excuse for these long passages of traveler's notes, beyond the fact that they serve to relieve the annals of the bar, is that they show the vitality of Mr. Dana's personal feeling, and bring him before us more in the life than does any other part of the biography. A certain robustness is discernible here, an activity and at times an eagerness, which help to fill out the personal impression; but in themselves these descriptions of places are unimportant, and do not increase the author's reputation in the department of literature. As a writer he never went beyond his first youthful work, by which he is still known, and for which he has received such ample credit that the subject may be dismissed.

The really noteworthy half of his career was passed at the bar. He began life, in Mr. Adams's judgment, somewhat handicapped by being a member of a family which had distinguished itself. Family pride stood in the way of his success, and although its influence upon his character was at first partially neutralized by his taste of real life in the forecastle, it finally reasserted itself, and, as the biographer again says, unfortunately. At the beginning of his practice he had some business with poor sailors, but it was rather his political affiliations that made him the defender of fugitive slaves in Boston. Naturally he belonged with the conservative and aristocratic class which was opposed to the cause of the slave; and he always kept, in one way or another, some community with this section, although practically alienated from it in political feeling and action. He was by no means an abolitionist, or a friend to the group of antislavery agitators. He detested Garrison, and the methods and principles on which the reform was conducted. He stood between the two extreme sections, and such a position exposes one to injustice from both, as it also limits one's opportunity to make his convictions and life effective in great events. He was himself saved from the usual fate of the half-hearted by becoming the protagonist of the defense in the Fugitive Slave trials. That incident is the centre of this biography. Mr. Adams exhausts his eulogy in praising Mr. Dana's conduct on this occasion, and, fortunately, he is assisted by the admirable account of the circumstances surrounding the court-house at a memorable time. The narrative is at this point most picturesque and living. Merely as an episode of the work, it is to be regarded as a capital success. Here only, in the entire book, does Mr. Dana stand forth in the leading place, and he holds it and acts in it, wholly adequate to all demands. In the Constitutional Convention, to which much space is given, he was but one of several men, and did not so far surpass them as to convince the reader of his superiority either in mind or policy; in the later Prize cases, which are also described at length, he conducted what was an important matter, no doubt, but was also merely one incident of the great struggle, and without any marked distinction in history; in the Fugitive Slave cases his rôle fell in with a moment which will always be remembered in the history of the commonwealth itself, and in that of the cause of abolition. This was, consequently, his most distinguished service to his time. It is true that he afterward opposed the petition for the removal of Judge Loring, and that, with others of undoubted patriotism and political sense, he was willing to grant a fugitive slave law to the South on the eve of the civil war; but, without mentioning other matters that would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

show the incompleteness of his convictions upon the main issue, it is enough here to agree with Mr. Adams in his strong commendation of Mr. Dana for his course at this critical and only memorable moment of his career.

Except in this instance, and in one or two others which have been alluded to above, Mr. Dana was not in public life; and in these there was rather a union of his professional with a semi-political life than anything of the statesman's or even the politician's true career. Mr. Adams says that Mr. Dana could never have succeeded in politics, though he also asserts that he was fitted to do well in the Senate if he could have reached the chamber. His attempt to enter the House in opposition to General Butler was a fiasco, and his nomination to be minister to England exposed him, when his own hands were tied, to the malignity of his political enemies. In what he did undertake of political work, whether in the Free Soil or the Reconstruction period, he showed no true capacity for affairs. It remains to characterize him in the limited sphere of a lawyer in ordinary practice, and here we will let Mr. Adams speak for himself: —

"No one who knew him would ever have sought him out as an adviser because of his skill or judgment in dealing with intricate business affairs. He was, above all else, a barrister, a lawyer of the forum; and he had small business capacity. He would fight a case for all there was in it before a jury or the bench; he had a fair knowledge of the books, and a strong grasp on legal principles; he was absolutely fearless, never hesitating to measure himself against any one; he did not know when he was beaten. His proper place, therefore, was at the bar. Up to 1848 he was exactly on the right path, — the path to distinctive professional eminence. Had he adhered to it, he not improbably would at last have attained, had he so desired, that foremost place in the judiciary of Massachusetts once held by his grandfather. Most assuredly he would have risen to the first rank of his profession as a jurist of national fame. . . . He was not what is known as a 'case-lawyer.' He had a clear head, a retentive memory, and a fair knowledge of the textbooks and reports; but his strength did not lie in that direction. It did lie in the activity and alertness of his mind, and especially in his imaginative faculties and power of copious illustration. The same faculty of seeing and describing which caused him to make his mark at the age of twenty-two enabled him to produce the effects on bench and jury which he indisputably did produce at forty. It was not his grasp of legal principles, though in this regard he was not wanting; it was not his command of authorities, for that he did not have; it was his combined courage and tenacity, and his faculty of seeing things clearly himself, and then making others see them as he saw them."

Mr. Adams also praises him for his hard application to his routine work, and ascribes to this cause, together with a certain disregard of a proper care of his health, the break-down of his constitution in 1859, from which he does not seem to have recovered. In whatever Mr. Adams has to say of the character of Mr. Dana, — and first and last he has a great deal to say about it, — one cannot fail to observe the mingling, as in the extracts given, of a cool and not too favorable judgment of what he was with an enthusiastic prophecy of what he might have been. It is plain, from more than one expression of opinion, that Mr. Adams regards Mr. Dana's life as largely a waste, a frittering away of real ability in the daily labor of a practicing lawyer.

Of Mr. Dana's more intimate life with those nearly related to him, of the side of his nature which was not turned to the world, we learn very little. There

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are few private letters, and those which are given are not of a personal kind. His home is described only as a part of that monotonous repetition of hard work and hasty meals which, Mr. Adams says, made up a singularly barren daily life. One charming incident there is of his returning from a journey he had begun, in order to please his daughter, but this stands alone. If he had a friend, with the exception of his partner, Mr. Parker, the fact does not appear in these volumes, which are lacking to a remarkable degree in all the graces of private life. This absence of personality, of open and natural expression of human feeling, is the defect of the biography, from whatever cause it may spring. It is not compensated for by any large intellectual interests or liberal tastes. What is said of Mr. Dana's acquaintance with literature is really surprising. He read somewhat, principally on Sundays; and he read the most respectable books, such as Bacon in prose, and Spenser or Wordsworth in poetry. To his contemporaries, if we are to trust Mr. Adams, he was simply blind. He does not seem, his biographer says, to have had any acquaintance with Carlyle, for example; he did not give the compliment of a hearing even to Emerson or Hawthorne. Yet he had a familiar acquaintance with the literary men of Boston, being a member of the Saturday Club, and he apparently enjoyed their society. In England he saw many men of mark, among them Grote and Macaulay, but Mr. Adams calls attention to the absence, in his journal, of nearly all the literary and scientific names of the age. It is not surprising, in view of these restrictions on his intellectual range, that in his connection with Harvard College he opposed vehemently not only the election of President Eliot, but the introduction of the teaching of modern science and thought at every stage. His journals show attachment to the older school of religious thought, and here and there one comes upon a strain of pious feeling which exhibits the depths of his convictions. From a mind so constituted in itself, and so limited in its converse with the intellectual world, one does not expect any of those judgments by the way upon books and men, any of those insights into life and thought, which often make the private journals and letters of a cultivated man most charming.

After all, this work is a study of public and professional life, a memoir of the times and those who played their part in them. A large portion of it is occupied with characterizations of the leaders of the bar or of opinion whose names have only a local fame; and here Mr. Adams's command of the subject has stood him in good stead. The notices of the Boston bar and of its more eminent members add much to the value of the volumes, and in them many readers may find the more interesting share of the narrative. Mr. Adams has the habit of using decisive words, and of stating opinions with great clearness. His own view is never doubtful. This gives a finish to his work as a biographer which is very effective. Justice could be done to the admirable nature of this workmanship only by extracts, for which there is here no place; but readers will find out for themselves the importance of these characterizations, and the clearness of his interpretation of events. The utility of the biography as a memorial of the times cannot be too highly regarded, and in our opinion the author has shown no small skill in managing his materials in order to give the greatest interest to the subject-matter. There is some overweight of the traveler's journals, but, except for this fault, the work can be unreservedly commended; and it is indispensable in the records, which already are many, of a generation which made Boston in many respects the leading city of the country during its time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIR WALTER SCOTT BY HIS OWN HAND.

THE publication entire of the journal of Sir Walter Scott,[1] though liberal use of it was made by Lockhart, offers the great advantage that the reader, being interrupted by no comment save that of the elucidating footnotes, draws closer and closer to the character of Scott, and sees at last the full-length portrait of a great man, painted by himself in the day of his greatest strength.

To ask why a man writes about himself, and how he writes, is to go far toward an inquiry into the self-consciousness of the man. Scott once began an autobiographic sketch. "That I have had more than my own share of popularity," he writes, "my contemporaries will be as ready to admit as I am to confess that its measure has exceeded not only my hopes, but my merits, and even wishes. I may be, therefore, permitted, without an extraordinary degree of vanity, to take the precaution of recording a few leading circumstances (they do not merit the name of events) of a very quiet and uniform life, that, should my literary reputation survive my temporal existence, the public may know from good authority all that they are entitled to know of an individual who has contributed to their amusement."

When he penned these words, Scott was thirty-seven years of age. He was in the flush of a double success. He had witnessed the enthusiasm with which Marmion was received, and the publication of his Dryden had brought him a proposition immediately to undertake Swift at an increased compensation. He had achieved some fame, but still more he was conscious of his power. He was on the eve of that magnificent period of literary enterprises which began with his association with the Ballantynes, and continued until the fall of the combined interests of the Ballantynes, Constable, and Hurst and Robinson, in which his own fortunes were inextricably bound. The sketch which he wrote at this time carried his life only as far as his admission to the bar, and was written probably at one or two sittings. Its chief concern is plainly to account for himself, first by a reference to his honorable ancestry, and then by a description of the conditions under which he received his training for active life. There is little analysis of his own nature, but a very hearty recognition of his masters and companions, and a loving appreciation of the Scottish world upon which his eyes rested. Yet, underlying the whole of this brief sketch, there is a fine dignity as of a man who had a serene consciousness of his own worth, social and personal, which needed no demonstration to himself or to others. Eighteen years later he added a significant note to this manuscript autobiography, in which he says: —

"I do not mean to say that my success in literature has not led me to mix familiarly in society much above my birth and original pretensions, since I have been readily received in the first circles in Britain. But there is a certain intuitive knowledge of the world, to which most well-educated Scotchmen are early trained, that prevents them from being much dazzled by this species of elevation. A man who to good nature adds the general rudiments of good breeding, provided he rest contented with a simple and unaffected manner of behaving and expressing himself, will never be ridiculous in the best society, and so far as his talents and information

[1] *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott.* From the Original Manuscript at Abbotsford. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1890.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

permit may be an agreeable part of the company. I have therefore never felt much elevated, nor did I experience any violent change in situation, by the passport which my poetical character afforded me into higher company than my birth warranted."

This was written by Scott not long after he had begun to keep his journal, and when, doubtless, as that journal shows, he was reflecting a good deal on his condition and brooding over his changed fortunes. In commenting thus on his early sketch he was plainly writing his judgment on himself for public view. Did he also, in his journal, have in mind posthumous publication? We think it probable that he expected a use to be made of the journal, but Scott's self-consciousness was not of the ignoble sort, and the frankness of his communication with himself is not the posturing of a man who never forgets that his greatness has spectators.

The journal was begun at a most significant point in its author's career. He was in his fifty-fifth year, at the height of worldly prosperity to all appearances, and not the least in his own eyes. Abbotsford was the outward sign of his inward ambition, and with the marriage of his eldest son he could look with still greater contentment upon the fortune and labor which had made him the founder of a name. He appears to have had no misgivings of the quicksand upon which his personal property rested. In his literary schemes he stood at the entrance of a new and most inviting field. Although he had not openly disclosed the secret of the Waverley novels, the only fact really needing the attestation of his voice was the fact that he was the sole wielder of the magic wand. But with the publication of Redgauntlet, though Woodstock had been commenced, he was contemplating a change of literary activity hardly less important than his passage from verse to fiction, namely, the abandonment of novel-writing for the more serious task of historical narrative.

The immediate impulse to journalizing was given by a sight of Byron's journal in the hands of Moore, and quite likely, also, by the pleasure which he had been taking in Pepys's Diary, which was the only book Scott had carried with him on his recent tour in Ireland. The first entries intimate the special use to which he designed putting his new industry. He was eager to record his recollection of men and events interesting to him; for his interest always was in what we may call briefly the narrative side of life. It is significant that almost the last entry he made in his journal, when his cramped handwriting could scarcely be deciphered, was the story of the captain of a gang of banditti, told him by an acquaintance whom he fell in with at Naples. There is a slight suggestion accompanying the transcript that Sir Walter had it in view as possible material for a tale to be fashioned some day at length; and no doubt he had more or less in mind the service which his journal might render as a storehouse of literary material, but we suspect this to have afforded a very slight motive for the persistency with which he kept his record.

The working of his mind in this respect is more intelligible when, as soon occurred, the journal became his confidant in the struggle upon which he was called to enter. He began his diary in November, 1825. For a week he was busy with it as a *mémoire pour servir*. Then the storm burst, and in the months that followed one reads with keenest sensations the almost daily record of Scott's hopes and fears. The last illness of Lady Scott fell in this period, when he was battling with misfortune. It is profoundly moving to read such an entry as this under date of May 13, 1826: "As I must pay back to Terry some cash in London, £170, together with other matters here, I have borrowed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Mr. Alexander Ballantyne the sum of £500, upon a promissory note for £512 10*s*., payable 15th November, to him or his order. If God should call me before that time, I request my son Walter will, in reverence to my memory, see that Mr. Alexander Ballantyne does not suffer for having obliged me in a sort of exigency; he cannot afford it, and God has given my son the means to repay him." And then, a few lines later: "May 15. Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford. . . . Lonely, aged, deprived of my family, — all but poor Anne, — an impoverished and embarrassed man, I am deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections."

The death of Lady Scott and the removal of the Lockharts to London, occurring near the same time, threw Scott in upon himself. He could not relieve his mind of its worries by talking with his wife; he had not the companionship of his son-in-law. He was, moreover, touched in his pride, and for a while kept himself aloof from men, with the instinct of a wounded stag. All these circumstances conspired with his natural inclination to lead him to talk with himself through the pages of his journal, and the habit once established grew a fixed one. More than once Scott records, half jestingly, half seriously, the willfulness of his mind which left him obstinate in the presence of work, and ready to do anything but the task in hand. It was at such moments often that he fell upon his journal and took a wayward pleasure in gossiping with himself, very likely by this means getting his hand in for serious business.

From these several causes the journal is a pretty full reflection of Sir Walter's mind, and thus a special interest attaches to his silences. He is silent, for example, as to what people say and think of him. Once or twice, when he was suffering most keenly from the mortification of his losses, he lets a word escape which intimates that, with all his consciousness of rectitude, he shrinks from publicity; but the entire absence of a morbid self-consciousness is striking in so candid a revelation. Nor is there any repining or complaint of a hard world. Neither does the rough usage he endures shake his confidence in God, or render him bitter or morose. On the contrary, though he cries out in his suffering repeatedly, and smites his journal for relief, and registers his aches and pains, it is with an almost savage spirit, as though he scorned himself and his poor shattered body. There is a break in the journal between July, 1829, and May, 1830, and upon resuming his companionship with this dumb friend he notes: —

"About a year ago I took a pet at my Diary, chiefly because I thought it made me abominably selfish, and that by recording my gloomy fits I encouraged their recurrence, whereas out of sight out of mind, is the best way to get rid of them; and now I hardly know why I take it up again; but here goes. I came here [Abbotsford] to attend Raeburn's funeral. I am near of his kin, my great-grandfather, Walter Scott, being the second son or first cadet of this small family." Then follows a spirited account of a quarrel with his kinsman.

The reader who has followed the journal is perhaps better able than Scott to explain why it was resumed. The same nature which wanted a dog by him when he was writing, that friendly spirit which craved companionship and yet was sturdily independent, turned to the pages of his diary for solace. It was like patting a dog's head to set down thus the overflow of his communicative mind. We wonder often at the voluminous-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness of Scott's work. His correspondence alone was no mean achievement in bulk, and his daily court duties are never counted in. Add his wholly voluntary journal, and we catch some notion of the wonderful flow of this great nature. He was giving, giving, the whole time. Think of him, as the journal bears testimony, when he was entangled in the net of his own misfortunes, and writing heroically for relief not so much of himself as of his creditors, stopping in the most natural manner in the world to write articles for poor Gillies, to help that ne'er-do-weel out of his troubles!

Of course, the one mighty disclosure which the journal makes to the attentive reader is of the magnificent pluck which Scott displayed in facing his difficulties and setting about the removal of them. It brings tears to the eyes to see, as one may, the cheerful, not sullen resolution with which this giant wrought at his task, all the while sinking beneath the load he was bearing. The steady decay of his physical powers and the persistence of his energetic will confront one at every turn. While the world lasts, this noble spectacle will stir the hearts of men, and make many a poet exclaim: —

> "I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
> In that decrepit man so firm a mind."

But there are other revelations of Scott's nature scarcely less affecting. The noble grief over his wife's death, and the entire absence of comment on the weak side of her character as it reveals itself to readers of Lockhart's life, is one mark of his generous affection; and another is to be found in the exquisite tenderness of all his expressions regarding little John Lockhart. He hangs over the fate of this appealing child with almost breathless concern, and the reserve which Lockhart naturally showed is here removed to make way for a most sweet demonstration. Doubtless Scott's own disability, which brought him increase of suffering in his decline, intensified his compassion for the pale little cripple. Incidentally, also, the character of Anne Scott stands revealed in a very lovable light.

The Journal is a book to last. No king in literature has such a chronicle, and as Scott in his novels has made his principal characters now and again serve as heroes of the tale without being conscious of their heroism, so here, without egotism, without pettiness, yet with minute detail, he has drawn his own superb figure with a strength which is ineffaceable. It is a cause for congratulation, also, that the editing of the work was entrusted to one so painstaking and so sure in his judgment and taste as Mr. David Douglas has shown himself to be.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Philosophy. The Principles of Psychology, by William James. In two volumes. (Holt.) This work belongs in a scheme of books for schools and colleges which provides advanced, briefer, and elementary courses in science, and is itself intended for the advanced course. The name might also be applied to the system presented; for Dr. James, if he has not in this treatise done actual pioneer service, has placed himself among the leaders in science who are pushing on over ground only lately opened. Here are fourteen hundred pages or so, and the reader who gets aboard the train with Dr. James for an engineer may well ask in advance what the chances are of arriving at any destination. We think he cannot go far without making up his mind that, at all events, he is to have a most agreeable excursion; and if he chooses to sleep over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some long sections of the road, he may count on being waked by the movement from time to time. In brief, Dr. James invites confidence by the candor of his speech and the unmistakable ring of honesty in his voice. If, sometimes, one suspects that he has been carried a long way round to reach a familiar point, one has at least the freshness of sensation when he comes unexpectedly upon the point itself. The irrepressible humor which attests the sanity and charity of this author makes his book entertaining reading even for the unelect. — The Time-Relations of Mental Phenomena, by Joseph Jastrow. (N. D. C. Hodges, New York.) A brochure in the Fact and Theory Papers, which collects a number of curious facts indicative of the relative speed, for instance, with which action responds to a stimulating impulse. If the readers of this paragraph desire to test one of the statements, they will please form a line, each holding his neighbor's hand. Let the line A B be one mile in length ; let A press the hand of his next neighbor ; let her, immediately upon receipt of the pressure, communicate it to her neighbor. In three minutes B will feel his or her hand squeezed. — Introduction to Philosophy, an Inquiry after a Rational System of Scientific Principles in their Relation to Ultimate Reality, by George T. Ladd. (Scribners.) Dr. Ladd has not aimed at making a textbook, but such a free essay as may aid the student and teacher as well who are engaged in the systematic study of philosophy. It is an accompaniment to such study, and represents the attempt of a teacher to discuss at large those riddles of reason which inevitably present themselves for consideration whenever one is engaged in more academic work in the field. — Essays in Philosophy, Old and New, by William Knight. (Houghton.) Mr. Knight, well known for his editorship of Wordsworth, here prints seven papers, in which the main contention may be said to be for the distinctest recognition of the element of an indestructible personality. Not that all his essays turn on questions involving this, but even in those, like the one on Classification of the Sciences, which are farthest removed from the theme there are intimations of the insistence of this doctrine. — Judaism and Christianity, a Sketch of the Progress of Thought from Old Testament to New Testament, by Crawford Howell Joy. (Little, Brown & Co.) After an Introduction on the General Laws of the Advance from National to Universal Religions, Professor Joy proceeds with an examination of Hebraic literature, Biblical and otherwise, and upon this basis inquires into the Doctrine of God, Subordinate Supernatural Beings, Man, Ethics, The Kingdom of God, Eschatology, and the Relation of Jesus to Christianity. This scheme intimates the sweep of the thought. We shall return to the book more deliberately.

Sociology. The Coöperative Commonwealth, by Laurence Gronlund (Lee & Shepard), is issued anew in paper, and is accompanied by a second work by the same author, entitled Our Destiny ; the Influence of Nationalism on Morals and Religion. This is not so important a book as the preceding, partly because it is little more than a restatement of the principles of the Coöperative Commonwealth in general terms, and a running criticism upon the literature of socialism since the first book was published. It is, however, an earnest plea for a reconstructed society on broad principles of Christian morality, and is of interest as showing some of the best thought of men who are actively engaged in this reconstruction by their economic doctrines. — Siberia and the Nihilists. Why Kennan went to Siberia, by William Jackson Armstrong. (Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland, Cal.) A pamphlet giving the history of Mr. Armstrong's treatment of Nihilism and Russian despotism, including his lecture and his newspaper controversy with Mr. Kennan. Both writers are now on the same side, apparently. — The Suppressed Book of the Peasant Bondareff. (Pollard Publishing Company, New York.) The fact of suppression, being the important one, is first stated. The topic of the book is Labor, and is made known, augmented, and edited by Tolstoï. The translation is by Miss May Cruger. The book is interesting as containing the inspiration of Tolstoï in his religious belief, and the nakedness of the statements contained in it have thus a value which a more elaborate presentation would not have. The attempt of both men is to answer the demand which the Saviour whom they profess to interpret refused to answer : "Master, speak to my brother that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he divide the inheritance with me." — The Distribution of Wealth, or The Economic Laws by which Wages and Profits are determined, by Rufus Cope. (Lippincott.) Mr. Cope passes in review the facts which affect the distribution of the products of labor, and the forces that control production and distribution; his survey is so broad and general that when he comes to ascertain the remedies for existing evils he writes temperately, and without undue confidence in any single remedial power. His book is therefore less impressive to some minds, for in economics we all of us have a sneaking faith in quackery when it relates to the body politic, though we may be ready enough to refuse the treatment when applied to our individual property. How many followers of Henry George would voluntarily release their own ten-acre lot? — Sociology: Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. (James H. West, Boston.) Seventeen lectures on such topics as Primitive Man, Growth of the Marriage Relation, Evolution of the State, Evolution and Social Reform, and the like. The application of the hypothesis of evolution to social law has this disadvantage, that the facts in sociology are of great number and variety, and not yet very fully classified; the temptation is strong to select such as fit conveniently into a well-rounded evolutionary scheme, especially when one has only an hour to do it in. — The New Era in Russia, by Colonel Charles A. de Arnaud. (Gibson Bros., Washington.) The writer undertakes to show "that all the internal disturbances within the empire arose from the conflicts of the nobles or reactionary class in opposing the steadfast policy of the emperors in favor of liberal and popular measures."

> "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But why did you kick me downstairs?"

Biography. Havelock, by Archibald Forbes. (Macmillan.) A number of English Men of Action Series. Mr. Forbes's training as a military reporter and his familiarity with Eastern life enable him to recount Havelock's career with skill and impressiveness. His presentation of the great general's character is involved in a record of his deeds rather than in more distinct and formal outline, and some will doubtless regret that the strong religious element should be, not ignored, but not made conspicuous. — Citizeness Bonaparte, by Imbert de Saint-Amand; translated by Thomas Sargeant Perry. (Scribners.) A volume in the series of Famous Women of the French Court. By the clear use of the form of a sketch of Josephine, the author manages to tell the story of one part of Bonaparte's career with freshness and spirit. Not only the personality of Josephine, but her influence on Napoleon, are set forth with the vivacity of personal memoirs. — An opportune work is Henrik Ibsen, 1828–1888, a Critical Biography, by Henrik Jaeger; translated from the Norwegian by William Morton Payne. (McClurg.) The author includes reference to all of Ibsen's writings save the Lady from the Sea, which appeared after the book was written. There is a specially interesting autobiographic sketch of Ibsen furnished the author for his work, and the minute study which Mr. Jaeger makes of Norwegian society and politics is of great value to the student who wishes to account for the particular turn which Ibsen's art takes. — Alexander Hamilton, by William Graham Sumner. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Mr. Sumner has written a very interesting study of Hamilton's place in the political and financial development of the Union out of its colonial stage. He has not attempted a life of Hamilton, for that was not needed, but he has applied with great acumen the principles which he holds to an analysis of the doctrines which prevailed, in a more or less confused form, at the close of the eighteenth century as to the functions of the state, especially in reference to its dependencies. The survey which Mr. Sumner finds himself obliged to make at the outset of features of American public life is very interesting and instructive. It strikes us, however, that in his own way he is as much a doctrinaire as Hamilton, and that if Hamilton's opinions are open to criticism in the light of modern experience, Hamilton's service in consolidating the Union against external force and internal dissension cannot well be overrated.

History and Politics. The October, 1890, Bulletin of the Boston Public Library, besides its customary lists of accessions to the library, contains an interesting account of the copy of the Columbus letter now in the possession of the Library, with heliotype copy and a translation, so that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the student who cannot see the original has really before him what answers just as well for purposes of study, even though the heliotype will not thrill him, probably. (Boston Public Library.) — Races and Peoples, Lectures on the Science of Ethnography, by Daniel G. Brinton. (N. D. C. Hodges, New York.) A useful book if one would know in brief form the latest results in a science which is pretty comprehensive in its scope. Dr. Brinton has no charm of style, but he does not err by giving the reader hasty and seductive generalizations. Indeed, his learning is almost too fragmentary to satisfy the ordinary reader. The caution, however, and reserve which characterize the author's definite statements give one confidence that, so far as the book goes, it may be followed.

Hygiene and Domestic Economy. Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking, adapted to Persons of Moderate and Small Means, by Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel. (American Public Health Association, Rochester, N. Y.) This little work, which is a prize essay, raises our expectation when, after plunging into one of those learned analyses of food properties with which all scientific women begin their cook-books, we come upon the encouraging words: "A pinch of pepper, a cup of coffee, a fine, juicy strawberry, — what of these? They may contain all five of the food principles, but who cares for the proteid action or carbohydrate effect of his cup of good coffee at breakfast, or what interest for us has the heating effect of the volatile oil to which the strawberry owes a part of its delicious taste?" That is just what we were getting ready to say, and now we can go on and praise the good sense and surprising ingenuity of this brochure, which winds up with bills of fare which give not only the number of ounces of proteids, fat, and carbohydrates in a particular dinner, but the cost in cents of the several ingredients. Mrs. Abel, who is by no means a vegetarian, as her husband's name suggests, tells us how to provide three meals a day for a family of six at the average price of seventy-eight cents for the three. — Dust and its Dangers, by T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D. (Putnams.) A sensible little book on the perils which spring from the germs of disease, especially tuberculosis, hidden in the dust of our cities. The writer points out certain general remedies which look toward cleanliness; we notice that he fails to mention the remedy earnestly proposed by some German physicians, that every one touched with tubercular diseases should carry a rubber cuspidor slung to his side, as he walks the streets. — Home Exercise for Health and Cure, translated from the German of D. G. R. Schreber by C. R. Bardeen. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.) An interesting manual, which not only does not require a gymnasium, but even dispenses with Indian clubs, wands, and dumb-bells. The original treatise has had a wide circulation in Germany. It suggests the principles of the Delsarte system. — Good-Living, a Practical Cookery-Book for Town and Country, by Sara Van Buren Brugière. (Putnams.) The author has produced a big, comprehensive book: the bigness resulting from her care to be explicit in trifles and to assume inexperience in the user; the comprehensiveness from the wide range taken in the origin of the receipts, and the inclusion of very simple and very complex dishes. There is a full index. — Household Hygiene, by Mary Taylor Bissell, M. D. (N. D. C. Hodges, New York.) A little volume containing suggestions regarding sanitary house-building and housekeeping. Thus, it begins with the site and the soil, and takes up such enticing subjects as Sanitary Furniture and Roof Gardens. We are surprised that under the former heading the writer does not frighten her readers by a reference to the arsenical character of many wall papers and other hangings. The book has no waste of words, but goes straight at its subjects.

Literature-Craft. The Trade of Authorship, by Walstan Dixey. (The Author, 73 Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y.) The title hints at the grade of the book. It is a good-natured, lively piece of practical advice to the multitude of persons, endowed with a little mental ability and a good deal of ignorant ambition, whom this age of print calls upon to listen to the great economic law of supply and demand. Mr. Dixey must have something of a contempt for the miscellaneous crowd, whom he badgers with his words much as a drillmaster at work upon the awkward squad. — Newspaper Reporting in Olden Time and To-Day, by John Pendleton. (Armstrong.) A volume in the Book-Lover's Library. Of English

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

origin, its gossip is quite exclusively of English newspapers. We fancy some of our American reporters could have given Mr. Pendleton points. — Periodicals that pay Contributors, to which is added a list of publishing houses. Compiled by Eleanor Kirk. (The Compiler, 786 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.) A revised and enlarged edition of a book which may be useful to beginners who propose to themselves a regular system of approaches to the intrenchments of literature. The information is rather general.

Essays. A neat volume in the Riverside Classics Series (Houghton) is that containing a selection of Dr. John Brown's papers, under the title Rab and his Friends, and Other Dogs and Men. Besides the title paper, the other bright, affectionate dog papers are included, Marjorie Fleming also, the noble reminiscence of his father, and a few of the quaint, sympathetic short sketches which have endeared this writer to his readers. The selection is prefaced by a charming little recollection of the writer by one who uses the initials E. T. McL. — On Making the Best of Things, and Other Essays, Idle Musings, by E. Conder Gray. (Putnams.) A volume modeled on the once famous Country Parson's Essays, and remarkably like its model, full of second-hand wit, airy commonplace, and views of life as seen through the glass of literature. The wise saws which one meets in its pages are only better men's wisdom less the original wit. — Love and Lore, by Edgar Saltus. (Belford.) A baker's dozen of papers and poems on such subjects as The Courts of Love, The Canons of Pure Courtesy, The Future of Fiction, What Pessimism is Not, Morality in Fiction, and the like. There is an alertness of movement and occasionally a penetration of life which interest one, but the light cast on the subject is mainly a cigarette light. — Brampton Sketches, Old-Time New England Life, by Mary B. Claflin. (Crowell.) A dozen chapters descriptive of life in a Massachusetts village about twenty miles from Boston, as it is remembered by a matron who could draw also upon the recollections of the interesting old people whom she knew in her girlhood. The homeliness of the sketches is not the least of the charms of the book, for it is an attestation of their truthfulness. What a pity that more such memories should not be preserved! But it takes not only a retentive memory, it requires a willingness to keep in the background, to produce as good results. Mrs. Claflin has given herself a little more liberty, but she has also secured a certain immunity from self-criticism, by writing so entirely in the third person. — Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago have been making some exceedingly pretty books, reissues of classics, which may be grouped on this score. An edition of Bacon's Essays, edited by Melville B. Anderson, is one of them. The text is edited with apparent care, and the Introduction has some very sensible words upon the Bacon-Shakespeare craze. Mr. Anderson wisely relies upon the internal evidence for disputing the title of Bacon to Shakespeare's plays, and says effectively, "How refreshing and liberalizing, after dwelling in this dry light of intellect purged of human feeling, to emerge into the warm sunlight of Shakespeare's genius!" Another of these pretty books is an edition of Saintine's Picciola. The name of the translator is not given, but the English style is rapid and free. After all, the kernel of Picciola is all that one cares for. The third is The Best Letters of Lord Chesterfield, edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Gilpin Johnson. The editor seems to make good his claims to have treated these letters with such discrimination as to render the book really serviceable, not only as a piece of literature, but as a textbook in politeness. — The Story of my House, by George H. Ellwanger. (Appleton.) A pretty little book, in spite of its too heavy paper and its unleaded and bizarre type, befitting the pleasant fancies of a writer who plays about the real or fanciful building, furnishing, and decorating of a house. The reader need not fear that he is to be invited to a conference with the plumber or drain-maker. Mr. Ellwanger's guests are presented rather to a great number of poets and writers of all ages, who have something apposite at every turn. The house is a Spanish castle, at the door of which the host stands bowing and making a gift of it with fine Spanish courtesy to each new-comer.

Fiction. Walford, by Ellen Olney Kirk. (Houghton.) Like all of Mrs. Kirk's stories, this has a touch-and-go which commends it to the novel-reader. The characters, the incidents, the plot, have a way of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

engaging the attention and holding it so that one does not find himself analyzing the causes which produce effects, but pursuing the theme as it is unfolded, and curious to know how the story is to turn out. — Wanneta, the Sioux, by Warren K. Moorehead. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The writer of this book has had a training as an archæologist, not as a novelist. What would he think of a novelist who, treating the Indian subject, should rely for his knowledge of Indian manners and customs upon Peter Parley, say? Yet this is what he has done as a novelist, taking for his model in fiction the most conventional and artificial tellers of tales. — Thy Name is Woman, from the French of Dubut de Laforest, by Frank Howard Howe. (Belford.) A cheap sort of Manon Lescaut. There are some vulgar Americanisms in the translation, as where two of the personages are said to have "lit out," which register the literary and moral tone of the work. — Dr. LeBaron and his Daughters, a Story of the Old Colony, by Jane G. Austin. (Houghton.) Readers of A Nameless Nobleman, one of the best historical romances we have, will take up this book with alacrity when they see its name, for Dr. LeBaron figures as the son of the nameless nobleman. The story lacks, however, the unity of its predecessor. The web of life has become more complex, and what is gained in a study of old colony social life is lost in the concentration of interest. Mrs. Austin is saturated with the legends and fireside tales of Plymouth and its neighborhood, so that not only are historic names freely used, but incidents and adventures not to be found in the graver histories, yet not invented by the romancer, rise to the surface of print, and serve to give the chronicle an air of lifelikeness. — The Doctor's Dilemma, by Hesba Stretton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) For purposes of story-telling an intricate plot has been woven, and some liberties have been taken with human nature. It can hardly be said that the story tells itself or is unfolded by a natural process of development, but the reader is reminded at every turn of the author's dilemma rather than the doctor's; for the tying and untying of knots is the business of the book. — Christie Johnstone, by Charles Reade. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A tidy edition of this famous story, though when we come to look more closely at type and binding, we think the former a fashion which will soon tire the eye, and the latter somewhat meaningless in decoration. — Dorothy's Experience, by Adeline Trafton. (Lee & Shepard.) A bright, winning story of how a woman of true religious nature, who had drifted away from her moorings, came back through unselfish work for others, reëstablishing her creed by deed. There are some skillful lines in the drawing of a very unlovely class of girls, — those who *in* mind, as *in* dress, display cheap finery, — and much genuine feeling in the effort put forth to show their true nature. If one occasionally mistrusts Miss Trafton's closeness to fact, and suspects she has supplied both sub and super structure from her imagination, one does not doubt her sincerity. — George Sand's The Gallant Lords of Bois-Doré, translated from the French by Steven Clovis (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a new translation, and is in two fair volumes. We cannot highly praise the English, which is rather formal and angular. — Timothy's Quest, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton.) Mrs. Wiggin may be thought to be in some doubt how this book should be classed when she adds to her title the words, "A story for anybody, young or old, who cares to read it;" but we prefer to take this sweeping phrase to indicate that, though the chief characters in the book are two children, the story appeals not to children necessarily, but to all who can be attracted by such figures. In truth, there are children who will not care for the story, and mature readers who will. The scene is laid in New England, apparently, though there is a singular Californian flavor about the book, as if it had ripened under more generous skies. The genuine humor and sincerity of feeling constantly save it from an artificiality which suggests a refined and remote descent from the humanitarian literature inspired by Dickens. There are passages which read as if they were the result of sympathetic observation; there are others which echo the voice of the story-teller who tells not the simple, but the affected annals of the poor. Yet after we have said our sour words, we hand the book to our neighbor with advice to read it.

Books for the Young. Zigzag Journeys in the Great Northwest, or A Trip to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Switzerland, by Hezekiah Butterworth. (Estes & Lauriat.) The Canadian Pacific runs through the book, but whenever a picture, or a story, or a poem offers a good stop-over the author does not hesitate to abandon his trip; and the result is that the reader who accompanies him to the end of the journey will very likely think he would have got there sooner, and would have seen quite as much of the American Switzerland, if he had trusted himself to an ordinary guidebook. — St. Nicholas, an Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks, conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. (The Century Company.) The bound volumes which collect the numbers for the past year give one a very good notion of the variety which passes before the reader of the monthly parts. It is interesting to note how many names of contributors are as yet unknown to fame. Such a magazine clearly offers a field for new writers; but we doubt if inexperienced draughtsmen find the same hospitality. — Harper's Young People for 1890. (Harpers.) A survey of a year of this weekly journal gives a good notion of the wide range taken by it. It seems to us to have a little closer relation to actual life than St. Nicholas. There is not, perhaps, so much fancy in it, and it has a somewhat more masculine temper. If both were weeklies, one would not go far astray who took them alternately. — The Story Hour, a Book for the Home and the Kindergarten, by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. (Houghton.) Mrs. Wiggin's Introduction, in which she discourses on the art of story-telling in the school-room, is a delightful piece of work, full of freshness and good suggestion. The stories, to our thinking, clever as they are, would gain much from the telling. They have, in a word, a decorative style which is little likely to be criticised as the words fall from the lips of a friendly story-teller, but is, somehow, rhetorically rather than constructively lively when read from the printed page. But the book offers itself most effectively to one who is to read aloud to a young child, or, better still, to tell the stories over again. — King Tom and the Runaways, the Story of what Befell Two Boys in a Georgia Swamp, by Louis Pendleton. (Appleton.) A lively story of boy life in the South before the war. The writer, whether he tells a true narrative or not, writes with intelligence regarding boy nature and a Georgia swamp; and if there is a little mechanical treatment, we doubt if a boy would notice it, for he would be too much interested in the story. It is the purblind critic who sees such things — and speaks of them.

Fine Arts and Holiday Books. The Portfolio for November (Seeley & Co., London; Macmillan, New York) has an etching, Faithful Hearts, from the picture by P. H. Calderon, which is interesting as an illustration of the hold which domestic subjects have on the English mind. Mr. Calderon is not the painter one would suppose likely to paint a British farmer laying flowers on his wife's grave, while his little child looks shyly on, but this is the subject, and somehow one is not greatly touched by it. There also is an engraving of Holbein's Ambassadors and what we take as the completion of Charing Cross to St. Paul's, with the admirable pen-and-ink drawings by Pennell. — The numbers of L'Art for October 15 and November 1 (Macmillan) are less interesting than usual, for they are devoted largely to a survey of the engravings at the 1889 Exposition, and process copies of lithographs are not very satisfactory. There are, however, heliogravures after Van der Meer and De Vriendt. — The fortieth volume of The Century (The Century Company) covers the months May to October, 1890. We have been interested, in running through these six numbers, to note how far the magazine is dependent for its interest and value on its illustrations. Such a series, of course, as Italian Old Masters owes its importance to Mr. Cole's remarkable engravings. Now and then there are articles which could not be read intelligently without the accompanying designs, as Prehistoric Cave-Dwellings and Chickens for Use and Beauty; there are others which gain decidedly by the use of pictures, as the paper on Wells Cathedral and The Women of the French Salons; one series, that of Mr. Lafarge's Letters from Japan, appeals to the reader with peculiar interest because the writer uses in the series both his modes of expression, that with the pen and that with the pencil. But aside from such papers as we have hinted at, we are disposed to think that the marriage of literature and art tends to divorce.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Custom-House Comédienne.

THE comedy of the custom house which was set forth by a Contributor last month is always strong in female characters. The grim, perplexed seriousness with which the customs officers play their part makes a delightful foil (for the spectators) to the nimble, elusive mental movements of their adversaries, and it is in the conflict between aggressor and aggrieved, between invader and invaded, that the humors of our great national institution develop their choicest bloom. The fortunes of war which recently delayed my own boxes and my hoped-for escape gave me, by way of compensation, an easy opportunity of observing and enjoying the experiences of other people, and I was encouraged in my diversion by the too evident glee of one of the minor actors in the strife. She was a very pretty girl, this gay young combatant, not more than sixteen years old, and she sat kicking her heels on somebody else's trunk, while she watched with enviable composure the overhauling of her own. I had seen her often during the homeward voyage, and had spoken to her once or twice, as she tripped endlessly up and down the deck in company with every man and boy on board; taking them impartially one by one, and seeming to be on the same mysterious terms of intimacy with all. She had a traveling companion in the shape of a mother who adored her fretfully, and whom she treated with finely mingled affection and contempt. She never spoke of this relative without the prefix "poor." "Poor mother is awfully sick to-day," she would say in her shrill, high-pitched voice, with a laugh which showed all her little white teeth, and sounded a trifle unsympathetic in our ears. But five minutes later she was helping "poor mother" to her steamer chair, wrapping her up skillfully in half a dozen rugs and shawls, bullying the deck steward to bring her some hot bouillon, bullying her to drink the bouillon when brought, listening to her manifold complaints with an indulgent smile, and flatly refusing to obey when entreated to put on a warmer jacket. "Poor mother is always worrying about wraps," was her only acknowledgment of the maternal solicitude; and even this remark was made, not to her prostrate parent, but to the youth who was waiting to bear her away.

The pair had been traveling alone all summer, but were met on the docks by a person whom they both called "cousin Jim," and who assured them in a hearty, off-hand manner that he would have them safe through the custom house in five minutes; a miscalculation, as it turned out, of quite three quarters of an hour. Malignant fate assigned them an inspector who settled down to his search like an Indian to the war trail, and who seemed possessed with the idea that the wealth of the Indies lay secreted somewhere in those two shabby, travel-worn boxes. Whether this man was really enamored of his disagreeable task, whether he conscientiously believed that the United States would be impoverished and her industries crippled by the contents of that modest luggage, or whether he had been too pliable on former occasions, and seized this chance to assert his general incorruptibility, it would be hard to determine; but while older and less ardent officials lifted out trays and turned over corners in a purely perfunctory manner, seeing nothing, and seeking to see nothing, of what lay beneath, this red-hot zealot went thoroughly and exhaustively to work upon the limited materials before him. Now the particular irritation of the custom house lies, not in the fact of your trunk being searched, but of your neighbor's trunk escaping; and the sharpest sting is when you chance to know that your neighbor is carrying in unmolested ten times the value of your dutiable articles. If Miss Maisie, kicking her heels and smiling affably, did not realize the hardship of her position, Miss Maisie's mother — she never had any other name, her sole claim to distinction resting on her daughter — felt it very keenly. She stood, anxious and angry, by the side of the inspector, protesting fretfully at each new inroad, and appealing for sympathy to her companions. "It 's a perfect shame, the way he has rumpled your dresses, Maisie, and upset that tray you packed so nice and close. You will never be able to get the things back again in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world, and, if you do, one half of them will be broken before we reach home. And there 's your new fur cape all out of fold. I told you to wear it, or carry it in on your arm. No ! that 's not a present ; at least I think not, is it, Maisie ? " as a small brown paper parcel, carefully tied, was held up by the inspector for scrutiny.

" I can't tell till I open it," said the girl, reaching over, and very deliberately unfastening the string. " You don't remember what this is, do you, mother ? Oh ! I see, — a piece of camphor. No, it 's not a present. We brought it from America. Lasts beautifully, does n't it ? " returning the parcel with a smile. " Would you mind wrapping it up again ? It 's so very hard to tie anything in gloves."

Apparently the inspector did mind, for he jerked the lump of camphor unwrapped into the trunk, and made a vicious scoop among the layers of neatly packed clothing. " Is this a present, then ? " he asked, drawing to light a flat oblong white box, and snapping the cord that bound it. Inside, resting on pink cotton wool, was a small silver-backed hand-mirror of fine workmanship. " Surely this must be a present ? " he repeated, with the triumphant air of one who has dragged a secret crime to justice.

Maisie's mother looked nervous, and fidgeted visibly, but Maisie herself was imperturbable. " You are mistaken ; it is not," she said, without a tremor.

The man glanced at her sharply, and shrugged his shoulders. " You keep it very nicely put away for an article in use," he hinted, turning over the box once or twice with manifest doubt and reluctance. " And these, — are all these your own, too ? " unearthing from some secret receptacle six little card-cases of blue leather, and spreading them out jeeringly in a row.

" I told you not to get so many, Maisie, but you would do it," said her mother, in the hopeless tone of a convicted criminal.

" They were such bargains I could n't resist them," answered the girl sorrowfully. " Yes, they are presents ; at least five of them are. I guess I will keep one for myself, and save that, any way. Just put one of them back, please. And oh, dear ! do you have to lift out that heavy tray ? There is nothing but clothes at the bottom of the trunk."

" Nothing at all but clothes," interposed her mother peevishly. " I don't see why you have to go through everything in this fashion."

" Nothing at all but clothes," repeated cousin Jim, who had hitherto stood staring silently at the confusion before him. " Can't you take the ladies' word for it, when they assure you there is nothing underneath but clothes ? "

" My dear sir," said the inspector, exasperated into insolence, " I should be very glad to take any lady's word, but I can't. I 've learned a great deal better."

Maisie's mother colored hotly with the righteous indignation of a woman who lies easily, and is accused of falsehood ; but Maisie, screwing her pretty head on one side, winked at me in shameless enjoyment of the situation. " He 'll find I 'm right this time," she whispered ; " but was n't it lucky he got it into his stupid brain that the glass must be a present ! If he had said 'commission,' now, I should have been caught, and the friend I bought it for would be simply furious if I had to pay duty on it. Poor mother insisted that I should not take a single commission this summer, so I only have very few : just that glass, and some gloves, of course, and a feather collar, and half a dozen pairs of stockings, and a little silk shawl from Rome. One girl did ask me to buy her a dress in Paris, but I would n't do it ; and another wanted a pair of red slippers, but fortunately I forgot her size ; and another " —

" Maisie, dear, do put back your things now," interrupted her unhappy parent, who by this time was on the verge of tears. " The inspector has finished with your trunk, and is going to mine. And please be careful of your cape ! I wish you had worn it instead " —

" Instead of my old one ? " said the girl hastily, smoothing down, as she spoke, a very handsome and palpably new piece of sealskin on her shoulders. " Poor mother is so blundering," she sighed softly in my ear. " I am wearing this cape for Dr. Hunsdale. He is bringing it home to his sister, and of course would n't have any shadow of a chance with it himself. Indeed, he intended to declare it, which would have been a dreadful shame. So I just offered to pack mine and wear this one. Lots of girls do, you know. I 've got a watch here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for another man, too," lightly touching the châtelaine by her side. "Not a gold one. Only a little silver thing he bought for *his* sister, who is a child. Poor mother does n't know about that, or she would be more miserable still; and she is pretty miserable now, is n't she?" contemplating her perturbed relative with gentle disfavor. "You see, she worries so, she makes that man believe we have something tremendously valuable somewhere, and he is bent on finding it out. There, he 's after our Roman blankets; but those are for ourselves, and what is more," raising her voice, "we have had them in use for nearly three months."

"Three months is n't long enough," returned the official surlily. "You must have had them in use a year, to bring them in free."

"A year!" echoed Maisie, opening her round eyes with innocent amazement. "If you knew much about Roman blankets, you would n't expect anybody to use them for a year, and then think them worth bringing home. What a thrifty lot the custom-house people must be! Poor mother! She never expected to pay for those, and it does seem a little hard on her. But what 's that he 's got now? Oh! *do* look!" for the inspector had grabbed something loosely wrapped in white tissue paper, and was holding it aloft with an exultant shake and an "I 've tracked you at last" expression. Down fell a rubber shoe, of unmistakable American manufacture, but richly crusted with layers of foreign mud. It flopped modestly into the bottom of the trunk, and was greeted with a ringing laugh of genuine uncontrolled delight. "That 's a present," sobbed the girl, literally choking with mirth, "and very valuable. We brought it from the South Kensington, and are going to send it to the Metropolitan Museum as soon as we reach home."

"Maisie, how can you be so foolish!" protested her mother, roused by desperation to some faint semblance of authority, and visibly anxious to propitiate the inspector, who looked ominously angry. "If you will wrap such absurd things in white tissue paper, naturally people think they are of some value."

"But we had so much tissue paper in London, and nothing else to wrap with," was the very reasonable reply. "Fifteen sheets the tailor sent home with my one frock, and I am keeping most of it to use at Christmas time. Poor old shoe!" lifting it tenderly out of the trunk; "if mud were a dutiable article, — and I only wonder it is n't, — you would come very expensive just now. Swiss mud, too, I do believe, never brushed off since that day at Grindelwald, and quite a relic. Don't you think," turning suddenly to me, "don't you really think all this is fearfully funny?"

In one sense I did, though the fun was of a strictly esoteric character, not appealing broadly to the crowd. But then Mr. Saintsbury assures us that real fun seldom does. Poor mother's sense of humor was plainly unequal to the demand made upon it; cousin Jim, who had not spoken since his first repulse, looked more bewildered than amused; and even the inspector did not seem vastly entertained by the situation. The trunks had been examined, and their contents sadly disarranged; the handbags, searched and found to contain only toilet articles and underwear; the steamer rugs, unrolled, revealed nothing more precious than an old magazine and four battered French novels. As a result of over half an hour's inquisition, the authorities had possessed themselves of two well-worn Roman blankets, a pretty, inexpensive little fan, painted on brown linen, a beer mug of Munich ware, and those five blue card-cases that had been so cheap in Paris. It hardly seemed as if the spoils were worth the conflict, or as if the three dollars and ninety cents duty charged on them could be a serious addition to the revenues of the United States. But the home-coming of one poor woman had been marred, and no salt-tax of ancient France was ever paid with more manifest reluctance and ill will.

"It 's the burning injustice of the thing I mind, Maisie," was the vehement protest hurled at the inspector's back. "There were plenty of people all around whose trunks were hardly touched. I watched one man myself, and he never lifted out a single thing, — just turned the corners a little, and smoothed all down again. He was examining the Hardings' luggage, too, and I know they have five times as much as we have, — really costly, beautiful things, — and they never paid a cent."

"But we did n't pay a great deal," returned the girl cheerfully. She was down on her knees now, deftly rearranging the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disordered trunks. "Think of all our man might have found, and did n't."

"Think of the shameful condition he left our clothes in!" said her angry mother. "It is an outrage. And those blankets! Everybody brings them, and nobody but ourselves has to pay. The Hardings had them, I know, and so did Miss Rebecca Chambers, and Mrs. Starr; and they all came in free."

"Yes, but Mr. Maitland was charged four dollars duty on a pair he bought for twenty shillings in London, and he presented them to the custom-house officers rather than give their value over again," said Maisie triumphantly.

"Did he really!" cried her mother, brightening up wonderfully under the beneficent influence of other people's misfortunes. "What a shame! Four dollars duty on twenty-shilling blankets! I never heard of anything so preposterous."

"Yes, and Dr. Carson gave them a silver watch he had brought over for his little boy, rather than pay the duty on that, it was so high," continued Maisie, who seemed to know the fate and fortunes of every passenger on board.

Her mother's face relaxed from fretfulness into smiles. "I wonder he does n't sue the government, or something," she remarked, with feminine vagueness. "I am sure I should. It is a good thing, Maisie, we had no watches to bring."

The girl chuckled softly, and shook the little châtelaine by her side. "Yes, it *is* a good thing," she said, with an air of simple conviction. "After all, we did get off pretty cheap. And it was almost worth the money to see the delicious flourish with which that muddy old overshoe tumbled on the scene. Don't *you* think," turning once more appealingly to me, "that three dollars and ninety cents was little enough to pay for such a sight?"

Perhaps I did. A laugh is always worth its price, and in these serious days grows rare at any figure. Besides, when a great republic condescends to play an active part in even an indifferent comedy, it is ill-timed to grumble at the cost.

An Apology for the Fallow Field.

— The other day, watching the incessant activities of an ant-hill, I thought I discovered an idler. His fellows fretted and fumed around him, and often seemed to be expostulating on his indifference and slothfulness in the midst of so busy a world. But I found my sympathies singularly awakened in behalf of the slothful one: he might be a simple "striker," but more probably was solving some problem in formic sociology, — a true peripatetic philosopher. At any rate, there was something of dignity in his reserved attitude, if I may so express myself, that contrasted not unfavorably with the perpetual restless action of his neighbors, — action for the greater part impressing the looker-on as being unconsidered and effective of nothing. A perversion of the old proverb occurred to me, — "Go to the sluggard, thou ant." The idea that these bustling little citizens might be arraigning the idleness of my philosophical friend became more and more a humorous one, and in its train followed the reflection that all the vehement endeavors and doings of the human family might, in some larger overlook, appear no more significant than those of the ant-hill; nor would the refraining from industry of a single member appear more culpable than to me appeared the behavior of the dissenting and inoperative ant.

It is true that a score of years ago anything that I could have said regarding time would have been to emphasize the necessity of its improvement rather than to advocate its discreet waste. But now, in the frank undeploring and unaffected spirit which does not as a rule characterize early youth, I am ready to admit that, instead of being the prudent husbandman of time I once supposed myself, I am an incorrigible prodigal thereof. Nor do my fits of remorse with regard to my spendthrift proclivities fall as frequently as formerly. On the contrary, I am fast becoming reconciled to the idea that I must sacrifice what to many would seem a fortune in time, in order that I may avail myself of some few fragments, — desultory, accidental, but to me incalculably precious fragments of time. Happily or unhappily, it cannot be otherwise arranged with my perverse "demon of the study." "If you would work, you must play. If you would do anything to the purpose at any time, you must needs be irrelevant and inconsequent as much of the time as it pleases me to dictate," is the insistent argument of this perverse demon. Apparently, it cannot be helped that my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

field lies fallow through whole seasons, while that of my neighbor, the soil being deeper and richer, can be persuaded to rotate crops. My ground is not his, and so the method of tilth must be different. To change the figure, — I should be as unreasonable to censure too much the tardigrade performance of this native demon of mine as I should be, had I undertaken a journey with kind old Dobbin, to lash that leisurely paced animal because he did not bear me along at race-course speed. How much this tranquilized view of the subject is due to an increasingly modest estimate of human accomplishment in general, and of my own in particular, I am not able to determine ; but it seems wise to escape the goad of an irritable restlessness by reflecting that one may finish one's work if his day holds out ; otherwise, the unfinished work, if of use in the world, will find a completing hand when his own has ceased from its activity. I am of the mood to agree with the Spaniards when they sombrely observe, "There is more time than life," and also when they plead *mañana, mañana,* to any exhortation urging dispatch.

It is not to be denied that from the habit of undervaluing opportunity and squandering time one goes from bad to worse. The tragic Story of a Day Lost would usually read thus : Morning slips away, stealing, as she was wont to do, the beautiful youth of one's spirit and resolution ; then the loser, becoming discouraged, throws after her both the noon and the evening, and thereupon goes into bankruptcy. I own that I envy such as have the happy faculty of improving their time and yet of making pastime of it, — possessors of a vitality so keen and enduring that they can pass readily from one piece of work to another, and so on; in the succession and variety of employment finding the rest or recreation which others obtain only in cessation from all effort.

An acknowledged idler, I yet hope I wear my idleness "with a difference," and that I shall never find myself in the needy strait of the average idler, who never has any time to spare. The "sales-lady" in the bakery who declares that she "hates cakes ;" the old lady (of my rural reminiscences) whose third dish of hot maple sugar tasted *bitter;* the minister's young sons who each evening came ruefully to their dose of card-playing (their excellent father wisely considering that home surfeit would forestall appetite abroad), — none of these is so ludicrously burdened by the compelled and inalienable possession of a good thing as is the human creature with too much time at disposal ! Perhaps there is no better test than this whereby to discover an idler of the least hopeful order : observe who protests, "Oh, no, I do not wish to rest ! I should be miserable if I had nothing to do even for a day !" None but an inveterate idler so dreads confronting a clean leisure hour. The same is proverbially in a hurry. A physician tells me that, of a number of patients awaiting their turn at his office, it is only the habitually unoccupied person (suffering from *maladie du faire rien*) who cannot abide the necessary delay. The really busy man or woman can even spend a little more time than was anticipated, the indolent person never.

There are all degrees of idleness. I have two idle friends. The one replies to the question whether he has time for this or that, "Certainly, I have all the time there is." His remark, if not highly original, still induces in me a pleased sense that this young man is the favorite legatee of old Father Chronos, and I am affected as cheerfully as though I heard him jingle in his pockets the twenty-four hours converted into so many gold pieces, or their minutes into so much small silver ! Idler though he is, he is a *leisurely* idler, and much enjoyed by his friends. Of a very dissimilar class is my other idle friend, whose fugitive and uneasy figure is faintly shadowed in the sketch *ut infra.*

TOO MUCH } TIME.
TOO LITTLE }

She 'd so much time it hung upon her hands !
She caught the glass, and shook its lazy sands.
When would the loitering, listless hour be
done ?
Its slow cascade seemed ever just begun !

She had so little time ! bid her delay
To solace give or grace a holiday, —
Ah, but the sands abrupt ran swiftly through, —
The hour 's at ebb, and still so much to do !

She 'd so much time (God wot !) she 'd little
time !
As notes that lag or hurry in a chime,
So through her every motion, mood, and plan
A little dissonance pervasive ran.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Longevity and Fame.

— If all generals had died at Alexander's age, all poets at Marlowe's, all statesmen at Pitt's, all philosophers at Spinoza's, how many men would have missed reputation! Hannibal, indeed, was only 29 when he invaded Italy, Condé but 22 when he won Rocroi, and Napoleon, according to the alleged date of his birth, 27 (more probably 29) when he started on his Italian campaign; but Cæsar was 45 when he commenced the conquest of Gaul, Gustavus Adolphus 37 when he defeated Tilly at Leipsic, and Cromwell 45 when he gained Marston Moor. Frederic II., though only 28 on overrunning Silesia, was 43 when he embarked in the Seven Years' War. Washington was 43 on his appointment to the command of the army. Wellington, had he died at 39, would have been known merely as a promising Indian officer. Keats, dying at 25, Shelley at 30, Byron at 36, had achieved fame; but these are brilliant exceptions of precocity. Had Goethe been as short-lived as Marlowe, he simply would have been the author of Götz von Berlichingen and of Werther, works which cannot compare with those of the men just named. Even Shakespeare, early as he began to write, would not, had he died young, have bequeathed us Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, or Lear, but merely his minor plays, some of them remodeled rather than original works. Spenser was 37 when he began publishing the Fairy Queen. Milton was 52 when he set himself to writing Paradise Lost. Dante was 37 when banished from Florence, and he had scarcely commenced his great poem. Virgil was 34 when he began the Georgics, and 44 when he began the Æneid. Tennyson, though only 21 on his first appearance in print, was 41 on the publication of In Memoriam; but Browning at 30 had issued examples of nearly all his varied work, ranging from Pauline to some of his most famous dramatic lyrics, and including Pippa Passes. Schiller, it is true, produced his Brigands, the work of fervid youth, at 22, but he was 40 when he commenced with Wallenstein his series of masterpieces. Burns, again, was famous at 27, but Scott was 37 when Marmion appeared, and Wordsworth was 44 when The Excursion saw the light, though it may have been years in preparation.

Statesmanship and youth cannot be expected to go together. Pitt, indeed, was prime minister at 24, Burleigh was Elizabeth's minister at 38, and Walpole was premier at the same age; but Walpole's long lease of power did not commence till he was 44. Fox was 56 when he became foreign secretary. Palmerston did not reach the highest post till he was 70, his long premiership not beginning till he was 75. Gladstone was not premier till 59. Beaconsfield, albeit premier for a few months at 62, was 68 when he entered on a six years' term of office. Cavour was 50 when he undertook the liberation of Italy. Bismarck was 48 when he gained power.

Philosophy also implies mature years. Pascal, indeed, died at 39, but Bacon was 59 when he published the Novum Organum; Descartes 48 when he fully expounded his doctrines in his Principles of Philosophy; Hobbes 54 when he appeared in print; Kant 57 when he issued the Critique of Pure Reason. Rousseau, only 37 when he wrote his paradoxical defense of barbarism, was 50 when he published his Social Contract.

Historians likewise require experience of life and years of research. Buckle, it is true, died at 39, and Froude began his history at 38; but Hume and Prescott were 43 and Macaulay 48 when their first volumes appeared.

Even novelists are sometimes of tardy development. Scott was 43 when, renouncing poetry, he wrote Waverley. Manzoni, inspired by his example, was of exactly the same age when he issued I Promessi Sposi. Cervantes was 53 when Don Quixote saw the light. Thackeray was 35 before he made his first hit with Vanity Fair, and George Eliot 36 when she essayed fiction. Washington Irving was only 26 when he produced Knickerbocker, and Richter only 31 on the appearance of Hesperus; but Rabelais was probably 40 when Gargantua made him famous. Swift wrote Gulliver at 41, and Sterne Shandy at 46.

The greatest of pamphleteers, Courier, was 43 before circumstances called forth his latent gift.

For founders of sects no rule can be laid down. George Fox, in the ferment of the civil wars, began his career at 23, and Wesley commenced itinerant preaching at 35; but Mahomet was 40 when he found his vocation, and Swedenborg, had he died

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at 60, would have been known only as a scientist.

Great as have been some men who died young, who knows how much greater they would have been had their lives been prolonged! Might not Marlowe have rivaled Shakespeare? Yet possibly Byron had already given us his best, and Shelley and Keats might not have surpassed their early efforts. Had the author of Festus died at 23 there would have been lamentation as over Keats, but Mr. Bailey has lived half a century longer without producing a second poem. Tasso, though he lived twenty years after Jerusalem Delivered, never equaled that epic written at 31. Still, there are men whose longevity has certainly stood for much. Michel Angelo showed astonishing precocity, but he owes to his 89 years his great renown as painter, sculptor, and sonneteer. Voltaire's fame, again, rests on the entirety of his writings, not on any single work, and on the literary dictatorship with which age invested him. Cut off twenty years of his life, and his fame would perceptibly shrink. Goethe, Emerson, Carlyle, Longfellow, Tennyson, Hugo, Dumas, all had the advantage of fullness of years, so as to be judged by bulk as well as quality. Humboldt, too, owed to his 90 years a portion of his reputation. The true comparison would obviously be between works produced at the same age, or between men dying at about the same age; but it is much easier to test achievement than capacity. Perhaps the best books (*in posse*) have never been written, and we often feel that the men were greater than their works. Who knows, moreover, what geniuses have died in childhood!

The Oldest English Lyric.

— Two poems stand like warders at the gates of English song. One of them, unquestionably the oldest piece of our early literature, is the versified experience of some "metre ballad-monger" of that day, — a minstrel who calls himself Widsith, the Far-Wanderer, and tells what races he has visited, and what valiant kings and fair, gold-decked queens he has charmed with his singing. The other poem shows its antiquity not so much by its contents as by its form. True, it is purely heathen in its sentiment, and therefore belongs to that "colonial" period when all the stuff of which poetry was made had to be imported from the older England. But it is the poetic form which stamps it with its best quality, the old strophic arrangement which once characterized all Germanic poetry, and lingered longest in the songs of Scandinavia. Moreover, the minstrel of this second poem, Deor, is a much more interesting person than the shadowy and somewhat ineffectual Widsith. The latter gives us a catalogue of tribes, a bit of sleepy epic; Deor tells us his wrongs, his sorrow and his comfort, — in a word, he sings us the first English lyric. The quality is not that of the Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples; but to have stanzas — real stanzas, too, my masters! — setting forth the dejection of an English poet who lived long before King Alfred is something to be thankful for. But who reads Deor, — who knows that Deor ever existed? Let us try to bring him before modern readers as nearly as possible in his habit as he lived.

How shall we translate this waif of early poetry; how put in English of to-day the spirit, the manner, and the rhythmic form of an English lyric written over a thousand years ago, and, before that, passed down from mouth to mouth through countless generations? The manner and the form of it we must reproduce faithfully, as by a tracing: only so shall we come at all near the spirit of it. Anglo-Saxon poetry is almost meaningless when separated from its peculiar diction and metre. The spirit of a poem needs the environment of its form, and will not be transplanted. It is vile anachronism to put the Saxon into later costume; what comfort is there in seeing a morion under an opera-hat, or a hauberk smothered by a dress-coat? But this will be the fate of Deor so soon as the general scent a translatable bit of lyric; it has been the fate of other Anglo-Saxon poems, of the Wanderer and the Ruin. Perchance the translator will come and see this lyric of Deor's, and muse about it, and say, "Go to, now, let us put this into Swinburnian Villonese!" A neat little bridge from the ninth to the nineteenth century! To write in the manner of Villon is to strike that introspective, personal note, fatally familiar to us, but unknown to the generation of Deor. Alas, any fine morning we may see Deor thus Villonized in the London Academy, — perhaps the deed has been done already, escaping a careless eye, — and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modern readers will say, "How graceful!" and picture Deor lolling in doublet and trunk-hose at a Mercian tavern. But this is flat burglary on the manly old fellow who saw his ale and skittles in peril, after a hard struggle for them, too, and comforted himself with a bit of verse sung straight into the north wind! No: if our translator must have the modern taste, and yet has conscience to desire some fidelity to his original, let him give his days and his nights to the study of William Dunbar. Haply, however, there be those who would fain see old Deor as he was, and hear him somewhat as he sang. For such is meant the following translation. Be it remembered (avoiding intricate and minor questions) that all Germanic poetry of the early period was written in a rhythm which relied on the agreement of initial accented sounds, — an arrangement for which neither the word "alliteration" nor Worcester's definition of it is correct; and that Anglo-Saxon metre counted four accented syllables to the verse, two in each half, of which the third accented syllable set the sound. With this third accented syllable must agree one of the first two, and may agree both of them; the fourth and the third never rhyme in good poetry.

The poet is in low estate. He comforts himself by recounting the misfortunes of divers personages, all belonging to the cycle of old Germanic sagas.

WAYLAND often wander'd in exile,
doughty earl, ills endur'd,
had for comrades care and longing,
winter-cold wandering; woe oft found,
since Nithhad brought such need upon him, —
laming wound on a lordlier man.
That pass'd over, — and this may too!

In Beadohild's breast, her brothers' death
wrought no such ill as her own disgrace,
when she had openly understood
her maidhood vanish'd; she might no wise
think how the case could thrive at all.
That pass'd over, — and this may too!

We have heard enough of Hild's disgrace;[1]
heroes of Geat were homeless made,
and sorrow stole their sleep away.
That pass'd over, — and this may too!

Theodoric held for thirty winters
Mærings' burg,[2] as many have known.
That pass'd over, — and this may too!

We have also heard of Ermanric's
wolfish mind; wide was his sway
o'er the Gothic race, — a ruler grim.
Sat many a man in misery bound,
waited but woe, and wish'd amain
that ruin might fall on the royal house.
That pass'd over, — and this may too!

Sitteth one sighing, sunder'd from happiness;
all 's dark within him; he deems forsooth
that his share of evils shall endless be.
Let such bethink him that thro' this world
mighty God sends many changes:
to earls a plenty honor He shows,
ease and bliss; to others, sorrow.

Now I will say of myself, and how
I was singer once to the sons of Heoden,
dear to my master, and Deor was my name.
Long were the winters my lord was kind,
happy my lot, — till Heorrenda now
by grace of singing has gained the land
which the "haven of heroes"[3] erewhile gave me.
That pass'd over, — and this may too!

[1] By another reading, "We have heard of many a household war."

[2] Sc. "in exile."

[3] "Haven of heroes," metaphor for "king," "chieftain."

So much for honest Deor. When every singer of lyrics follows the example of this our oldest song-maker, and keeps his own personality out of sight until the last stanza, criticism may certainly chant its *nunc dimittis*.

Is the Taste for Nature acquired?

— In his story of A Boy's Town, after a very discerning paragraph as to the root of the mischievous activity of boys, Mr. Howells says:

"I have often read in stories of boys who were fond of Nature, and loved her sublimity and beauty, but I do not believe boys are ever naturally fond of Nature. . . . The taste for Nature is as purely acquired as the taste for poetry or the taste for tomatoes. I have often seen boys wondering at the rainbow, but it was wonder, not admiration, that moved them; and I have seen them excited by a storm, but because the storm was tremendous, not because it was beautiful."

Now I do not find this discerning. I am sure it is mistaken. It is perhaps the result of an antagonism to sentimental traditions, with which I can sympathize; or it may be that Mr. Howells feels these views obscurely but logically imposed upon him by fidelity to some of those fixed theories of his to which he is continually making sacrifice. Hard-and-fast theories are more dangerous to truth than simple emotional reactions, and facts are the final test, — when we can get at them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Though I never was a boy, as a member of the human race I lift up my voice, Carlyle fashion, "as one solitary individual," to assert that my love neither for poetry, nor for nature, nor for tomatoes was acquired. From a good deal of reminiscent conversation with non-sentimental grown people on these very points (barring the matter of the tomatoes), and some similarly directed observations of children, — not as an attorney since reading A Boy's Town, but for years past, — I am convinced that my infantine tastes were not highly exceptional. Taking the human race at large, a taste for nature and for poetry is always rather exceptional, is it not, at least among the Anglo-Saxon race?

I doubt not it is more exceptional with adults than with children. The tomatoes *are* an illustration, though the analogy is not complete. The grown people, who had established ideas of what they liked and what they did not when tomatoes were first introduced among them, resented the novelty of their flavor, and the noise they made in reconciling themselves to it echoes still in Mr. Howells's mind. Now, a little direct observation would have shown him that in these days children, most things being alike strange to them, generally accept tomatoes as readily as they do turnips, or onions, or parsnips. So I believe children often possess a susceptibility to the charms of nature and of poetry that disappears when they grow up in a prosaic society. Then, if they come to have a volitional desire to enjoy these things, I dare say they must — if you like the word — "acquire" a taste for them.

But let me descend from these glittering generalities, and tell a few little significant facts for which I can vouch. I have often said that, in looking back, I felt my love of nature to be the strongest thread of identity connecting my early childhood with my mature self. I can see absolutely no difference in my joy in moving, whispering green branches, in sunshine, in sky and water, now and when I was three years old, and had, so far as I know, never heard a word about their beauty. No difference? Yes, alas! I too have suffered somewhat from contact with interests hard and gross, and now there is never quite the keenness of exaltation, the transcendent absorption, in my joy that I used to feel when scarcely more than a baby. I dare say many persons whose memories do not reach quite so far back did, nevertheless, have lovely experiences with nature when they were three years old.

My recollection of literary delights is equally ancient. I was less than three when I had my first great literary sensation, and it was a genuinely poetical one. I had before taken great pleasure in the little stories read to me, but when I heard William Allingham's poem, beginning,

> "Up the airy mountain,
> Down the rocky glen,
> We dare n't go a-hunting
> For fear of little men,"

I had a "good joy," never, in kind, surpassed since. Nay, I am again constrained to go further, and say that it is more years than I care to count since it was equaled. That little poem had then for me a bewildering music and enchanting magic that I fear I never shall find again in any poetry. A greater number of such experiences must atone now for a certain inevitable decline in the quality.

After all, is not Mr. Howells inconsistent in his own statement of his skepticism? If the boys were joyfully excited by the storm because it was tremendous, what is that statement but another (and better) way of saying they loved nature's sublimity? And if they wondered at the rainbow, how superior in feeling for nature they were to those numerous grown people who do not wonder at it!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED